A WHIRL ABOUND THE WORLD

BY

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WHIRL AROUND THE WORLD.

THE TRIP OUT.

Surely the one gratification of mankind's lifetime is that of circling the globe—tho considering the number of peoples who inhabit this sphere, how few avail themselves of the opportunity!

Having always dwelt inland, with domicile near the "Father-of-Waters," I was seized with this longing to know "what's on the other side," terminating in a whirl around the world by a Missouri girl, who will attempt to disclose to those who have never been, and review those who have been, a summary of seven months of strange customs and costumes on foreign lands and seas with dashes of life on a cruising ship intermingling.

Next to sitting out well-earned, long, restful days on the sea (which is appreciated only by the active), is experiencing the delightful sensation of embarking and disembarking from a great ocean liner, and to me one of the chief features was our approach to, and departure from harbour, each one different more interesting, and seemingly surpassing the other—as the principal ports of all the nations round the world are many and varied.

After days of sailing—often more than a week—without even a dent on the deadline where sea and sky meet,

suddenly a dark object would appear on the horizon far away, and on drawing nearer, proved to be land—or "LAND," as our party would all shout, on becoming cognizant of the fact—and this land would develop into promontories or foothills or mountains and on rounding same, a beautiful panorama unfolds revealing a tranquil harbour, pacified by long lengths of breakwater topt off and surrounded by some one of the great world-wide ports which is the gateway or main artery, or representative bespeaking the nation on whose coast it abides.

Directly the ship ceases throbbing, leaving you with that feeling of having waded in the surf against an ocean wave, when, after having spent itself, suddenly leaves you without notice.

We rush to the side of the vessel and look forward to see a rope ladder dropt over the prow of the liner and the pilot for the port, who has come out in a small boat to meet us, comes on board, takes the helm and directs our ship thru the channel, inside the breakwater—for it must be remembered that our ship's pilot is steerer of the deep sea only, and unacquainted with entrance channels to foreign ports—all sea-going vessels being escorted into the harbour and out to deep sea by the port's pilot, and our ship never enters nor leaves a port before six o'clock in the morning or after six in the evening.

After being steered cautiously thru a long line of buoys of various inventions, which often are bell-buoys stationed at certain distances, this precursor of disaster consisting of a large bell hung stiffly from the top of the inside of a cage that sits on top of an anchored floating platform and, responding to the actions of the waves tolls out its doleful message of warning of shallow sea or hidden obstacles, to sea-going vessels, we find ourselves in the harbour proper and having surrendered all energy—as a tired sea-gull settles down on the water, a tug pulls us by a long rope from the prow, another from the stern, and a few jabs in the side from another, we are squared around in our allotted space, anchored, and settled for the night and all is quiet.

The next morning the ship's stairway is unfolded and let down on the outside of the vessel by huge pulleys suspended from a derrick on the top deck, to the water below where it forms a platform, and we go down fifty steps on the outside of this big black steel hull, angling past portholes on the various decks to the platform below and step across to tenders or other watercraft that has motored or paddled or steamed alongside to take us off to shore, and lucky is the passenger who escapes with only an artificial scraped off her hat or crown dented in, or even a dent in the head—as was the case with one man on this trip, which sent the blood streaming down his face from coming in contact with the low iron beams above of this bobbling foreign passenger dispenser which has come to take us from the steamer to shore.

For acquainting ourselves with the different countries and sights while on shore, we take the various facilities offered in the way of conveyances which are unique—often grotesque but always interesting, and, accompanied with their native manipulator, almost held us spellbound upon first appearance—as we began with the "darlingest of all" foreign transporting mediums—the ricksha of Japan, or jinrickisha, as we are prone to call it before visiting its home, (jin, meaning man, riki for power, and sha for carriage), denoting man-power-carriage. In Burma, we had the ghurries—a kind of red-painted dry-goods box with wooden shutters, seats facing, heavy wood roof, claiming sunstroke prevention—a heavy clumsy four-wheeled vehicle drawn by a scrubby horse while the dark colored Burmese sits high above us on the outside, popping a big whip with a long lash urging his horse with much loud whooping as we rumbled along over the roads with the lumbersome wheels making a terrible sound, and tho it was very hot and dusty, I enjoyed it, because I had started out to see the other side of the world in its every-day garb, and submit to whatever it afforded.

Quite the most humorous spectacle, was the diminutive "dos-a-dos" (which means back-to-back) of Java brought

up for our disposal which is merely a platform with wide bench in center with no back, where the small dark Javanese sat facing the front while we (two of us) sat on the same bench facing the back which was all open, and our feet dangling down. This is a two-wheeled conveyance with a square of oilcloth stretched on an iron frame above supposing to keep the scorching rays of the tropical sun from withering its occupants—but donesn't—and we are jerked along at an alarming rate and discomfort by a tiny pony, that looked very like the weight of we three would overbalance its weight and throw it up off its feet, but we were assured these little native ponies were quite tuff and safe.

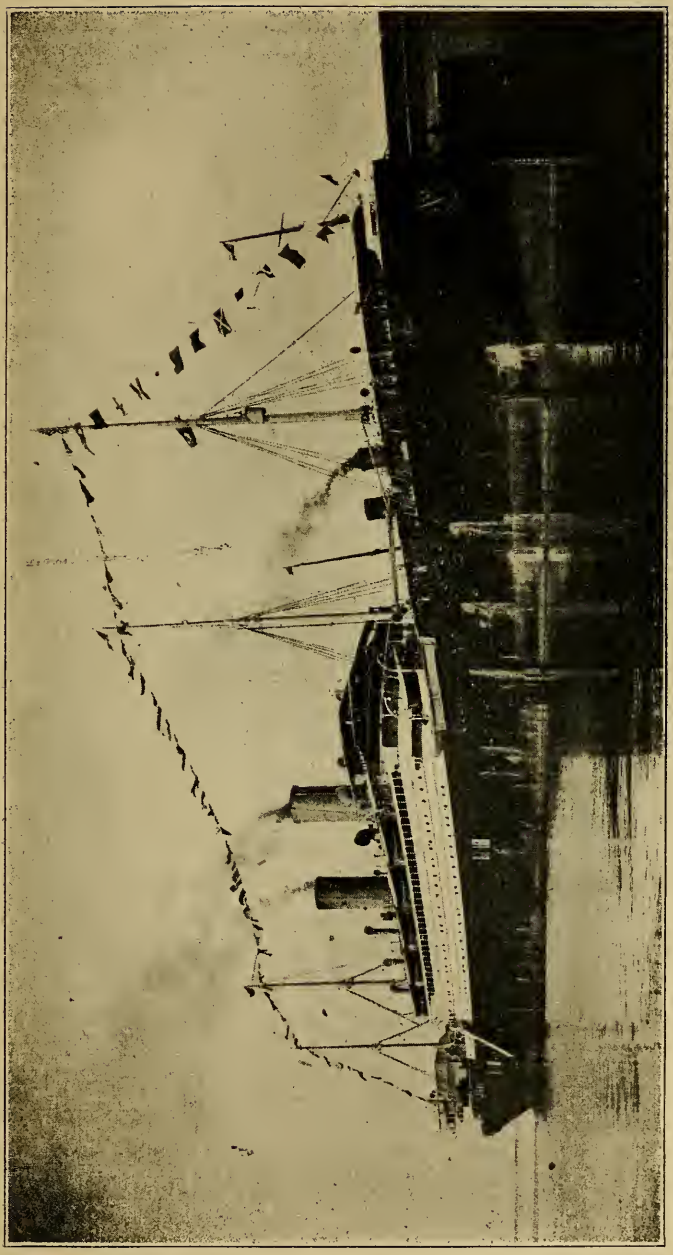
In Gibralter, we drove in "recklas." This singular native conveyance looks like a four-poster bedstead with a canopy stretched across the top and white muslin curtains draped back to each post, and is equipt with two seats facing each other, also covered in white. We found these very comfortable, also attractive in their quaintness. The driver —either Moroccan, Algerian or Spanish, sat out in front and drove the inferior pair of small horses.

Only in Egypt did we have beautiful carriage horses, presumably because of proximity to Arabia, the home of fine horses and fearless horsemen.

After viewing the sights on shore for days, appealing as our floating home was, we would gaze longingly at the receding city and harbour, and dwell upon the habits and customs of a nation new to us, as we draw out upon the broad sea, departing from one port only to be ushered into another equally as remarkable.

A trip around the world is certainly to be coveted.

Right out of the continuous magnetic grip of winter in the Mississippi Valley, I took the most southerly route to go East by way of the west, and after three days riding over our own great desert waste and the Salton Sea, I arrived in the most beautiful land our States can boast of—that of Southern California, where the roses bloom always, and their alluring odor mingles with the palm, pepper, eucalyptus and orange brought out by the sea breezes wafted in from



THE "CLEVELAND."

—Photo by Underwood & Underwood.

the shore where bathers are indulging in the surf, and the waves run up a pea-nut strewn beach, and the cry of "spanish-tamales" and "clam-chowder" vie with the booming of the breakers and miriads of automobiles spinning over the splendid roads.

I visited the gardens at Pasadena, and took passage up the coast to San Francisco, the port of my departure, which is a bunch of wind and fog, tho has most proved a phenix in blotting out the black area made by the great fire following the eathquake of a few years back. I tagged my trunks and baggage for their long journey, and forwarded them to meet the steamer at the pier, where I followed after spending a most delightful evening with friends who, after the excellent evening dinner accompanied me to the pier and on board where I was to remain during the night as the vessel was to sail at an early hour the next morning. I located my room, and together we began the scrutiny of this big ship that was to be my home for the next months.

'Twas dressed in its best.

Electric lighted from stem to stern, and all reflecting and twinkling in the dark water below which was the only thing that seemed under control. Within,, all was confusion —passengers locating rooms—uniformed stewards hurrying thru the long hallways with baggage and messages—visitors dining and wining—friends bidding farewells—flower exchanging—weeping and laughter lasting late in the night, then all settled down and we had nothing more menacing to a night's rest than the heavy trot of draft horses on the pier, bringing big loads of provisions for the ship, such as cases of oranges, lemons, grape-fruit, enuf ice cream to last half way round the world, also Washington Red apples for the same, and of a most delicious flavor, of canned California fruits of the cream-of-perfection kind, coils of big rope and little rope, flowers for the tables, trunks tumbled into the big hold below the passenger decks, and coal and ice in the bunkers far below.

This went on all night.

Next morning everybody was on deck early for we were to sail at nine.

Every available inch of space on the wharf was taken up with San Francisco spectators who had come down to see us off and wave a last adieu and to view the big liner that was starting on its fourth voyage around the world—the "Cleveland," which now must be, from the greetings it drew forth from all the ports along the line, a world-wide known ship.

And she looked every inch of her deserving popularity with her two large smoking funnels, about the size of our big country silos, towering above the five passenger decks, the topmost one standing five stories above the water line, while the whole vessel was more than six hundred feet long.

As her moorings were loosed, ropes thrown off, long streams of confetti unfurled from the top deck conveying written card messages of the last thot to friends on the pier below, the ship's band wailing "Farewell, My Native Shore," we slowly drew back from the slip, turning round, and, 'mid cheers and shouts and whistles and salutes of other craft in the bay, we headed for the Golden Gate across the bay.

After this exciting scene, finding myself alone on the deck I turned inward to observe my companions for the ensuing months. Some were old, others young, some were fat, lean, thick and thin, long and short, homely and handsome, artists, musicians, doctors, capitalists, millionaires and journalists, poets, and widows, of which there were on board fifty-seven and became known as "Heinz's 57 Varieties."

I directed the deck steward to place my deck chair (for which I surrendered three dollars for the voyage) in a sheltered nook, wrapt my new plaid steamer rug around me, (altho you can rent a rug of the ship's company for two dollars for the entire voyage, there's some importance attached to private ownership), and had just settled back to wonder at the great waste of water and to review the enthusiasm

of boarding a steamer for unknown parts of the world, leaving out all thot of peril or disaster at the hands of the deep sea or the dark nations on winding off this twenty-eight thousand miles of prolonged travel, and we had no more than crossed the bar when I saw the ship wasn't running steady—something appeared to be wrong. I rose and looked over the railing, casting a glance at the life boats as a sinking sensation overtook me, the air becoming oppressive.

Thinking I might be safer in my cabin, I rushed down the stairway and took to my berth where I resolved to stay until convinced the ship was under control, and after assurances from the doctor, the nurse, the hostess and my room-steward at different times that it was running without a hitch, I feebly, very feebly, ventured up on deck where was sighted, and we were approaching the Hawaiian Islands, and I found we had covered two thousand miles and I had lost seven days of fine sailing feverishly wrestling in my cabin with the thot of "how long it takes this horrid ship to reach the bottom of the sea and why it doesn't hurry—any thing for relief."

HAWAII.

But on running into the bluest of blue harbours and dropping anchor for the time, and the engines below having ceased throbbing, I forgot my misery of the past week and joined hands with some others that had spent their time in the same way, and, braced up by the pure and balmy sea breeze (for we had dropt seventeen degrees since leaving San Francisco, which would mean as far south as Old Mexico City in America), we were attracted by a boat load of Hawaiian young men and women with heaps of fresh flowers who had come out to meet us in a motor boat and drew up along side our ship, coming on board, placed a lei, (pronounced lay-e) which is a wreath, around each passenger's neck—their token of friendship and welcome.

'Twas a beautiful greeting from our dark brothers and sisters who dwell in the middle of the big Pacific on a few little islands, eight in number, whose whole area is not as great as that of New Jersey.

I looked across at the green velvety covering of the main island, Oahua, sloping from the edge of the blue bay backward to the top of the mountains—for these are of volcanic origin—with Honolulu, the one port nestling in a crescent at the foot with Diamond Head to the right, the Punch Bowl—looking like a huge punch bowl sure enuf—half way up the mountain side.

We steamed up to the dock and tied up.

The wharf was full of peoples of all nations who had come down to see this big steamer full of pleasure seekers sailing round the world—and they looked a promiscuous gathering, from most all parts of the globe, adding what was lacking when we drew in and joined them.

The Hawaiians are large, strongly built people with brown skins, more often than not freckled with darker brown splotches and thru all this, some are quite handsome,

with dark brown appealing eyes, and they impress one as of idyllic temperament which certainly finds encouragement in the isolation of this tropical flower-beladened palmy and balmy isle.

I meditated on Ex-queen Liliokalani's conception of her surrender of this "Paradise-of-the-Pacific," and of her despair of twenty years ago on being deposed at the hands of our own government and forced to become our subject, and I recall the little plaintive song of her own composition which the dark natives sang upon our departure from port, our band taking it up and rendering it often to us afterwards thruout the voyage—that of "Alohe Ohe," translated, the bewailing

"Farewell to thee, farewell to thee, Thou charming one
Who dwells among the bowers,
One fond embrace before we now depart
Until we meet again,"

immediately transforms us into a studious attitude, and our thots at once revert to the beautiful lonely isles who so courageously holds fort in the broad sea in a position no other land on the globe boasts—that of being two thousand miles distant from any other land.

After saluting our new-made dusky friends and a generous scrutiny of one by the other, the gang plank was pushed out from the upper deck of our steamer, across to the upper story of the big government warehouse and we filed down stairs and out thru long lines of these receiving peoples, dressed in their holiday attire carrying sun-shades on February 12.

Open electric street cars were at the wharf to meet us and right glad I was to implant my languid personage on the front seat and flirt with the delightfully perfumed breezes as we trailed thru the avenues of the city banked on either side with bowers, the aroma of all the different tropical plants extracted by the heat of the sun, the blend permeating the whole air having the effect little short of a narcotic.

One is astonished at the progress made, the mammoth government buildings and substantial business blocks, and the fine big department stores all airy with summer goods —for they need no other kind, there being no extreme seasons in this flowery sea-encircled isle.

The street car system is splendid and the pride of the natives who have had all this modern modes and means thrust upon them at the instigation of "Uncle Sam."

The Hawaiian woman's style of dress seemed to be full-flowing robes like a mother hubbard sprung to bell shape with great wide ruffle at the lower edge dragging on the ground and swaying with the swinging walk of the large brown women.

We went out to the rice fields all floating in water, past banana plantations around the slopes to the mountains, and to the mud-duck ponds where that propagation is enlarging, then to the coconut plantation of a thousand trees, with their long gaunt, naked bodies reaching up to an uncalled for height, topt off with great sprangling palm-like leaves that presented the appearance of a wrecked feather duster.

Not a ray of sun reached the earth, so dense was the shade from the mingling of these leaves above, round which the coconuts cluster in their big fibre, often too large to go in a six-quart spat bucket, and a barrel of them to a tree. In some places a windstorm has blown these trees while young causing them to grow at a curving angle making a rainbow sweep to their allotted height and we have seen many little brown natives, perfectly nude, all doubled up, sitting half way up to the top of these long curving trees, looking, at a distance for all the world like our ancestors.

Of all the growing palms around the world, the Royal Palm of Hawaii and the Traveler's Palm of Ceylon are the most spectacluar.

Hawaii is the home of the Royal and there are whole avenues outlined with their white-ringed majestic trunks standing like a line of great white columns topt off with

their feathery leaves—some one asked if they were whitewashed.

I noticed most all the handsome homes had long driveways guarded on either side with these as sentinels—the extreme whiteness of their huge bodies brought out in the background of vivid green.

One of the chief features and an original acquirement of this city of Honolulu is, the hedges of hibiscus outlining yards and lengths of streets, growing high, sometimes to height of trees, crowded with thick bushy leaves and large red blossoms making a picturesque wall or shield and a floral art much indulged in.

Then, again there are long stone walls, old walls, completely covered and overhanging with the cherished (in our states) night-blooming cerous, which they say is a revelation when in blossom, and I am satisfied it is.

The poinsettas here are the largest in the world. I saw some fine specimens in Audubon Park in New Orleans a few years ago, but not so extreme as here—the big crimson blossoms measuring fourteen inches.

There are many princely residences, the favored white finish of them shining like alabaster thru the tropical foliages.

The bungalows are a display of "arts and craft" in their novel architecture all smothered in flowers. Of course, there are shacks for the less ambitious and less fortunate same as found all over the world, but these are on the outskirts and along the shores, but even these savor of picturesqueness when nestling under a clump of the tall cocoanut trees, tho the dirt floor and surrounding yard is patted down almost to concrete by the restless bare feet of the brown habitants.

The city boasts some beautiful hotels with all sorts of odd conceits in porches which seems to be the necessary point in the construction of all buildings in this sunny clime —just a bunch of circular balconies, galleries and columns which are well suited to their location up the mountain slopes overlooking the blue bay, and these all banked with

many-hued flowers, where the guests while the hours away in the enchanted air that is carried along by the aromatic zephyrs, and list to the hum of the mysterious whispers of the palms.

We drove thru the Japanese and Chinese quarters of the city, for Honolulu is a lengthy port extending along the shore nine miles, and a mile back up to the mountain sides, claiming a population of 54,000.

These Asiatics act in the capacity of servants for the people from the States, and quite chic the little maid looks as she short-steps around in her matting shoes and brilliant kimona with stiff black hair, as she served to myself and steamer companion (who is a club woman of Denver), in the home of a former missionary's wife who kindly invited us, while walking on the beach, to come in and enjoy the cool shade of her piazza which was completely enveloped in flowers and plants, and over all, high above swayed the tall cocopalms, their long leaves playing at fencing with each other.

We took luncheon at the big beach hotel, the "Moana" (meaning "fish") fronting on Waikiki Beach which is about three miles up the shore from the port docks. The banquet room or dining hall is of mammoth area, all glass balconied and running out over the beach where the waves rolled in and lapped the piling underneath. The bathers entertained us with their antics in the surf near by. At the close of this luncheon a large single specimen pineapple was served to each guest, slightly scooped out and filled with sherbet, 'twas of the most delicious sort which is found only in the Hawaiias, this being the home of the largest pineapple cannery in the world.

I strolled along the beach and out on the pier watching the alert diving and riding of the surf on long light boards by the almost nude natives who are at home in the water whose warm temperature and azure blue, without doubt, is inviting. The piscatorial display, or aquarium containing specimens of the fishes that abound in the Hiawaiian waters, is a spectacle no lover of the curious should fail

to see. After going thru this ever-worming exhibition, I thot of the many peoples who do not know such strange fishes exist—that such wonderful pictures are really alive, breathing and living in the sea.

Having sailed over the Marine Gardens at Catalina Island just off the Pacific coast, in the glass-bottom boats, and observed these submarine inhabitants darting here and there among the aquatic plants, I now beheld their brilliant colorings at close range and noted the artistic penciling of the black and gold of these queerly formed but sweepingly graceful little sea dwellers—a wondrous collection by our island colony, of odd and rare freaks produced by the salt sea.

A great many Americans are engaged in various business here while the natives profit and expand their opportunities by the presence and under the tutorship of the peoples of our states.

The receipts of the many sugar plantations runs into wondrous figures, their only evil being the drouth, and that only where irrigation is not provided, which is lacking mostly on the islands outlying; but this isle of Oahu, from which all the modern propagations radiate from Honolulu, the Capitol and disseminator—the seat of tryouts—is well equipt with all irrigation adaptations, thereby splendid yields from the moist fields.

Oriental and occidental trade converging at this port of Honolulu, imparts a commercial hustle to the every day life of the city—not even counting the sugar traffic.

This Trans-Pacific exchange has brought the old Sandwich Islands into prominence and they make an interesting subject to study, with their melee of races, each with imported ideas.

'Twas in the summer of 1898 that annexation of this "Kingdom of the Hawaiian Islands" was effected with our States, being made a territory within the next two years, and soon the trolley cars were running thru the seaport city then was acquired the most important achievement of all—the laying of the Pacific cable five years after, bring-

ing the islands in close touch with the lands across the sea, where with railways on two of the islands, and steamship facilities enlarging, as a whole, it makes a pleasant break for the traveller, in the long journey over the seemingly dreary wastes of water.

One is not in port long until seized with a desire to go up in the fresh green mountains.

Of a half dozen routes, the Pali road is the more interesting, as it runs thru—all the way ascending—Nuuanu Valley, about six miles from Honolulu, to a great precipice where it turns, descending along the side of the cliff, where a grand sweep of verdure, oean and city is flashed before you.

Along this route is the Nuuanu cemetery, and beyond is the royal mausoleum, where yet is received the body of some one of the former ruling families.

Off to one side are Kpaena Falls, gushing a white spray over a rocky bridge, this being the Nuuanu river's source.

Up here, also, at this exalted height, are the flower gardens of the natives, where their welfare depends upon the cultivation of brilliant bloomers which they weave into leis, or wreaths and bring down to the principal thorofare and solicit trade. Their most remunerative days are on the departure of mail steamers, and the buyer will find himself more interested in the pathetic appeal of the natives' dark eyes than in the vivid hues of the asters, jessamine, roses, ginger and carnations so deftly woven together.

Not far from this flower colony, is the Electric Station and Reservoir, where the Nuuanu mountain stream supplies the water to operate the dynamo which sends the current into the city below.

The roads are well cared for, and the immaculate whiteness of the buildings, along with many original ideas wrought out up here in the little country retreats among the wild vegetation and mountain cascades, has a certain freshness about it that charms the traveller.

Pali, is the name of the mountain peak. Luakaha, is where the millionaire Cook's country villa is situated, to one side of Nuuanu valley—an ideal spot.

One can note that all these Hawaiian names have a musical ring if properly pronounced. In fact, their language is said to be sweeter than the Italian language. All of their words are made up out of an alphabet of fourteen letters.

However, the language, the scenery is the all important, and difficult it is to determine which is the more preferred—the enchantment of the unspoiled mountain wilderness with unobstructed sea view, or in the lower altitude along the beach with the blue oean ever rolling in.

The whole has been likened to Naples, from its magnificent site glowing in the sunlight.

People who travel around the earth for recreation will not tolerate any thing short of the best, so the best is always brot to our observation, which lessens the irksomeness of self-dependence and conduces largey to the pleasantry of the trips on shore. Various agricultural industries were brot under our notice—the great and varied tropical vegetation (so delicious to northern people), blended with vast square and rectangular rice patches with silvery water ways intersecting, then chicken ranches were tried out, then on to where mud ducks by the hundreds were paddling around over the pond acreage which was devoted to their propagation. All this held our undivided interest as we wished to acquaint ourselves with the every-day perfunctories of all the nations.

There are many acres in rice, but the promoters complain of unprofitable results since the exclusion of the Chinese by Uncle Sam, and it seems these Asiatics alone can handle with profit the rice industry, as they plod up to their knees in water and mud alongside their water buffaloes which lazily pull the little plows or rakes thru the rice fields. These buffaloes are big strong black, pudgy creatures, imported from the Orient for this special work as they are at home when half submerged in water or mud.

The richest available land has long ago been taken by cane planters and has developed many sugar kings. Not far out stands the fine home of Claus Spreckles, the one-time nation-wide sugar king, now deceased, whose great rambling, balconied white mass surrounded by palms and coco trees bespeak the footprints of accumulated wealth.

Honolulu (which means "the sheltered"), bemoans the lack of drama and professional musicians, as, being so isolated, none of the world's best talent makes this point only on occasional long stretches when an artist en route to the Orient from our mainland has a few hours to spare and finds it convenient to play a short engagement at a profit, else the population must be content with comedy and the picture shows.

But there are offsets to all things.

Grand opera, as I have heard it in Covent Garden, transfered to the lonely isle of Hawaii would be about as impressive as the melody of sincere Hawaiian song floating out thru the stalls of Covent Garden, viz: each must carry its own setting to rouse the senses to a sympathetic point. Without the scent of the ginger and the night-blooming cerous stealing thru the hibiscus hedges, without the crackle of the palms swaying in the winds blown miles over the warm ocean, without the appealing glances of dark eyes and the charm of acknowledged solitariness, the Hawaiian melody would be leaden.

On the nearby isle hangs a pall of gloom.

Molokai, which has been termed the "isle of sadness" is separated from Oahu, the dominating island, by a channel near thirty miles in width, where, on a peninsula extending far out into the sea on the north, and with a cliff or precipice a quarter of a mile high as a barrier, separating this five thousand-acre tract with its doomed population, from the other portion of the island, renders it inaccessable to outsiders also beyond escape for insiders, for this is the home of the leper.

All the affected of the islands are sent here by the government and kept isolated from the community.

At this time there were near seven hundred lepers in this "Forbidden City," tho now decreasing in number thru medical science and sympathetic human sacrifice as caretakers.

This great number of victims of the dread disease, are in most part, Hawaiians and are permitted to marry other lepers, and, we are told there are children of these unions who are non-leprous and are taught in schools isolated from others.

How like a death knell it must sound to the condemned upon discovery of this creeping disease which appears slight at first in inflamed spots on the skin and by degrees harden, later developing into tubercles which break and discharge, eating into the muscles, the resulting spectacle showing blindness, or contorted joints, even to the sloughing off of these extremities, loss of voice, faces so mutilated as to appear inhuman, till at last the foul ulcers having reached some vital organ, the victim, after a piteously slow living death spent in ostracism, finally but probably willingly, gives up the ghost.

Leprosy has been pronuonced contagious, and is not confined to any one nation or clime, as it prevails in all countries round the world, but if one notes the location of the different leper colonies, it will be found that they are almost all situated on the coasts or islands, which strengthens the belief that thru fish-eating the germ is carried to the victims by the probability of infected fish.

I noted a colony out from New Orleans on the Gulf coast, during a recent visit there, also one at San Francisco on the Pacific coast. I found in Mexico City, that Old Mexico has large colonies. Massachusetts maintains a leper station on an island just off the coast. But the largest colony in the world is in the Philippine Islands. Think of a city of four thousand lepers.

The estimate is that we have five hundred subjects at large in our own states, while a bill is pending in the Senate (it having passed the House of Representatives) for an appropriation of a quarter of a million for a national lep-

rosarium—site not specified. Steps all too tardily taken in recognition of one of the deplorable perils of our nation—a disease that is shunned as loathsome, and from which nobody is immune now that travel thruout foreign countries has become so universal, and the fact existing that one is liable to the contagion even in ten or more years following exposure.

Leprosy we have always had with us.

More than three thousand years ago, Moses, in the Pentateuch (Leviticus 13 and 14) purports receiving laws pertaining to dealings with leprosy with a prescribed form of cleansing of same, and that it is contagious, is borne out in that the condemned shall cry out "unclean, unclean," to all approaching, warning them of the danger of contamination.

While segregation is lamentable, (all victims trying to conceal their awful plight because of it), yet it is commanded in Leviticus 13:46 where the law decrees "he shall dwell alone, and with habitation outside the camp."

Chinese or Japanese act in the capacity of all household servants, in the capitol of this little fleet of islands, and clothing expense is light as no heavy garments are required and a straw hat is commendable thruout the year—the song of the four seasons of the mainland is never sung in this little land ensemble lying under the twenty-first parallel of latitude.

In our mainland, the word "imported" stamps all goods with importance and brands them exclusive. On going thru these island stores we find most all goods are "imported"—in fact, almost everything, except sugar and coffee, rice and pineapples, no other soil and climate in the world supports such pineapples.

There are some large department stores, but too many small ones, that is, in the grocery and fruit line. The "storekeeping" mania seems to sieze the Asiatics, who can conduct these stands on small profits, merely satisfied with meager living, which cuts into these departments of a larger and profitable trade run on business principles.

There are as many Chinese on the Islands as there are Hawaiians and three times as many Japanese as natives.

These Asiatics support more than twenty Buddhist Mission buildings in the islands. They like the islands and their labor is much sought in the canefields—for sugar is the sustaining crop of the islands, and other industries flourish because of the sugar industry. In this mid-ocean resting station, one sees the old grass hut nestling near the modern cane flume. Here, practical America touches colourful Asia. Here in this lone spot in all this area of open ocean, the oldest civilization in the world meets the newest. Here is a world work-room, for here are gathered laborers from all parts of the globe.

America is at the helm, that is evident.

These islands are territorial as yet, and are represented in our Congress by a delegate elected by the people biennially.

After a most interesting stopover here, in this "Paradise of the Pacific," we go aboard our steamer with summary impressions of flowers and palms, cocoanut groves, dreamy air, sylvan retreats surely, mixed races—some on the qui vive, others inanimate—picturesque roads, hundreds of automobiles, beautiful tropical homes lying on the mountain side basking in the southern sun, all a new vision leaving a lasting impression.

The next morning, the native band of big brown men —some of them even handsome in their tropical suits of white—accompanied by some good looking young Hawaiian ladies came on our ship and, on the broad deck, with our passengers surrounding, gave us a farewell concert—their catch plaintive airs mingled with the bewailing strains of the native guitars and the ukuleles affecting we nomads as they played and sang.

After a serving of punch and cigars by the ship's brass-buttoned stewards, they departed after rendering "Alhoe" that most beautiful and far-reaching of all foreign airs, and our own band struck up a response as the ropes were thrown off, the gangplank drawn up and we very

slowly and majectically moved away from the pier amid waving and cheering of the crowd that had assembled at the wharf and I noticed the almost pathetic expressions on their faces as they looked longingly and admirably at our big vessel standing high above them and later, as I glanced back I thot I heard every one of them resolve to at some time make this trip around the world, as they turned inland to their own limited and isolated, tho flowery kingdom.

I watched the little nude natives in the bay, diving for coins thrown in the water by our passengers.

They never missed one, the water was so clear altho thirty-six feet deep at this point, and on coming to the surface, would secrete the coin in their mouth and dive for another.

They never trusted the prize in their little light canoes, and of course they had no pockets, for the canoes tipped over often on plunging out, or some other one might get it.

They dove like frogs when several would dart for the same coin, all of them eagerly watching upward for it to come overboard. They were pleasant faced grinning little fellows looking like seals with their glistening brown wet backs.

I turned from them to outline the island shore which was low and rugged, and the waters ran up to breast the rocks but were beaten back, only to try it again and again, never giving up in despair, with here and there a clump of cocoanut trees with ragged fronds swaying listlessly, their long gaunt bodies leaning at various angles, the coast winds having shaped their destiny at an early stage, with probably a thatched roof hut hidden there-under, then swampy wastes that looked like a wave would submerge, then signs of pastoral habitation, and more battling of the mid-tropic sea lashing the shore, till finally the land grew farther and farther away and we were left on the broad ocean with never a thing to break the horizon, and for days we plowed

those swells with scarcely sighting a ship, for which all our great ocean traffic, the ocean is greater than the traffic, as Japan was our next nation to visit and 'twas an eleven-day run.

ON THE PACIFIC.

But during this stretch of sea-wandering we lost one day.

It just disappeared from the calendar entirely—the day that we crossed the international date-line at the 180th meridian, about five days out from Hawaii.

We jumped from Monday to Wednesday, and we celebrated the fact that such an occurrence is real by an entertainment on the long deck in the way of an amateur jolification for the afternoon, affording such stunts as could be accommodated on our ship's deck, as a potato race by the ladies, where they participated equal to the occasion, a sack race by the men, which sent up shouts from the other passengers, and considerable mirth when the young lady's three-legged race came off.

Then a hair-dressing contest where the men "did up" the lady partners hair in the least possible time drew forth much sympathy for the ladies heads.

The day ended with a pillow fight—for among all these passengers there was much talent and quite varied: some wrote poetry, others composed music while some enacted stage features and on certain evenings an exhibition would be given of same.

We had a hostess, or social director with an assistant on the ship that sought out the more talented and willing ones, and arranged these programs where each one contributed their special feature for entertainment to pass away the evenings, including card parties, lectures and dances (where everybody joined except the captain), also colored picture shows, where ice cream and punch was served at intervals.

We all enjoyed these amateur evenings, and everybody was merry even tho we were in the middle of the big sea, for there was some non-stop runs of as many as eleven

days without sight of land, so we naturally sought solace in each other.

I found diversion in meditation on the surroundings, as the beautiful water scenes the one appealing feature, the great expanse of the ocean; how powerful, and destructive, how helpless we are at a thousand miles from anywhere, yet how gentle it seems as we skim lightly along on its bosom in the night with only the boat and the stars in the sky visible, and I step to the railing and look over into the deep, far below, and watch the phosphorous waves, for we are cutting a wide swath, and I am glued to the rail as by magnet at the constant sound of the swish of the waters as they are divided by our keel—sometimes louder than others, owing to the pressure of the hidden swells.

After awhile the lights grow dim in our floating home, a few belated persons straggle across the decks who have come out for a last smoke, or the last look at the sea by night before turning in, then all is hushed and we plow silently on in the lonesome darkness, and I, unwilling to surrender, look up and wonder what can be the solitary thots of the "lookout" man as he sits in the little crows nest half way up the high mast, guarding any impending danger to our safety, and I stroll further on, for I'm up on boat-deck now and I survey the huge life boats—ten in number, five on either side, with tarpaulin laced down tightly over the tops and provisioned for sustenance a certain length of time—resting in their cradles on the deck, strung by ropes and pulleys to the big iron davits above ready to be swung out at a moments notice, and I shuddered, there in the still dark night as I pictured to myself a sudden call of alarm, and members of the crew rushes to this boat, this life boat, which is either your death-dealer or your savior, cuts the lacing, strips off the canvas, swings the davits round and the boat is suspended over the side of the ship, and with confusion everywhere I am commanded to step in, and with others am lowered down the side of this big black iron ship to the water fifty feet below and set adrift in the dark sea, with night all around, and

the wailing and horrors of yielded hopes of our friends and companions left to their doom on board a ship in its last throes, as in the Titanic disaster of the year before.

I draw a long breath of dreadfulness at what the spectacle might have been on that ill-fated night, and resume my solitary patrol along the deck which is now deserted, for it has reached a late hour.

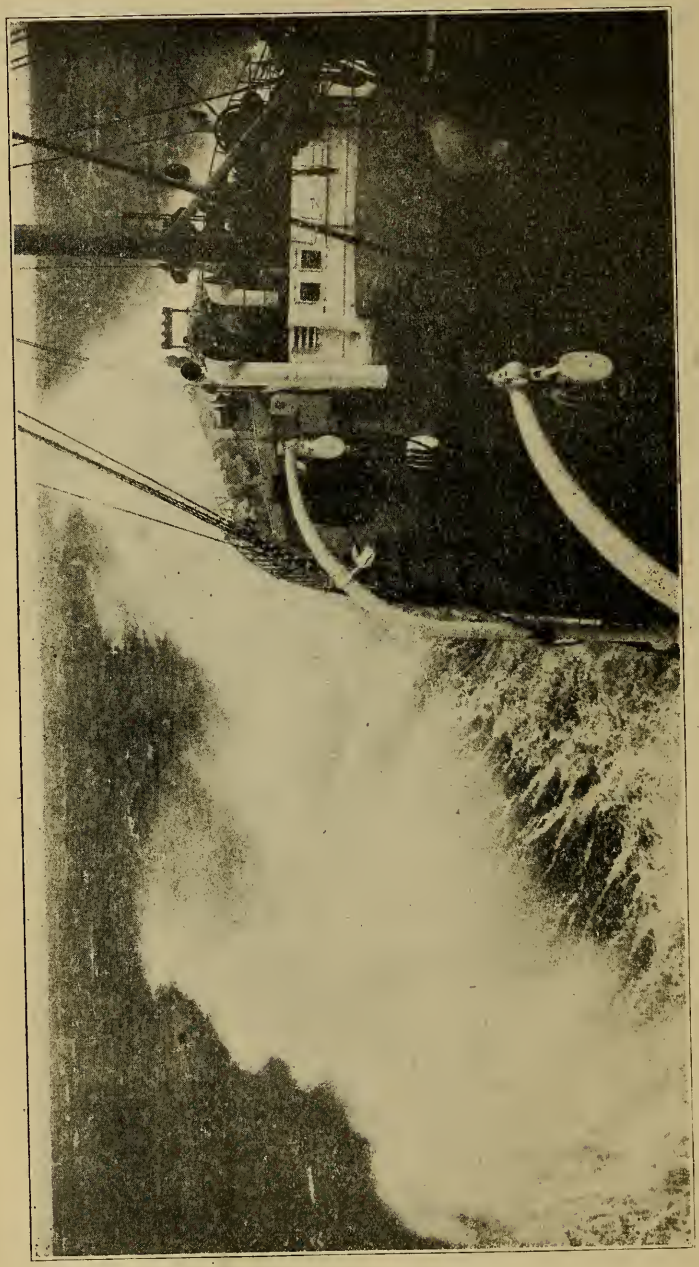
I walk on past the wireless cabin, where the Marconi follower is busily attentive to his duties in the little apartment—the walls and tables lined with wires and nickel trappings which, for better comparison, has all the appearance of a watch tinker's shop.

Weary of the inky surroundings, I drop down several flights of stairs—the electric lights all turned off, save for a few guiding ones—and retire to my berth.

The next morning finds us all up early; probably to see a sunrise, or to see the antics of a school of leaping or flying fish, or perhaps a vessel at a distance—for they are not a common sight in crossing the Pacific—in fact, any object that appeared on the horizon would command the undivided attention even unto ejaculation of the passengers.

After breakfast, out on deck again; some of our ladies crocheting or making fancy work of various kinds, others of us lay back in our deck chairs all covered with steamer rugs of a Comanche combination of colors and read or write, some would pair off and play shuffleboard—the chief deck pastime, while others took to the smoking room or swimming pool, or brush up on cards for the progressive game slated for the evening. At seven o'clock, punctually, dinner was served to all, and we, in answer to the bugle call, were expected to appear in evening dress and be merry to the tunes of the band and a seven-course service, where, before we got clear round the globe, all the delicious edibles in the world had been served, our tickets being first-class, we had the best of everything.

Our last day on the Pacific was Sunday, and we had encountered an electrical storm the previous night where



SUNDAY STORM AT SEA—YOKOHAMA, JAPAN.—Photo by Underwood & Underwood.

the rain poured and the tarpaulins flapped in the wind and the lightning flashed all over the heavens and was reflected in the waters all about us leaving us in a bed of flames apparently, and all day Sunday the sea ran high and the swells caused our ship to rise and fall at an alarming disparity, slapping her sides with terrifying force, pouring in without a moments warning, at the lower port holes that had not been closed against it and running along the halls until arrested by a steward's mop.

Altho we had a minister on board who was expected to discourse on each Sabbath at sea, he did not have a record assemblage on this particular morning—none of them washed overboard, but detained below.

All afternoon it grew worse and I, having sought refuge in my berth, could feel the aft of the vessel dive as low as it dared in the water and seemed to meditate on rising; then a terrible grinding crunch, seemingly caused by manipulation of the steering gear in righting the ship would make the whole steamer tremble, then a rehearsal of this, until we were all glad to know that we were nearing Japan, where the next day at noon we sailed into the harbour of Yokohama, the port for the center of the largest of Japan's four large islands.

JAPAN.

We came into this haven with a snowstorm which blighted our hopes of seeing one of the chief characteristics of Japan—that of the much prized cherry blossoms in full bloom.

Of course, it being almost the first of March and this little island country, not quite as large as our state of California, but with a population more than one-half that of the whole United States, and lying in the same latitude, there was little wonder at the weather and we were prepared for it, tho we disliked it.

At this port we docked at the wharf.

There were big warehouses outlining, and a railroad track running right down to the pier. I looked down from the top deck of the steamer and got my first impressions of Japanese in their native country. The little brown fellows, with square faces and wide nose-bridge, slanting black eyes and black hair as stiff as bristles, were running along the wharf here and there, trying to roll a big high derrick-looking ladder along side the steamer, to run the ship's gang plank out on, two or three decks above, and where we were expected to go down this ladder to the wharf, but it was a lumbersome, obstinate thing and wouldn't stay put; it got off the track and there was danger of it toppling over and raising a commotion just as our high body of Americans were getting their first glimpse of this Asiatic territory, and they all set up a jabber, all talking at once and as fast as they could, jesticulating in accordance with the accent, showing irritation, disgust and condemnation, until we were all amused, as well as interested in the situation.

When they finally righted our stairway, and we passed down onto the wharf, our next "expectant surprise," was the rick-shaw, which I had always viewed in pictures as a

plaything and pastime, but now I found they were real and I was to get in one of them and be pulled around over the streets by a little trotting man or "coolie," as they are called who officiate in that capacity.

There were scores of these little rick-shaws lined up at the wharf for our use.

They looked such a dainty conveyance, with their little black polished beds the shape of a go-cart, with upholstered seat and back, just big enuf for a single person, with canopy top laid back and all balanced on springs on one axle, with two glittering, spindled, rubber-tired wheels.

The little shafts are dropt to the walk and I step in, the coolie deigning to touch your hand, but smilingly does so, in assisting you to a sure mount, while adjusting your American feet to the narrow tiny beds, tucking the silk plush rug or robe around you, picks up the shafts that have a bar connecting the front ends, where he steps, and trots off with you at the mercy of the springs and his sure-footedness.

You are seized with a captivating sensation as you spin along lightly in this fairy like equipment, for these little fellows, anxious to ingratiate themselves in your "tipping" favor, are fleet-footed, and right well do they fare, for they certainly prey upon a foreigner's sympathy.

It was very disagreeable after the snow and travel had made the streets and dirt roads slippery, but these little coolies worked manfully, often doing half day runs with only slight interventions clad in dark blue uniform characteristic—pants that are made pouchy at the seat for free movement in long trotting, and narrowed to elastic tightness around their calves, which bulge out in great knots from long continued use of those muscles. The feet are encased in the same goods with the four smaller toes in one, while the great toe is always separately encased, thus allowing of a strapping running between the toes to the center of each side of the matting or sisal sandal or pad, to hold them on their feet as soles, which would soak up wet on such occasion as this, endangering their health,

as I noticed every one of them had a hacking cough, and I was told that those who take up this vocation stamps themselves short-lived, and one could readily see why. Their top covering is a little kimona-shaped shirt or blouse affair with flowing sleeves, with great white Japanese characters all over the back.

These blouses are often tied down with an all-too-long-used scarf, their head being protected with the regulation coolie hat, which looks like an inverted tray of canvas on stilts stuck round the head-band. These have numbers or characters printed on the backs, as license, to distinguish one coolie from another.

I never could remember either the number or face, but they always remembered their portege, and smilingly beckon to you as you emerge from some place of interest that you have stopped on your way to visit.

For two weeks we traveled in this novel and attractive, to almost alluring, way thru the cities of Japan.

Of course, the natives all use this mode of conveyance to different parts of the city, or at least those who can afford it, and it is no uncommon sight to see a Japanese woman and two or three children—the Japs being of much smaller race—in one rick-shaw, being drawn thru the streets by a coolie of a diminutive build, or perhaps his passenger is a man with a camel's load of boxes and packages, but when these little men strike up a long trot, something like a coyote, they are good for hours.

There are a great many automobiles in Yokohama, but the streets are too narrow for them to become general, and only in the newer or more modern parts, made so by foreign ideas gathered since the opening up of this long locked up nation, are autos used to an advantage. They can never squeeze thru these little bamboo lanes, and cut all the curves and angles.

There are some extensive business houses in this, one of the world's great seaports, with a population of 270,000, much more than the whole state of Arizona, who so recently planted another star on our flag.

These big mercantile establishments are presided over by Japanese tho often by foreigners.

But it was the more primitive quarters that commanded our attention, the miles of little one-story shops opening right off the streets and so near facing each other that there is only room for a rick-shaw to pass between—just a continuous line of merchandise hanging out on the front, for there are no doors or windows, only shutters set up in place at night, so all is open thru the day, tho it is cold and damp.

There are no stoves in these little shops, nothing but fire-pots, round and square, big and little, half filled with ashes on which the little pile of charcoal burns, and where these men shop-keepers sit round or stand, and hold their hands over the meager heat and smoke their long stemmed pipes that end in a tiny thimble, and never worry about customers.

Their exchange thruout the day must, without a doubt, be run on a minute scale, and around each shop front there are from three to six and seven children of all sizes playing back and forth across the street, for the family lives back of these little shops, where the floor rises to a platform about two feet high, and all enclosed by whole, or half sliding walls of little wood window frames filled with white parchment paper—instead of glass—which are lightweight and easily moved back and forth. These are the only windows in these houses.

Often as we passed, we would look thru the opening of these screens and see the Japanese women sitting in there on mats or cushions on the floor of this elevated platform where they always drop their shoes on the outside before entering, leaving it quite reasonable that these little people can sit on their floor, which is characteristic of Japan.

Think of a house without chairs, think of no millinery bills to pay, or no vexing stovepipes to put up, no anxiety about the latest whims in dress, as one pattern cuts them all, rich or poor, the only variation being in the fabric,

which covers a long range from the flimsiest of cottons to the most artistically embroidered silks.

What imprest me most, was the great number of children. There were children everywhere. The streets off the main thorofare were full of them, the street corners were full of them, and they were all doubled up, for each one of them carried another on its back.

Children, from five to ten years carrying other children from one month to five years strapped on their backs with yards of goods wound round their waists and under arms and around the bulk of the child and tied in a knot in front, and the child is supposedly secure, for these children go right on with their play, stooping over at pleasure, or any other movement that goes to make up their "jolly good time," while the child on the back looks on helplessly, or being asleep, its head doddles around lifelessly.

All the children, both boys and girls were swathed heavily in thick padded kimonas with sashes about their waists to hold them on—for no buttons or pins are used, and as it grew colder they kept putting on more kimonas, all of dark, largely figured pattern and all uncleanly from long use.

They seldom wore anything on their heads, their coarse straight black hair stringing across a pleasant but tarnished face.

Some of the very least babies that were just sitting up looked too cunning for any use in their tiny kimona of bright colors, their hair shaved to form a lamp-mat on top of their head.

Why shouldn't they appear numerous, when there are more than 55 million, or more than one-half the population of the United States, gathered on territory no larger than one of our states, not discounting that portion of Japan that is mountainous and uninhabitable.

A great many of the Japanese men, and some young students are affecting European dress thruout, and indeed, are fine specimens of manhood, are intelligible, worthy of consideration in their economical habits in that they make

their small territory support or maintain their abundant population besides exporting some of their products to other nations.

They are of small stature, with yellowish or sallow complexion, high cheek bones, teeth too long and jaws too set to speak English plainly, are quite active, shrewd, skillful, fearless and courteous.

The majority of the men wear loose pleated skirts with girdle or sash at waist with a kind of shirt-coat with big flowing sleeves. This dress is oftener of silk than not, and generally of gray with woven figure, and really they manage these skirts quite artfully.

The women wear either cotton or silk kimonas—no other style is seen in Japan—with a wide sash or obi, often sixteen inches wide, folded round the waist forming a pillow on the back. These obies play the most important part of the dress, as they are usually of all high colors and figures, are more than a half yard wide and three yards long.

The style shops are hung full of them at quite high prices, many of our passengers bought them for their significance.

The women, when on parade, paint to an artistic degree and are quite good to look upon with their coarse straight black hair mucilaged to stand up in stiff bow-knots or coils, all carrying the typical parasol, as hats are not worn by the women of this nation, in fact, I noticed that millinery, that most important accessory with us, is a lost art all the way round the world from our States, until the western European countries are reached.

There are handsome women wearing exquisitely embroidered silk creations, (for nowhere is their persistent art of silk embroidery excelled) and we would often see them out for a walk.

But the poorer clad and less particular predominate, and they being so numerous it was interesting to watch these little women slip along the narrow footpaths, called sidewalks, in their bunchy kimonas and little matting shoes or pads.

—Photo by Underwood & Underwood.

SHOE STORE—JAPAN.

Sometimes these pads would be raised on shaped wooden cleats for wet weather wear, but always held on by straps between the great toe and the remaining four, necessitating the stocking or short sock which is always made of bleached drill hooked on with metal loops at the back, to be made with a gusset separating the toes as above to permit the straps passing thru—thereby the great toe becomes the important factor while the heel swings at large, but the wearers manage them with original tact.

A shoe store on the streets is a curiosity—almost the whole stock hangs suspended from the roof gable down to the narrow walk.

The better grade of the matting shoes, and according to the embroidery on the velvet straps, sell for 80 sen or about 40 cents of our money, while the white sox cost the same.

I searched for a pair large enuf for American feet but found none, but purchased a pair anyway as a reminder that they are real and a necessity instead of a toy as we are prone to believe from the pictures, before visiting this nation of original and picturesque ideas thot out by these little men and women.

Everything is done on a miniature scale, that is, all except drilling for war.

Their mode of travel must be small in some of the districts to conform to the passages, for in our rick-shaw, in which we wind thru little narrow lanes around little bamboo fenced lots and garden fronts, all much more resembles an American "playground."

Then in further pursuance, we go up multiples of steps and down as many, right in the middle of the streets, and often a good street terminates in dozens of steps leading up to some official place, and sometimes a hundred great wide ones, if up to a temple, for it must be remembered Japan is mountainous and its important cities abound on the coast only, sloping back up the incline to the mountains, where excellent vistas are obtained and where, on

one occasion we climbed a hundred of these steps to a tea house to view a panorama of Yokohama which consisted mainly of acres and acres of black slate and tile roofs, with nary a sign of chimney, sloping off into a wonderful and busy harbour with the great expanse of sea beyond.

The buildings, apart from the more modern business centers, are rarely above two stories and very low at that, with tiny balconies on the upper story projecting out over the sidewalk below.

The lower stories are used for little shops, where the whole front is open, even in winter, where are kept native shoes exclusively, in another, brooms only, which are made of a long stiff grass tied on a stick, and, by the way, I saw them sweeping the big rotunda of the fine modern Grand Hotel on the bund (that means water front) with these so-called brooms

In other shops would be all kinds of Japanese baskets only ,fantastic to a degree and I wished for one of every design and color to bring home.

The greed of our merchants in the States in cornering every line of necessities trade demands, is lost sight of by these little shopkeepers of single lines, thereby avoiding exertion.

So on and on down the long narrow lanes these small shops repeat themselves, eventually emerging into a broad street lined on either side with modern built three and four story grand silk houses.

It was amusing to watch the enthusiasm of our Americans rushing from counter to counter, almost hidden in the amazing revelry of rich silks, piles of kimonas and mandarin coats all padded and heavily embroidered with chrysanthemums and wisteria, Japan's native flowers, trailing far down the backs, lending elegance, and of which they bought unreservedly, paying fabulous prices for some exquisitely executed design, altho seemingly cheap.

It has been about forty years since Japan let down her bars and opened up to foreign intercourse, and have sought foreign views on development, with a result that cosmo-

politan ideas prevail in the newer parts of all the large cities, which demand these great silk emporiums and other advancement in catering to the foreign trade.

Here, too, the rick-shaw trots side by side with the modern street car, the crude freight cart drawn by oxen whose feet are actually shod, vie with the almost diminutive steam cars.

There are electric lights, phones and telegraph systems, same as we have, but to get back off of these few blocks of special enterprise into the more primitive quarters, you'll note the inhabitants are loath to exchange their customs habitaually, for the swift modern ways, and who would wish them to exchange characteristics, as every thing would become a sameness soon and no one would care to travel round the world.

But from association with foreigners, the younger element show great desire to master the English language, as later, when I arrived at the depot in Tokio, a young student of about twenty years, clad in gray silk shirt and sash, with cloth cape, European cap and shoes and wearing glasses and a becoming smile, stepped up to me and explained that he had been under the tutorship of an American and was a Christian, and asked me if I would kindly correspond with him in English. I told him I would gladly do so if he would benefit by so doing, and he writes me he is improving. He showed me thru the newspaper press in Tokio where he works, showed me that you have to begin at the bottom of the newspaper and read up, and that the front page of a magazine is on the back.

While in Yokohama, with two other tourists, I visited a private house where I witnessed a "ceremonial tea," the correct manipulation of which is deemed a great accomplishment.

On entering this home, deining to take off our shoes, we were given a cloth with which to wipe them, and passed into the neat little room which looked more like a doll house with its windows made out of little parchment squares put together with small framework, and floor all carpeted neatly with bound matting rugs of uniform size, partitions

and walls covered with the same, where they shift these partitions and walls back throwing two or three rooms together.

The two receiving Nipponese young ladies daintily encased in soft kimonas, knelt down gracefully on their pillows and bowed clear to the floor, while we were left to fold ourselves down like a jack-knife on the remaining pillows, which strained posture forced us to shift positions quite frequently which we did with as little awkwardness as our liberal build could command.

Then with more bowing to the floor, one commenced to wash the bowl out, that she was to wash the rag in that she was to wash the tea pot with, and after most thirty minutes maneuvering in like manner with these vessels all round her on the floor, with the burning coals in a neat little fire pot sunk in the floor, we were finally passed the tea in a large bowl with wafers, which we termed delicious.

After tea we were invited up stairs, which tiny stairs we shambled up at our peril, 'twas so narrow we had to turn sideways and the steps were so narrow we had to turn our feet sideways.

We found a large room, it being three rooms thrown together by the matting walls folded back, with no sign of furniture save the cushions on the floor.

On asking where they slept, as no beds were visible, the little lady brot out three silken coverlets, threw them on the floor of matting, put a little wooden yoke on the floor at the head, placed a roll of cotton wound in paper on this, where, when lying down this answers for their pillow. She unfolded three more silken coverlets, or enlarged kimonas, threw them over herself and laughingly feigned sleep.

The immaculate appearance of the whole interior is the one appealing feature.

In order to see with what extreme patience these little Japanese men and women work, we followed up stairs over a front shop, to a little room in which were a dozen men and women sitting on the floor stooped over boxes work-

ing on the much prized cloisonne ware—which is the art of enameling figures and landscapes on metal vases or various shaped articles.

I watched them first brush the vase over with a kind of gum, then they set to work with long keen nippers and picked up the tiniest bits of curved silver wire, placing them on this gummy surface, following the design that had been outlined, then filled in each of these little loops made by the curved wires with different colored enamels according to the colors required in the pattern, with a pointed brush.

When this enamel is set, it is sent to the firing room, afterwards brot back for another process.

These workers in almost every case wore glasses.

This almost unending work wrot on every piece accounts for the high prices attached to real cloisonne.

Then we visited the shops of "Satsuma" ware, whose creamy surface make a rich background for the hand-painted chrysanthemum with its long languid flues or the graceful trailing of the wisteria, or the varied blues of the iris or the faint pinks of the cherry blossoms when brot out on an uniquely shaped vase or other mould, and for which fabulous sums are asked over here.

Another trip was made to the ivory-carving rooms, which art has become another branch of industry commanding the skill and patience of more than a thousand ivory-carvers thruout Japan today and their original designs are certainly marvelous.

Paper enters largely into the uses or possibilities of this miniature country, all the way from a house to a handkerchief, as moving among them will attest, and their artistic stationary finds unstinted patronage from our people who love dainty things.

After we had had a daily round of these little shops that carry so much rich, rare, unique and much coveted articles, on reaching our ship at night, the halls and deck would be full of Japs who had come on board with their wares in lieu of making a sale, even calling at your cabin door entreating you to buy, which you do at your own

price rather than lose a sale, but you must use your own judgment as to the genuineness of his wares as you cannot depend upon their reliability, as some of us found out later, however, as they were of such congenial temperament, we did not feel badly towards them for the deception.

I went to temeples galore, for there are temples everywhere in Japan.

They seem as numerous as windmills in Missouri.

These temples are about the first thing the coolies expect you want to see outside of Fujiyama, which is their sacred mountain, and used to be volanic, but has been dormant for two hundred years.

It is 12,500 feet high, almost as high as Pike's Peak in the Rockies, and it is a wonderful sight, being cone-shaped and independent of lesser peaks, all around the top being smoothly covered with snow, which I was told is perpetual, and as the little coolie trots along in the tiny shafts of the rick-shaw he looks back and points out toward the mountain, exclaiming "Fuji, Fuji," without slackening his pace, for this mountain is visible from most everywhere in Japan, and reminds me of the snowy top of Mt. Popocatapetl glistening in the sun as viewed from Chapultupec Castle in Mexico City, the summer home of the president of Old Mexico, where I toured on a former occasion.

A guide explains Japan's temples to you in their half-broken English, but if the worship of Japan's people has been neglected in your knowledge of "The World" you will get little good of his efforts.

Buddhism is the prevailing religion of Japan, as it also is of China, Ceylon and Java, in fact, nearly all the countries of the Far East embrace this belief.

This sort of acknowledging willingness to follow originally splendid teachings declared orally by Buddha and written down by his deciples after his death, 2,500 years ago, and which has now become confused with the worshiping of the idol of the founder himself, is followed by about one-third of the whole human race.

And how devoted they are, in their manifestations of his superiority.

Invoking, as they stand with bowed head in long silence before his image.

Then Shintoism is the other form of the two great religions of Japan, and in its origin, was a form of nature worship, but now has developed into ancestor worship and sacrifice to departed heroes, and what a wonderful pride the Japanese take, in fact, they almost seem to live in the reverence of these Buddhist temples and Shinto shrines, some reaching the acme of magnificent build, others less pretentious.

The finest temples are large, bare of any seats whatever, floor generally matting covered, large columns, with interior and exterior adorned with hand carving, inlaid gold and cloisonne introduced somewhere.

They are certainly marvels of art and together with the shrines dedicated to some long dead man who has made himself a hero in the eyes of the descending generation, whereon visiting so many of these hallowed objects, I often wonder what these monuments and the upkeep of same have cost Japan.

There are broad avenues leading up to these temples of worship lined on either side with great stone lanterns, lanterns that have been stationed there in memory of the departed one, by the family.

This great devotional display is marveled at by the unknowing.

Besides there being hundreds of temples and shrines in the cities, they are scattered all thru the outlying country, and we came upon them in lonely shady nooks in the forest, and on the silent hills and really in some of the most inopportune places, and it is this very feature that tends to make up picturesque Japan.

One morning we boarded the train to take a cross-country trip, the little train that seems so diminutive by the side of our big copious smooth running coaches and our mogul engines.

These cars have their upholstered benches running along the side of the car from end to end and very low, of course, as they were built for Japanese use, thereby throwing our diversified American feet and shoe leather to the mercy of the train officials who were constantly running up and down the narrow aisle.

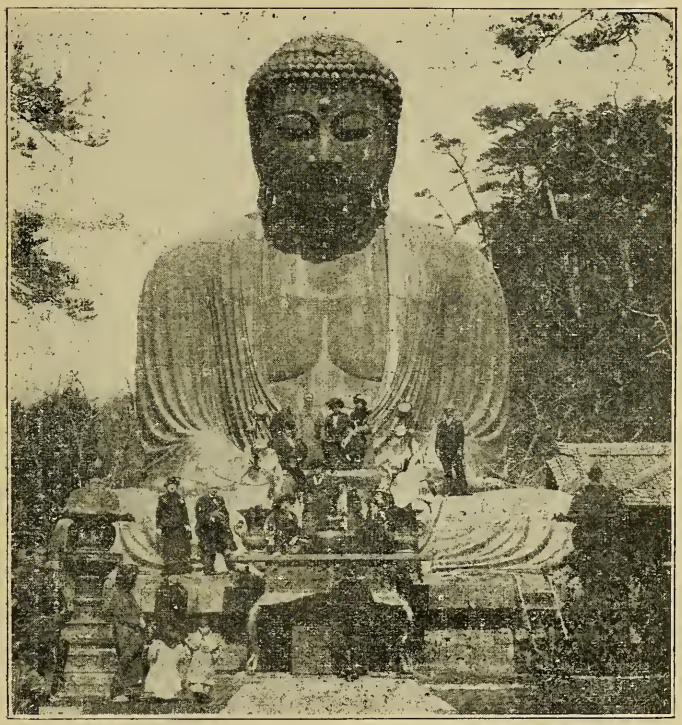
After a fifty minutes ride, whisking thru beautiful landscapes we swung out to the city on the sea—Kamakura.

This little village, now a summer resort lying on the shores of the Pacific, was once the capitol of the whole empire and contained a million people.

But lying where the waves of the ocean laved her feet incessantly in a languid, free and unreserved intimacy until twice, in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, this familiarity burst into fury and great tidal waves forced themselves in and completely overwhelmed, enveloping and finally annihilating this city that had trusted the sincerity of her alliance—her sustainer became her foe, so today a small village used as a summer resort basks lazily on the beach, void of all industry but makes a pleasing Oriental picture which once seen will draw you back again: a great expanse of unmatchable blue with wave ruffles in white lacy foam advancing and retracting on mode-colored sand backed by reddish cliffs overgrown with shaded green forestry, guarded by Fujiyama whose white mantel reaches far up to meet the blue of the sky that fades into sunset yellow down at the horizon.

Such highly colored panorama leaves lasting indentations on ones memory.

After absorbing this beautiful water front, and water scenes or sea-scapes are, to me, the most appealing feature of all travel sights, I stepped back into the little fairy carryall—the rick-shaw, the little knowing horse—the coolie—picked up the shafts and trotted off and dropt them again a half a mile up the slope from the Pacific, on a hill where stands a statue of Buddha, whose towering height, tho in a sitting posture with long gold eyes glancing downward, seemingly at you, almost appalls you.



—Photo by Underwood & Underwood.

BUDDHA AT KAMAKURA, JAPAN.

And as you begin to climb one of Japan's series of never-ending steps up to his dark stolid, unshakable highness, you see these little brown people, both men and women standing with bowed head in attitude of prayer at any time of day, for Buddha knows no Sunday and times of worship are not calendared by weeks as in our States, but prayers and offerings are made daily, as we would see them turn away after pitching a coin onto an opening in the floor, that was slatted over, the money tinkling on down to the bottom of the receptacle.

This idol, or image, of Buddha, whose doctrine is Nirvana, or an "absolute release from existence," is made of bronze, which is an alloy of copper and tin, and sitting on a pedestal, is nearly fifty feet high, was cast in separate sections and skillfully joined together.

The face alone is eight feet high and the eyes are of solid gold (for they spare no expense on their gods of worship) and are four feet long, eyelids drooping, which shows off the great bars of gold beneath them.

There is a ball, or boss of pure silver a foot in diameter, weighing thirty pounds that stands out in the center of the forehead, and is symbolical of the sixth sense, or power of spiritual insight as a reward of righteous living.

Now, this great statue has been sitting out up here in all kinds of weather, calmly glancing downward for six hundred years, just as there are hundreds of others over Japan, but not quite so majestic as this one on the Pacific coast at Kamakura.

While here, I walked up the steps climbed up in the lap of this image, and had my picture taken, which is a tourist stunt and which is one of my most prized pictures.

We visited numerous shrines dedicated to different Shoguns to whom some heroic deed had been attributed, as you know "Shogun" was the title given to hereditary military rulers of Japan for centuries, until the revolution of 1868, when the Mikado was reinstated.

We lunched, or took "tiffin," as the Japs call it, at the Kaihin-in Hotel, an inviting hostelry with about sixty

rooms, all modern, and sits in a park-like ground of lawn with pine groves.

Here we were presented to the mayor of Kamakura, a little aged man, very dark, but greeted us kindly and gave us his card.

On going thru the social parlor of this unique hotel, one must not overlook the mural decoration, the entire sides are hand-painted in the artistic way, with the flora characteristic of Japan, which I never tire of reading or writing about after once having seen these particular ones in their native home—the wisteria, whose trailing blossoms hang suspended fully fifteen inches long, shading from purple to lavender, with the tall purple iris on long stems rising up to meet them, and I afterward saw this native flower, the iris, growing and blossoming on the cone of the thatched roofs of some of the houses of the poorer inhabitants along the coast or lake fronts.

Then there is a great flow of cherry blossoms worked over the wall—these blossoms are pale fluttery pink, are fruitless and grow on great trees resembling our unpruned sprangling peach trees, and really they spread a pinkish glow all over Japan when in blossom, which is the last of March—and lastly comes the great yellow chrysanthemum with long graceful flues reaching out like so many tentacles —all of this goes to make up this beautiful floral wall, not panels, just ramble at will over the whole.

With loathing, we left Kamakura, the ill-fated city, but charming resort by the sea, and went to Tokio, only two hours away where rick-shaws awaited us and we were whisked out to view the Imperial Palace, where the Mikado resides behind high enclosed stone walls, and this completely surrounded by a moat, an extra wide moat filled with water to guard against any approach to the walls.

Great trees overhang these walls and are reflected in the mirror of water below, which is blue in its stillness, and where entrance is only gained by drawbridge to the castle.

Broad white plazas, answering for drill grounds, and long stretches of white boulevards lead away from this

on out thru the more primitive part where they verge into irregular little lanes.

Tokio is the capitol of this island empire, and you can guess it takes time to cover it as its area is one hundred square miles, with a population of nearly two million.

We visited the more important sights.

The Sumida river runs thru the city, where it is crossed by numerous bridges, and it's one of the interesting sights to see fine modern government, and imposing business houses and the old-time wooden buildings standing side by side, the old ones, as yet, not having given way to the newer and broader development.

And I am sure the natives, accustomed to their narrower lines of architecture are awed by the august appearance of some of these "new-life" entries.

We took our meals at the Imperial Hotel, as all the larger cities in Japan have hotels conducted on the European plan.

Some of our party took inland trips and resorted to native cookery, and on surviving, resolved "no more"—menu: fish and rice and tea and tea and rice and fish.

There is an enterprising league called the "Welcome Society of Japan" with headquarters in the Tokio Chamber of Commerce that would be of great benefit to tourists who are "doing" Japan.

For a small sum you can become a member of this organization and enjoy all the privileges conducive to better sight-seeing.

After a week in the Imperial portion of this little flowery kingdom, we embarked for Kobe, another port second in importance to Yokohama, sailing three hundred and fifty miles along the south coast of the island Hondu and coming in port at the head of the Inland Sea where our ship dropt anchor out in the deep for the first time on account of the water being too shallow for our big steamer to approach the docks, and we came down the long stairway which was unfolded and let down on the outside of

the big ship, forming fifty steps, with only a strip of tarpaulin and a wood railing between you and the deep.

Here we dropt down into steam launches and were taken across the harbour to shore, where the polished little rick-shaws awaited us and we trotted off to acquaint ourselves with other parts of Japan.

I'll just add that the service of a rick-shaw and coolie is one and a half to two yen per day of eight hours, being seventy-five cents and one dollar of our money.

About fifteen years ago, restrictions of passports was done away with, and now all foreigners can travel thruout Japan without that annoyance.

As we approached Kobe, the long mountains loomed up in the distance and from the steamer, we had an unbroken view of a most wonderfully perfect anchor, of prodigious dimensions worked out in dark green shrubbery lying against a well shorn light back ground way up at the top of one of the mountains, on the side facing all incoming steamers.

It is truly an original piece of landscape, and on drawing into the harbour one must not fail to see it.

We lunched at the fine big stone Oriental Hotel in Kobe, and left for the Nunobiki waterfall.

Around and up and around the picturesque mountain sides we went, thru shady miniature canyons with overhanging mountain trees, up to where the great walls on both sides nearly come together, and there, high up, unfolds and spreading downward a long sheet of water spraying away in the basin below.

There is a little rest house with glass balconies for viewing this freak of nature, built out over this charming mountain and water display that runs on forever, unmindful of its isolation.

We lingered long up here in this sequestered place to hear the lonely strum of the splashing, gurgling and rushing water as it tumbled on down the mountains into the reservoir way below, where it furnishes water to Kobe, the

city of 100,000 houses and a population of 400,000 almost that of San Francisco.

Down in the city are several canals conducting these mountain streams thru the city to the water front, or "Bund" as it is termed by all the Orientals.

Suwayama Park is back of the city up in the foothills, just a beautiful place to get a great panoramic view of the city and harbour below.

There is a Shinto shrine up here on one side of the very level grounds, where aged trees stand, their lofty branches sheltering the whole parkway.

Of course, there is the foreign settlement of modern build that is fast becoming a part of every Oriental city, but it was the sylvan scenery and the bewitching costuming of the little people that held us as in a vise. Temples and shrines galore abound thruout Kobe and vicinity and we visited the more important ones, but had to bide our time.

Entrained, we rounded the harbour, going thru the agricultural districts to Osaka, which is the wealthiest commercial and manufacturing city in Japan, and next to Tokio in population, and indeed, it sends a long trailing smoke out over its city.

We get many cheap things from these manufacturing towns, as we saw them making toothbrushes by hand by the hundreds for there are so many of them, and they have ample time.

Many of the toys from here barely hold together until they reach this side and are sold. Our floor matting in daily use comes from here, as also does the camphor we use.

From here we went to Nara, where we rode for hours in rick-shaws thru the most beautiful of natural parks, called the Kasuga. This is certainly one of Japan's assets as nowhere else have I seen anything like it.

A park full of the finest specimens of aged and lofty trees, with great trunks, taking on the most graceful

poses as they curved far out throwing their towering branches to meet across the broad boulevard under which our rickshaws would run six abreast, we admiring the famous tree canopy overhead, stopping at times to feed the tame deer that run at liberty thru the park.

There are hundreds of them, and the little brown speckled meek looking things would follow us and eat out of our hands, the park attendants having sold us wafers for this purpose.

Nara was the capitol of the empire back in the eighth century, but now is only one-tenth its former size.

It has many temples, among them the Wakamiya, with its long avenue of stone lanterns, lanterns which are almost monuments in their size, and indeed, they are monuments, as they are placed there in memory of some one.

They each have a cavity at the top where little windows are pasted over with parchment, the light shining thru when lit, as they are on certain occasions, which must present a grand spectacle, and especially when including the hundreds of fancy metal ones hanging all round the eves of these pagodaed temples.

This long line is just a streak of grandeur distinctive only of Japan and I thot "what sublime devotion" as I wandered on in wonderment and admiration at this little land of pagodas.

We lunched at the big Nara hotel, away up on a high knob where the grounds are superb, and a magnificent view of the surrounding country confirms our good impressions of Japan.

Amid all the attractions that confront us we have forgotten our ship and the sea for the time and have gone farther up in the interior by rail to Kyoto.

All the way we were attracted to the miniature farming of rice and other foodstuffs.

Rice is the main crop and is a big pursuit in this world, for it is more largely consumed by inhabitants than any other grain.

As we were whisked around these little fields or paddies, on and up, high up, on the mountain sides, walled all round with sod or mud or straw, rice straw, to hold the water that is necessary for its growth, the water from mountain tops being drained into a succession of these trays, or beds that are cultivated way up on the mountain sides, on down into the larger fields below where irrigation is resorted to on the more level tracts.

The rice seed is first sown in beds and when well started it is pulled up and transplanted singly in these little fields, after they have first been prepared by flooding with water to soften the ground which has become dried thru the winter, using fertilizer from the villages, then plowed with a kind of stick with a near-shoe on the end, and pulled along by the slow plodding big black carraboa, or water buffalo, where many men and women wade about in this polluted mud, plowing and transplanting, all wearing tawdry cotton kimonas, all bunched around them and trousers above their knees, and with a handkerchief or a straw mat tied over their heads.

More water is let in on this mud as it evaporates until harvest time, when it is allowed to dry or mature, when it is cut by hands with sickles and winnowed as our people in the States used to thresh wheat a generation or so ago before this era of highly improved labor-saving machinery.

Two crops of rice are raised in a year, in the spring and in the fall.

I saw it in most every stage of its cultivation as I circled the globe.

These farms all join for acres and acres as the owners all live in little villages and these fields are alive all day long with the slow way of working.

For hours we watched their patient toiling at this monotonous task.

Then there is a cultivation of tea on the hilly tracts. This is grown from seed, where after seven years it is a shrub about six feet high and wide-spreading.

The young tender leaves are picked off one by one, four times a year and is cured by heating in hot pans over

a furnace and rolling or rubbing between your hands until they are curled into crisp compact grains or balls.

This small farming on so original and crude a scale was more interesting to me than the city, but we finally drew into Kyoto, the little conductor of the train blew his whistle which sounds more like a bird-dog whistle, and we alighted and scurried for rick-shaws.

It being nightfall, we enjoyed the long ride thru the broad, main streets of this orientally lighted city to the big Kyoto Hotel, where we had rooms.

Next morning we went out to acquaint ourselves with Kyoto which means "Capitol," and it was the capitol of the empire for eleven centuries, until about five decades ago, at the termination of the ruling of Shoguns, when the Mikado was reinstated moving the Imperial Court to Tokio, the present capitol.

Kyoto has a population of 380,000 (larger than Kansas City), and being in the interior is not imbued with the rush and bustle manifested in the ports. We visited the cloisonne workshops and various other industries, some gorgeous temples, but as there are some eight hundred Buddhist temples and about eighty Shinto shrines in Kyoto, and one can't help being attracted to them, we soon took to the silk shops where we were lost in the rich offerings of yards of shimmering silks and embroideries and fine chinas and fancy articles such as you see only in Japan, until boarding the train to take us back to our seaport, Kobe, where we met our ship and immediately embarked to sail down the Inland Sea on our way to Nagasaki, our last Japanese port, most four hundred miles away.

And what ideal sailing in this land-locked sea, so calm and restful in comparison to the former two weeks of sitting out on deck and watching just how far the blue line at the horizon ran along the guard railing each time the ship dipt and rose in the swells that run at large in the Pacific.

This Inland Sea sailing of 240 miles is rightly named the "most beautiful sea voyage in the world."

The green sward beginning at the water's edge and running back up to lofty wooded hills, the lake like sheet of water expanding and hills growing farther away, only to come together soon again in front of our steamer and we wonder at an outlet of escape, when we slowly round a hidden curve and slip thru a beautiful passage, broadening out again and dotted with green islands and sails and vessels and queer watercraft of all sizes and types, even to a great wooden shrine built out in the water, which lends charm to the mysterious and devotional idolizing characteristic of these little peoples of this little empire.

One whole day's perfection sailing, with unexcelled panorama sliding by on either side, of green terraced hills and forests, with castles, villages and temples reclining at its feet, and this repeats itself until after a seemingly visionary voyage, we glide out into the open sea thru the narrow straits of Schimonoseki and make for Nagasaki around the topmost part of Kiushu Island.

I did not avail myself of the opportunity of crossing over to Korea which is easily done, as a steamer crosses over to this little State of Chosen, as it is now called, each alternate day from Shimonoseki, a distance of 122 miles across the Tsushima Channel leading into the Japan Sea, where the great naval battle of the Russo-Jap war, because of Russia's persistence in holding Manchuria, was fought in 1905 when Admiral Togo met and destroyed Russia's Baltic fleet that had sailed so far to meet its foe and fate.

This passage to Chosen, the little mountainous peninsula which Japan eventually usurped from China, and which is presided over by a Japanese governor-general at Seoul, the capitol, takes ten hours and costs only twelve yen (or six dollars) for first class, with foreign food.

The entrance to Nagasaki harbour is interesting and holds you spellbound in a survey of the unlimited Oriental watercraft seeking protection in the still waters separated from the heaving seas by long arms of piling and concrete and riprap breakwater, offset by numerous vari-colored lights and beacons that seemingly chase each other round the harbour as we steam by.

Nagasaki is the oldest commercial port in Japan, and is said to be one of the prettiest in the Orient.

It is enclosed by hills, the town partly climbing the hills and is about the size of Memphis on the Mississippi.

In rick-shaws we went out to see the big camphor trees.

On Saturday, from three to five, our American consul to Nagasaki—Mr. Deichman of St. Louis, gave us a reception, and we drove in rick-shaws to the consulate high up on the hill commanding a fine view of the city below.

Upon being ushered in, we found a beautiful repast spread on two long tables, combining all kinds of American cakes and creams, tea and punch, which was passed by little Japanese maids, the consul proving himself a merry bachelor host, and we all voted it a real home-like occasion for our homesick souls who had so recently spanned the broad Pacific, over five thousand miles, exchanging our native shores for foreign ones.

The next morning being Sunday, and Japanese religion knows no Sunday, the mayor of Nagasaki tendered us a reception and entertainment in the way of Geisha dancing by a number of pretty young girls, on a broad stage, in a big theater which was open all round and in an enclosure.

The mayor met us in the open, dressed in European garb with tall silk hat, and greeted us with a bone-breaking hand grasp and we passed in and sat more than an hour watching these dainty Geisha girls execute their repertoire, which portrays vague, poetic pictures of the blossoming of flowers, blowing of the wind, varying to the dance of the fire-flies, etc., to wierd music thumped on queer looking intruments, often accompanied by the musicians singing.

Of course, the graceful movement of the smiling girls in their little silk kimona and obi was charming but is apt to become monotonous to foreigners.

After the performance tea and cake was served by little Japanese maids and snap-shots were taken, and I think all wanted to stand by the mayor.

Photo by Underwood & Underwood.

MAYOR'S RECEPTION AT NAGASAKI, JAPAN.

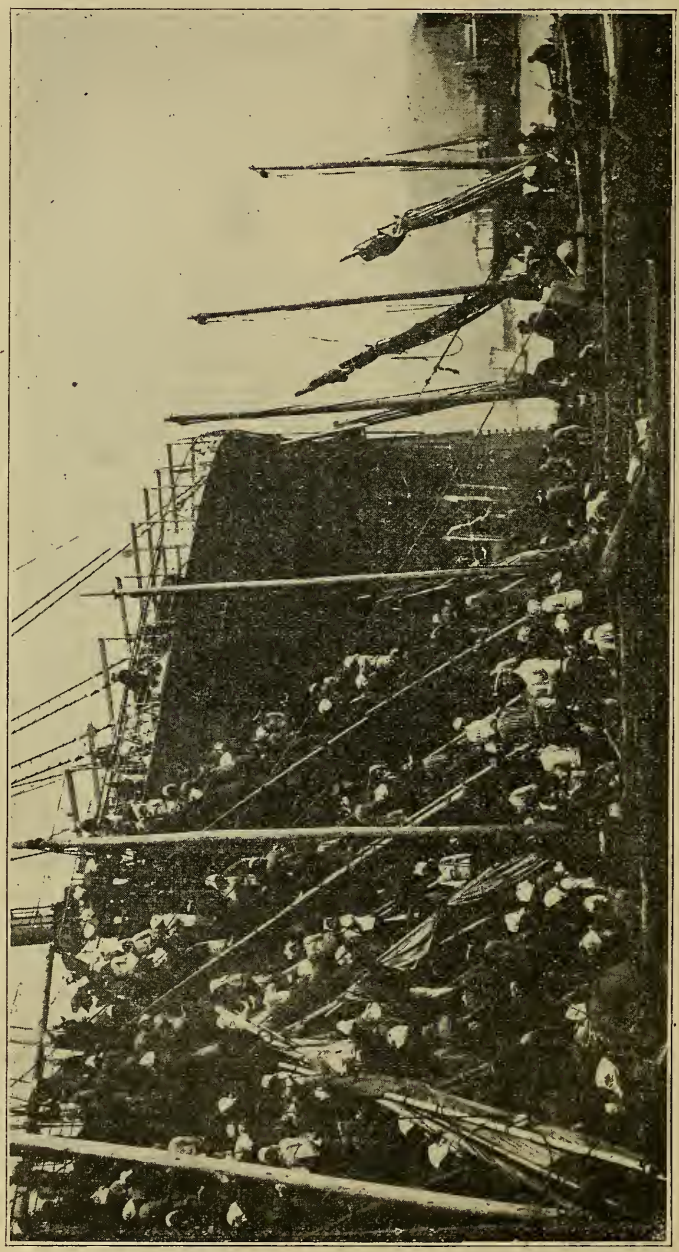
One of the sights for us at this port, was the coaling of our ship, which had anchored out in the harbour.

Here the low flat coal barges were rowed out to, and lining up, formed a platform on both sides of the big steamer, where about two hundred Japanese, men and women—some women had their babies strapped on their back—had erected a stage of ladders of bamboo poles, where one person was stationed on each rung all the way up to the third deck from the water, and the coal was passed in little matting baskets from the barges on the water, up thru all these hands to the deck where it was tossed in the bunkers, the last hand throwing the baskets back down to the fillers in the barges below, to again take up its endless chain.

No one changes positions, but there is a chatter kept up all the time.

Here these little people, black from the coal, worked from morning to midnight for two days like bees around a hive at the small sum of twenty-five cents a day, coaling a big ocean liner of 17,000 tons for its voyage around the world.

It was with reluctance we turned from this our last port and glimpse of Japan, and all night long as we steamed for the Yellow Sea, reflections of mountains, with Fuji, their sacred mount topping them all, green forests and tumbling waterfalls, quaint bridges, bronze Buddhas, gilded temples, Shinto shrines, flower and dwarf tree with aged trunsk blossoming without a green leaf, dainty little women and others that are immune to this appellation, chased each other thru my rocking sleep, and above all, the astounding number of children, making the population of fifty million on these little islands with no greater territory than our state of California, and we with so much, but in times of hostilities nothing is dependable, so American territory for our Americans.



WOMEN COALING THE "CLEVELAND," NAGASAKI, JAPAN.—Photo by Underwood & Underwood.

CHINA.

What a hypnotic influence the swish of the waters have on one, as you lay back in your deck chair and dream the hours away unmindful of the awful space below and above deck tramping and conversation having lost all charm, you are cognizant only of the blue waves hurrying past until after two days you find the blue has turned to yellow and we suddenly discover we are indeed in the Yellow Sea, which really is yellow on account of the muddy waters of the two rivers, the Yangtze Kiang and the Yellow, running out into this body of water, and soon we draw up to an European city over here in the Orient.

What a contrast to the fairy like little empire we have been studying for the last two weeks.

This new style of architecture on a broad modern plan proved to be Esing Tau, a Chinese name (meaning "green island") applied to a German town, which on investigating, find this Chinese port in Shantung province was ceded to the kaiser's possessions as indemnity for the lives of two German missionaries who had been sent to China, and now the Germans have leased surrounding territory the District of Kiao Chow, and have developed in fifteen years, an astounding city on Kito Chow bay, all new white and seemingly unstinted government buildings and hotels and business blocks, with broad boulevards everywhere, even extending into the Chinese quarter, for there are 35,000 Chinese here, besides the 2,000 Europeans, not counting the German military force, the town being strongly fortified and under a German governor with an onward stride as was plainly visible, by the big buildings completed, with hundreds of Chinese working on mammoth constructions like ants.

We drove out to the big German-Chinese High school, then building, which will cost a million marks ($250,000)

where important branches are taught instructing the Chinese in science of the West. Then there is the big wharfage, in fact, the whole water front is astir with bustle, connections with the interior of China to a certain limit being made by a railroad, of German capital, leading out from the quay to Tsi Manfu.

A big dam is constructed for protecting the ships from the north storms.

We noticed a floating dock and big crane, and even an apprentice school is established where the wharf Chinese lodge and receive instructions pertaining to this calling.

There is also a special harbour for the Chinese junks that carry on a great traffic along the coast.

There are three fine hotels, one called the Strand, which has a fine position overlooking the strand, or beach, where little bathing machines are dotted here and there over the yellow sweep which certainly appeals to lovers of the surf.

This new acquirement of Germany on this far East coast has been called the "Brighton on China."

We lunched at the Prince Heinrich Hotel on the sea, where the big dining room was appropriately decorated, a merry German band made music while we were served by a dozen big tall Chinese, who whisked around the tables in a kind of a white nightshirt rig, with their long cues dangling down their back, almost to the floor even lengthened by loops of shoestrings, their forehead running far back on their head from shaving the scalp.

We drove all afternoon in a beautiful wooded park, or forest or foothills, for the Pearl mountains rise back of this new and enterprising German city by the sea, over here in isolation on Chinese territory. Near the sea, but distant from the town are the quarters of the American Presbyterian Mission, where the missionaries from the province of Shantung come during the hot months for recreation.

One thing we noticed was the great plots of young forestry set out at even distances, enuf to attract our in-

quiry, where we learned that the timber had heretofore been cut off by the Chinese for fuel, without replacing, whereas the far-sighted German government has begun the afforestation with firs, acasia and other trees, with the result that China follows suit.

Out on the sea again.

The sniffle of the fresh salt breezes is certainly invigorating after an active exploration of an active city, and lazily gliding along on the bottomless surface has an allurement that is wonderfully uncontrollable.

For two days we skimmed the Yellow Sea, this great Yellow Sea of the Far East, which is a receptacle for all China's filth and foulness, her whole surface being washed clear to the sea by the two great rivers, the Yangtze and the Yellow that begin their cleansing of this nation, that is yet a novice in sanitation, far back in the west up in the mountains, for this country, which is only one-third larger than the United States, has five times the population (433,000,000) is mountainous except the southeast portion which slopes off to the sea, which portion must surely provide subsistence for the whole interior.

Great mountain chains wall this empire, roving in all directions, one backbone—the Himalayas, meaning the "abode of snow," and the most elevated on our whole earth and rises back up from Thibet, a big dependency in southwest China, topped by Mt. Everest, the highest in the world, more than twice as high as Pike's Peak, this range being imprenetrable as the average width is 180 miles.

In the northwest is the Gobi Desert or "Sand Sea" which is a great waste as large as two-thirds across our States and as wide as Missouri, and this, along with the mountain districts rendered uninhabitable throws the vast population to the seaboard where the masses seemingly worm like ants and prey upon your sympathy when you realize their narrorw or denied opportunities and lack of the knowledge of progress.

Coming out of the Yellow Sea and thru the straits of Formosa rounding the east coast of China from latitude

thirty-eight (my home latitude) we dropt to latitude twenty-two, which would mean down as far as Havana on our side of the world and would be quite tropical, but on swinging into the harbour at the mouth of the Canton river, beholding Hong Kong, we experienced anything but tropical weather.

The fog almost completely enveloped all surroundings, closing down on us at times excluding even near objects, and hung low during our entire stay, spoiling all hopes of panoramas which I'm sure would have left everlasting impressions of this port as Hong Kong is situated on Hong Kong Island a barren rocky mass that rises almost strate up out of the ocean to a height of from one to two thousand feet and the city begins at the water's edge in the harbour and rises up with it, forming a kind of circle round the harbour.

The whole water front is bordered by a broad street back of which rise long rows of unique Chinese buildings of four stories with long rows of balconies in front of every floor, all decorated with Chinese characters and painted in all colors, where I noticed blue predominated in all its faded and weather-beaten shades.

Walls join unbroken for blocks, and these rise in tiers back of each other on and on and the whole city seems so congested as so many Chinese can live in one house.

Our ship dropt anchor out in the harbour at this port, and we went ashore each morning in small tenders across the harbour which was so interesting because of the animation of such a busy crowded harbour.

I liked steaming around and thru the different water craft of all eras from primitive to modern, and at night when returning to our ship 'twas most fairy like in this haven—electric lights everywhere winking and blinking as they seemingly shifted positions, from big ocean liners to least of row boats, each assured of its safety (?) in maneuvering in this maelstrom of floating vessels.

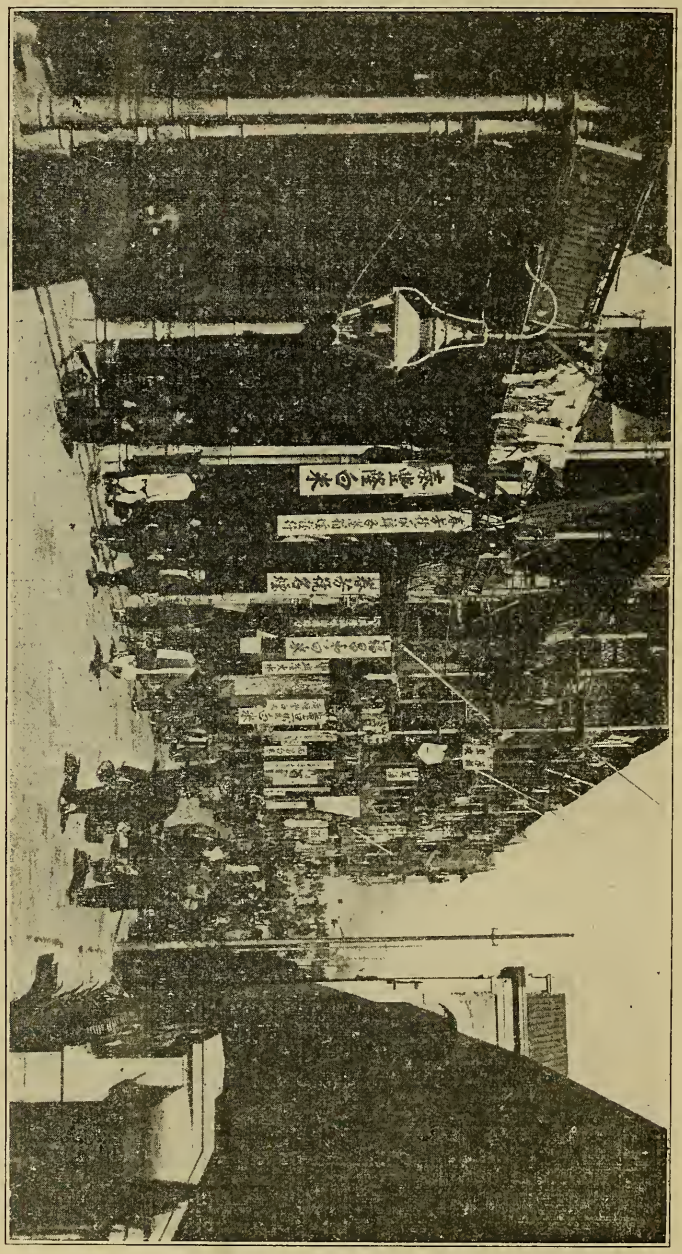
We spent one day in riding over the city in double-

decked electric street cars which affords an unbroken view from the top deck, but the mist drenched atmosphere settled down over us and chased us below where we watched the near street traffic.

Hong Kong is a British port having been ceded to Great Britain about seventy-two years ago, but there are only about eight thousand Europeans in the foreign quarter now which mean merchants and clerks (some are Americans) government officers, military and naval forces which makes practically two towns, as there are 300,000 Chinese in the native quarter, but you can scarcely detect where one begins or quits off as there are Chinese in abundance everywhere.

Of course, when visiting in the best stores we would meet richly clothed Chinese merchants, robed in silk and embroideries with little embroidered caps sitting on top of their sleek yellow foreheads bringing their rather bulging eyes into greater prominence, but in the native quarter where the houses are three and four decks high and streets are narrow and irregular, as we found on being pulled thru them in Chinese rick-shaws, which are larger here than in Japan, all one Sunday, when a party of three of us women went out thru this native section to "services" at a little missionary where a few European teachers, both men and women, wearing a despairing look, officiating as sponsors for little herds of Chinese children which accompanied them in bunches of about twenty and when I realized the material our sacrificing missionaries had to work on, I thot of wasted efforts and self-denial and deemed it more worthy to erect an "enlightenment" station all along the Battery on Manhattan Point in New York City for the instruction of those herds of poor immigrants from all nations who are brot over here every day by the thousands (probably in some cases answering as ship ballast) and turned loose to wander at will, not knowing which way to turn and more often go adrift out of sheer bewilderment thru lack of direction or interest.

On returning from this little church we walked along the congested streets, along thru the markets and little



SIGNS IN HONG KONG, CHINA. —Photo by Underwood & Underwood.

shops which were all running open, the Chinese women sitting outside their doorways on little stools, with many dowdy embroidered children round them, sewing just as tho it wasn't Sunday, for outside the little missions China knows no Sunday.

We passed rows and rows of little open shops, all with most of their stock hanging in the front and on the outside, with big signs suspended everywhere with grotesque characters al lover—I couldn't make any of them out.

Soon it began to rain and we had to enter rick-shaws, there are always plenty available as they are perambulated up and down the streets, the "coolie" with quick searching eye always on the lookout for the small coin, the curtains were buttoned down tight all round and there I sat in this little coop, all the time wondering if my companions were following, for we were certainly among the natives and in the native quarter and could see only strate ahead and that not far, 'twas raining hard.

I directed him to the Hong Kong Hotel—they can understand the chief public places—then I fell to studying the poor coolie and noted tho he was human how like an animal he was, trotting along with his big bare feet that must measure fully six inches across the toes from long splatting streets, throwing out like horses hoofs.

He was extremely tall and rawboned as so many are in China, tho I never have seen them of such large proportions in our states, and the muscles from long drawn on use made his calves bulge out like warts on a tree as they were bare to above the knees for they wear mostly just the trunks of a bathing suit of faded blue cotton cloth with a China-blue towel swung round their neck that wipes long and loud.

I recognized these characteristic towels as soon as I saw them for I had bought a pair back in San Francisco for fifteen cents at Mrs. Wong San Yue Clemens, who is a sister of Mrs. Howard Gould, and who shocked their social prestige by marrying a Chinaman, and where they are living in a small house in Chinatown whose walls inside are shelved and filled to every inch with burnt relics, curiosities

and freaks of the fire by the recent earthquake in that city, which she and her big broad-chested, yellow-faced husband of the Celestial empire thru an original idea had excavated, unearthed and collected from the debris and arranged in museum form, the display protected by wire netting, where she, of too portly physique, offers for sale as you view these curios, the characteristic Chinese towels, carved sandalwood fans and photos of herself and her Oriental consort in Chinese dress.

The freaks of the fire and the race alliance is worth your visit.

But to get back again to real China and the coolie who pants and trots and grins, showing ghastly long teeth and great cavities where teeth have been, long high cheek bones, black coarse hair plaited and wound up with a shoe string in a knot that dangles beneath a little flat sundown of straw matting tied under the chin with another shoe string, looking the very essence of abjection, and for a mere pittance per day.

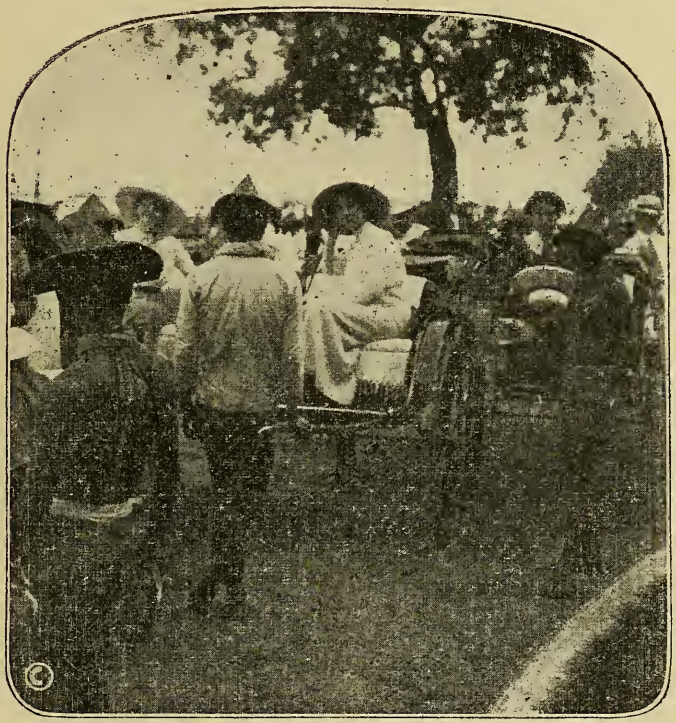
Of course, the conditions of these human-animals of unlimited subjection is to be deplored and they drew forth worthy tips thru sympathy from the "Cleveland" voyagers.

At length we reached the big Hong Kong Hotel—a huge stone structure with massive square columns arched to three balconies above and down near the wharf adjoining a long row of big stone stores where are kept the best things China has for sale, handsome silks such as no nation but China produces, yards and yards of the gleaming fabric draped for exhibition.

All the better class of Chinese wear silk.

Both men and women wear long silk pantaloons or trousers with knee length silk skirts, or long blouses over to one side, slitted at the lower sides like a shirt and worn on the outside—not the fanciful floral and multi-colored figures as characterize Japan, but heavy rich brocades, and really with this Oriental garb and shining black hair, the women appear quite charming in their conservatism.

On returning to our steamer that evening we saw another side of Chinese life—dozens of row boats or flat boats



RICK-SHAW TRAVEL, CHINA.
—Photo by Underwood & Underwood.

or anything that would float were hugging all round our big steamer under the port holes of the kitchens, catching anything that was thrown out, in little improvised hoop nets attached to long poles, and with what swiftness they can throw these little nets down in the water and overtake pieces of garbage that has missed their boat and bring up a brine-soaked boiled potato or grapefruit rind or scraps of bread or meat and stow it away in a box in one end of the boat and when some of them thot they had reaped quite a harvest after standing shivering, half clad and wet from fog, suddenly out of some one of these port holes would shoot a deluge of dishwater, or cuspidor cleansings or coffee-boiler rinsings, or even hot water (the cooks heedless of what damage they might do) the gust would most knock the poor Chinaman off his feet, and when he realized this flooding of his accumulated stores with the filthy flow might change the savoriness of it, he would storm and jabber away at his loss and if possible, wear a more hideous expression.

These poor wharf rats, sometimes women with children manning a boat of their own, never left the ship's sides until we turned round to leave the harbour.

We threw coins down to them from the high decks above but as they missed many of them in the polluted water, we wrapped them in white paper making them discernible at greater depth, giving them a better chance.

At another point in the harbour these people live all their lives, with their plentitude of children, in these little dingy boats or sampans with a hooped covering only of matting, where they are moored by the hundreds to the low sea wall at the foot of the city, where the scantily clad children run out and beg from the passers-by.

There are too many of them in China to begin on to alleviate their condition.

Probably under a Republican government with western ideas substituting the old monarchical narrowness these sampan dwellers could be induced into the interior and given work.

Railroads are badly needed to bring China's western

half up to the east, or bring mountain and ocean in communication with each other and develope the great plains intervening.

One especially high rocky mount in this port is called "The Peak," where the majority of the Europeans have their residences and is connected with the lower city with huge cables pulling small cars whose load limit was twenty passengers over the constructed track thru the wood and bramble mountain side, the ascent being alarmingly strate up and the cable swings free above the track on the dead pull, yards high.

I looked back and shuddered at what might be the result if something gave way—we would never stop until we had slipt into the sea.

All along up this irregular mount are beautifully laid out places—lawns and parks with fine residences, walks and flowers.

With a friend, I set out to walk round the mountain where a fine broad road has been cut out all round about midway up and reminded me of a former trip on the government roads built round the mountains encircling Hot Springs, Arkansas, only these Hong Kong peaks are much higher and you have a broad water view every way you turn.

But after a half day's walk rounding one curve after another, terminating often into a frenzied waterfall racing on to the sea below from a high up canyon where we stopt to rest on the benches placed in secluded little nooks, we found our efforts were futile and turned back, all the time swinging midway between the summit and the sea below.

Anyone going to Hong Kong must never miss a leisure strolling survey of this peak.

We came back down the steep cabled incline along past fine hotels and club houses of massive and substantial build, for these Chinese have found an everlasting industry in the quarrying of the rocks of this little mountainous island and they work with all patience by hand and pull great loads of this stone piled on two-wheeled carts, with long poles fore and aft to which as many as twenty Chinese hitch

themselves with long ropes, ten to the fore and ten to the aft, dragging these burdens thru the streets to place of erection with a "boss" at the rear shouting and commanding like they were so many lagging beasts.

Often I stopt right in the street to watch them tug and pull at impossible loads of rock or sometimes household goods or freight from the wharfs, and wonder what life is to them—with their hard, weather-beaten, misdealt features, yellow to brown wrinkled faces, quick-shifting dark eyes and protruding teeth.

There's no other race that has like teeth; no care taken of them.

Since seeing some of the conditions in China, I believe if our churches would compromise on the same amount expended for missionary work, and aid these subjects by shipping horses and mules and improved machinery with instructors, to deliver them from this menial labor and alleviate their low thots that must surely acompany their vocation, the finer senses of heavenly consideration would follow with more faith and rapidity, than when upon hearing a discourse they must take up their menial labor again.

Their peculiar modes of transporting passengers is certainly original—for instance, I have seen a man pushing two women along on a wheeelbarrow, which I found is quite a common street portage.

The barrow, void of sideboards, the women sit on either side of the high shielded wheel with their feet upon the bar back of the wheel and their backs to the Chinese propeller who manipulates this odd passenger and freight cart with different shrugging of the shoulders to the handles, and where from excessive following, great lobes or humps, someteimes red and raw, again calloused, are worked up at the nape of the neck, himself steadying the possible tilting of the barrow with both hands.

Another way of freighting in their small way, is two huge baskets suspended from either end of a long pole across their shoulder; in these baskets everything is carried —heavy vegeteables, laundry, packages, etc.

Yet another way is in great baskets, or several large

trays carried on their heads.

Thus this race acts in the capacity of man and beast.

Their speech is more like a chatter as they have no alphabet, each word is uttered by a single movement of their speech organs and also each word is represented by a single character as you can see by the long lines of narrow long sign boards dangling from their little shops in the narrow streets, which seem so meaningless to us, and are so highly colored that the whole lane looks more like a fancy bazaar.

Their literary eminence is the gateway to the highest honors and offices of the state.

These leanered peoples are generally followers of Confucius, the Chinese sage and the founder of Confucianism which is the chief religion of China, treating on the duties of man in this world to his fellowmen, but seemingly having no god.

Yuan Shi Kai who was president during the short period that China was a republic recently, advocated Confucianism same as former monarchs and hoped to establish it as a state religion; he directed it to be taught in the schools fearing ancient customs and morals would die out; of course, Christians and other religious orders protested, but this conservative Chinese disposition is almost immovable.

But Buddha, as in Japan, is the god of the greater masses and there are many temples and pagodas (meaning "idol temples") in China, and some of them are works of architectural art.

Mohammedanism claims precedence in the western parts.

French Catholics are prominent in mission work, but the foreign church in Hong Kong is Union.

With all of our American missionaries, and the European missionaries supported by half a hundred societies of all denominations up to the "Boxer" uprising in 1900 when so many martyrs were made of our missionaries while pressing their cause in the interior and remote quarters of old Cathay, in addition to many native converts, the number of redeemers in the field would have to be multiplied many

fold and ages added, to warrant changed conditions in these twenty provinces of four hundred million peoples' love of unchanged traditions, and where progress is distasteful and contrary to education.

The China Inland Mission of London, with a branch office in Toronto, (Church street) lost heaviest of any of the societies, as more than fifty of their messengers were murdered or destroyed during this crisis, and records of the conduct of certain troops in Pekin led to the wells being choked with women who had committed suicide.

And while this mission warns us that a million a month die in China without God, it is asserted that a firm in Birmingham, England, makes money manufacturing idols for China.

And idols there are; they greet you everywhere.

We were to have gone up to Canton, about eighty miles up the Pearl river from the sea, on a river steamer, but one section of our party had gone up the day before and on returning to Hong Kong that night the steamer got stuck on a sand bar and had to wait till daylight to push off, so in order to not lose a day our remaining party went up on a special train.

The carriages or coaches are small and of compartment design with narrow vestibule running full length of one side, and entered from the side as are all the carriages on the Eastern Hemisphere.

We ran along the river bank with scenes of different vessels and barges with cargoes plying on the river on one side, and a succession of pagodas, rice fields and tea crops interspersed with truck patches which were all at the very best stage on the other side until we rolled into the gates at Canton and found we were inside this walled city of one million Chinese—the real Chinese city.

This wall is twenty-five feet high and twenty feet thick and has sixteen gates with two water gates which are closed at night for protection.

On leaving the train our mode of sight-seeing in this conservative town was the sedan chair, a dandy little square doll house where we crawl in feet and all, and lay back in

the chair seat just room enuf for one.

It has a roof and windows in the side and is attached to two long poles of fifteen feet or more in length which are supported on the shoulders of three coolies who walk inside the poles.

My, what a sensation, as I stept into this little house and sat down and all was elevated on the shoulders of these tall, gaunt men who walked off with a long camel stride leaving me to bob up and down, as the weight of the little house and myself swung in the center caused elasticity of the poles and as winging motion; but I enjoyed it, of course, as when looking at the pictures years ago in the old geography I thot such existed only on paper, and now I was ensconced in a real live one and traveling right along in foreign lands.

Along thru the little narrow streets I rode like a queen for I had never been accustomed to servants like this before, three carriers for one person, and I took considerable pride in my dignity, looking from right to left, for we must grasp the situation quickly as we never repeat on any of our trips unless an independent day is scheduled.

We pause occaionally to watch the numerous Chinese swarm up and down the little narrow sidewalks or middle of the street, for there was only room for one chair between the sidewalks, and when they would stop and bunch up to gaze at us the passage was blockaded and a halt was made; when a curve ws rounded the coolies all shout a jabbering warning which is passed back along the line for fear of punching the eyes out of some unsuspecting pedestrian with the ends of the poles.

We stopt to watch the various small hand industries, small but when all assembled together from all over this populous country means a great export: toothbrushes, ivory carving, carved sandalwood fans and many beautiful things are wrot out back in these little dark shops with their open fronts.

In some cases the roofs of these houses all but come together across the street, as we found out soon after starting thru the city, when a drenching rain poured on us from

the roofs of both sides of the streets which would have drowned us were it not for the roofs of our little cages.

For nearly half an hour we endured this watery downfall thru long unbroken, narrow streets and crowded sidewalks full of long sign boards and posts and projections of all kinds, but we did not halt; there was no place to stop without blockading the street, as we were sheltered and the coolies didn't mind getting wet as they just had on little cotton trunks and the customary sweat mop around their necks and a big stiff round umbrella-looking hat of bamboo splints, leaving their long yellow backs and big brawny legs and feet exposed—but later in the day the temperature fell and the poor things shivered in the chilling winds, as we traveled over to the Island of Shameen, where are the American, British and French concessions.

This foreign district is completely surrounded by water —the river and canals make a network thru the city, the foreign district being connected with the native quarter by bridges which are well guarded; as think of an outbreak, or mutiny of a million natives against so few foreigners way up here eighty miles in the interior.

This European settlement is certainly attractive in buildings and grounds, some of them quite handsome, fronting on a beautiful broad white boulevard.

We turned to the river and found it, like the canals, full of vessels of every make down to just anything that would float, the most prominent being the sampan, a small flat boat with hood top of bamboo or Chinese matting, or old clothing or runsty tin.

They are rowed by hand, and along up here in Canton where things are more typical Chinese, this innumerable string of house-boats moored along the banks are called the "floating city," and adds that thousands of its inhabitants are born, and live and die in these little watery homes, which look cold and dreary, the mother sitting in there with all numbers of little half-clad children with hair like bristles in a paintbrush all round her.

They thrive or just exist on so little—short sticks of sweet cane tied in little bundles are bought and sold among

these sampan dwellers, and things of like character, just mere nothings coupled with beggings.

Along the streets in the shops, hanging in the open windows for sale, I saw with my own eyes, whole chickens, boiled, that had never been drawn—they said it added to the savoriness.

Hanging on other hooks were entrails, minus the gizzard and liver for sale—little strings of all manner of suspicious stuff.

Oh, I believe the Chinaman will eat anything—whole pigs lay roasted without an incision made in them; I didn't see any rats in the face, but some of the things offered could have easily passed for them along with the little tails and dried strips of bacon rinds all suspended on strings waiting for customers.

The Chinese boil all their cooking, and everything in the same pot; one can pick most anything out of their "chop suey" their chief dish, as I have eaten it on many occasions in different parts of the world.

Another dish, and one that is carried along the streets all hours in the day, on little shelved tables swung on the ends of a pole across the Chinaman's back, where he sets it down on finding a customer and administers to his wants right then and there, is boiled macaroni with a little soup poured over it.

I, with a lady companion, was returning from a park in rick-shaws when our coolies spied one of these portable retaurants and turning to us, placed their hands on their lank-looking stomachs and begged for money; we motioned frantically for them to proceed, but what did those undependable fellows do but drop our shafts right there in the middle of the street while they ate two bowls each of this macaroni with their chop sticks, dragging it in a never-ending stream from bowl to mouth with an attitude more of a nervous hungry hound than a human.

Of course, helpless, we took the amusing side of the situation, for they are like the balky horse.

When a large number of native workmen are engaged on a big construction or other buildings, an out-door res-

taurant is set up in the grounds near, consisting of twenty or more long low tables with low benches on either side where these little bowls of soup and "stuff" mingled with the flying dust and dirt are served to the workmen at meager figures, or any one who wishes to partake.

The bird-nests that they are accredited with eating, or in making birds nest soup, are really birds' nests, but not the kind we are accustomed to seeing, nor are they of seaweed which was supposed on account of them being found along the coast and in caves around the islands southeast of China, but are the nests of a species of wiftlets that inhabit this island archipelago, and which is a formation of a mucilage-like secretion by certain glands of this bird and appears like fibrous isinglass, being a waxy white before the eggs are laid, and at which stage they are most valuable for soups, used as a stimulant and tonic.

It is said that this city of Canton alone imports more than eight million of these nests a year for her own use.

Again, we have been taught that the feet of the girl babies are bound, so as to retard their growth, which is true, but not practiced to any extent now, if at all, but I saw several women whose feet had undergone this gruesome imposition at a helpless age, and now they wear the expression that they are the cynosure of all foreign scrutiny as once done it is irremediable.

I examined one, and the natural shape of the foot is not there; the toes and a part of the foot are comprest in a point, and the length of the foot is there in proportion, but the heel (sad thot of subjection to such deformity) is worked up in the limb or ankle portion and stands out like a joint ball at the back, and of course the toes, prest into the point, a little shoe of even five or six inches can be worn, but must have a two-inch heel for support.

They look very dainty and doll-like until you see the hock at about three inches above the tiny shoes they wear, which are generally of ebroidered satins or brocades.

No, the Chinese don't have small feet; they wear small shoes because a part of their foot has been forced to grow up in the limb.

Opium dens abound in this important city, in fact, it is the bane of the whole nation, and a problem.

One of the chief plants cultivated in this country, besides the mulberry trees to provide food for the silk worms, and the tea plants and cotton plants, is the opium poppy, which accounts for these Chinee opium dens, where on visiting some of them, we saw from six to a dozen men, young and old, laying up on tables or benches all round the room, dulled as to any ones' presence, each one drawing on a long pipe that looks like a flute with an earthen bowl (some have more elaborate ones with yards of tubing attached).

This narotic that seems to allay all troubles, is made from this cultivated poppy by incisions made in the green heads after the bloom has fallen off, when a white juice exudes, which soon hardens and turns black, when it is scraped off and collected.

The smoker takes a portion about the size of a pea, puts it in the bowl of the pipe and brings to the flame of the lamp, inhales, then repeats the process until intoxication siezes him or is overcome with dreamy exhalation.

China had become such a great producer of opium, cultivating vast acreage of the poppies, and this evil had gained such headway on the weak, that an edict was issued in 1907 that the production must be lessened one-tenth every year, which it is claimed to the surprise of all, it has been adhered to, expecting the one-tenth decrease each year of this human despoiler to vanish in the year 1917.

Cereal, rice and rubber will take their just place in the poppy fields.

After a time, we had to give up this interesting Chinese city and again taking the novel little sedan chair, each one carried along on the shoulders of three stalwart coolies, we were conveyed thru the streets and over canals across stair-step bridges, and it is remarkable how these fellows equalize these chairs and long poles on their shoulders in going up and downstairs to keep from tilting their passenger forward or backward or to one side, for there are many stairs in winding your way thru this city of a million and a half.

We were traveling along, single file, bound for the sta-

tion to take the train for Hong Kong when lo, we stopt—our chairs were lowered to the ground and there we sat; the unfaithful coolies had mutinied and refused to move on, and a jabbering and loud gabble accented by wild gesticulations were directed toward us, as tho we understood —at any rate they didn't pick us up again, and we each crawled out and stood bemoaning our plight, when up rushed all kinds of rick-shaws (probably co-operative) and with more tipping we changed our mode of travel and finally reached the station, where we took the train, going back down this fertile valley, where the Chinaman and the ox, or the carabao plow loyally, knee deep in the mud day after day in the rice fields, entirely oblivious of the strenuous restlessness of the outside world.

We outlined the Pearl river that eventually merges into the Canton river which is so wide that it is more like a bay, as it opens out on the sea, where we crossed the strait to the island of Hong Kong and, taking one more turn round this city of the same name, we departed from shore in small tenders, crossed the harbour to our ship, where the strains of "Home, Sweet Home" or some other reminder of refuge, by the ship's band always met us as a welcome to come on board our floating palace that was to be our home while journeying round the whole world studying the inhabitants and customs and nations that go to make it up.

We soon fell to our allotted quarters in the steamer and renewed acquaintances after the separation and excitement of a shore trip, familiarizing ourelves with an entirely different race each time, not forgetting to go to the top deck to take a final view and general survey of the harbour and the towering hills encircling, all dotted with gleaming, colored buildings, as we slowly drew out leaving the sampan dweller aghast at our majestic towering above them.

One feature leaving a dent on my memory, was the patched sails to their big Chinese junks; this heavy lubbersome craft is of the crudest kind of workmenship and are used to transport the lower kind of freighting and coal dis-

tributing in the harbour, manned by ten to twenty oarsmen when there's no breeze.

These poor patched sails stretched up there as a target for the winds spoke loudly of cast off shirts and trousers of all hues and gunny sacks and matting, all joined just as they had been discarded and patched on in their original shapes.

PHILIPPINE ISLANDS.

It took us two days to drop over to our Philippines across the sea.

I'm sure we swept into Manila Bay as majestically as did Dewey in 1898 when he captured Manila (but with hardly the anxiety), since when, owing to United States occupation and world-wide activity in development, the harbour is ranked with the finest in the world.

Our steamer drew up to the dock and berthed.

The wharf and big custom house, Pier No. 5, were decorated with fluttering American flags, and many peoples all drest in white (for we are getting down in the tropics here) came to meet us.

Automobiles were awaiting us and we availed ourselves of them and was whisked round and thru the city and country adjoining.

For landscape viewing thi is alright; we traveled over the most perfect of roads where is a system of near two thouand miles of hard thorofare that excel our roads in Missouri, and the finest of bridges span the minor streams here, while our state is trying to see how many she can get along without.

Manila is the capitol of Luzon the largest of our group of Philippine Islands and has a population of 270,000 or near the size of Denver.

It just seems to be surrounded by water, with the bay on one side and the Pasig river on the other; in fact, there is water all round here, and by the way, right here, just off the coast of Mindanao, one of this group of islands, is the deepest place yet found in the ocean, which is 32,000 feet, or six miles deep; then considering Mt. Everest, of the

Himalayas, towering 29,000 feet, or five and a half miles above the ocean, makes a range of eleven and a half miles between the bottom of the ocean and the top of the land, and these extremes only forty degrees longitude, distant from each other.

You would be surprised at the beautiful buildings in Manila, and the finely laid out boulevards of liberal width —one of the main ones named Taft Avenue; then there is Malecon Drive, that I have never seen anything grander anywhere—broad thorofare encircling the bay hore, the waves sweeping and lapping near, with tropical palms weaving with the sea air.

Out on this fine stretch and overlooking the historic Manila Bay, facing the New Luneta, where everyone gathers at night to listen to the music of the Constabulary band, is the imposing Manila Hotel, one of the finest (under American management) in the Orient, built on broad lines with arcade surrounding, the breeze floating thru the spacious rotunda and the dining room 'mid palms certainly appeals to all tourists.

This, and the big Elks club near, with the government and public buildings, show the rapid stride and staunchness of American development, and most all are designed on the mission order and savors of Spanih creamyness and red tiling and all combine sublimely with the lofty palms and long gaunt nude cocoanut trees that are likely to be standing sentinel in the most unlooked for places.

These islands that have so recently become our territory thru Spain and America having met in a headon collision about sixteen years ago, are, altogether, no larger than our state of Nevada, yet what a variety of products they help us out on.

There is Manila hemp for all our binding twines, there is sugar, and lastly, copra, which has reached one-fifth of all Philippine exports and is one of two score of products which the cocoanut palm produces and the most valuable.

Copra is the dried meat of the cocoanut; evereybody knows that up in the top of these long pole-like palm trees that grow only in the tropics, there is a tub full of cocoa-

nuts in their husks clustered fully 40 to 60 feet up in the air and are green color until they brown at maturity, when they are gathered, and husks removed by striking on a spike fixed in the ground; the cocoanuts (whole, as we get them in the States) are then split in halves and dried until the kernel, or meat, shrinks away from the shell, when it is taken out, and with more drying, is shipt to all countries as "copra," where the oil is exprest and uesd in our country to make soaps, salves, lotions and candles—things that we use every day, yet never stop to think where they originate.

This oil, in the islands, answers for butter and lard to the Philippines.

It is said that the cocoanut tree could furnish every want of the native—food, clothing and shelter; the kernel used for food in various ways, and the oil as above; the fibrous coating inisde the husk is made into coco-matting and apparel, the coarse part into ropes; the hard shell around the kernel is polished and made into cups and all kinds of utensils—as we saw when the natives came running to the station to meet us with these nuts in their green state, when with a corn knife they whack off the top of the shell, sell to us for a song and we drink the coco milk and feel refreshed.

The trunks are made into boats, also timber for their house construction—the huge leaves, or fronds, make the side walls by hanging many fronds together downward and fastening down with the stem ribs, with more layers on top of these after the manner of shingling and thatched closely it forms the roof, and by boring the tree a white liquor is obtained, which being distilled, is one of their drinks called "arack."

We saw fronds being worked into articles of necessity by their patience, such as baskets, brooms, mats, sacks and trays.

So one can see what an important part the cocoanut palm plays all round the world in the tropic and semi-tropic latitudes, and the account occupies noted space on the pages of the world's big ledger of commerce.

We saw whole rafts of cocoanuts piled to almost sink-

ing on bamboo rafts being towed along the river banks by the natives; never did I see so many cocoanuts in heaps—all with their husks off, ready to go in the hold of some big ocean freighter for the United States.

These coco groves are more dense along the waters' edge than in the interior, tho they are scattered all thru the Philippines.

I recall many varied scenes depicted along the coast by their numberless long slender, graceful, grayish white-ringed bodies rising to five and six stories in the air, topt off by their great feathery leaves, swaying and slapping at each other, making a crackling noise, and wierd outlines of huge wrecked feather dusters, as the briny breezes from the ocean floated in and flirted with them, creating a stir of excitement among them.

They are the one feature most appealing to me—in fact, their tall, silent and lonely stateliness stole my heart back in Hawaii and held it captive thruout the tropics until at Egypt I found to my dismay, they had vanished entirely; they had been replaced here by the date palm, and I was not to look upon them again during this round-the-world trip, for we were soon to rise to the hard woods of the north to latitude fifty or near.

It is really novel to note whole villages of the typical Philippine houses—a square shack supported on bamboo poles six feet high up off the ground and not always at safe angles, the outside of the big leaves of the cocoapalm woven in a kind of fringe and overlapping, is held down by splints of bamboo, the roof heavy and bushy with nipa palm which is a kind of long grass that grows on the marshy coasts of the islands, is held securely on the cone of the very steep roofs by lattice weights of heavier bamboo; there are no chimneys as they make their fires for cooking, in pots.

Large squares on the front of the houses are let down for viewing and air, as there are no windows, and I noticed the stock is kept under the house in many instances.

Of course, this sort of constructed home will be here years and years, and may go on forever unless the United

States retracts and takes these islands over for good, assuring our investors, and development worth the while.

There seems to be a timidity about taking hold, especially in the interior where the use of our improved methods and machinery, twice the product could be turned out, and at the same time instruct and uplift the natives, which all comes with our rapid-transit way of getting to the core of things.

The scientists pride themselves on their medical or laboratory research and there is a fine hospital, and drilling of artesian wells for better water, and all the improvements and good accomplished everywhere smacks of sanitation.

Lepers have been segregated, of which there are near four thousand.

Our president appoints a governor general for these islands, whose salary is $13,000 a year, and two houses form the government same as our own, and Manila is the seat.

The lower house is composed of members elected by the different provinces who can qualify and the upper house —called the commission is composed of the governor general and eight commissioners, also appointed by our president, five of whom are Filipinos and four Americans, giving the natives the majority.

One sees everything on the streets of Manila, and the contrasts, ertremes and queer habits or customs are a kaleidoscopic memory that will glowingly remain with the traveler, even after a trip around the world.

This being a port of call for all thru steamers there is generally a mixture of all the races in the world on the streets busy, coming and going, from the most modern dress to the native with no dress at all.

The swift automobile dashes by the clumsy and slow carabao, the heavy shapeless black mass sometimes called water-buffalo, with two great horns curving back over his neck, which is the beast of burden thru all the Orient—pulling great loads thru the streets or sogging knee-deep in the mud and water of the rice fields dragging a stick plow, yet he is on a basis with the human, for the native is

CARABAO—BEAST OF BURDEN.

—Photo by Underwood & Underwood.

up to his knees in the filthy fertilized sloppy field pushing the plow.

The street car outruns the little native two-wheeled passenger cart; huge concrete structures stand congenially by the side of the nipa shacks, there is a lazy Spanish store by the side of one with the click of dozens of typewriters.

The old or Spanish part of the city still retains its walls but is no longer surrounded by the moat that plays such a cautious part in these monarchical nations on the dark side of the world, as under sanitation, this mosquito breeding stagnant water has given way to an expanse of green and adds a park that is one of the features that has stamped Manila the "Pearl of the Orient."

We went thru the narrow streets past the shuttered and iron balconied windows and closed doors of the Spanish homes that seem as impenetrable as a tomb—nary a glimpse to be obtained by the curious.

What a contrast to the other side—our way of "open house" on broad lines, with freedom, seeming willing patterns for the whole world.

But after all there is a fascinating dreamy laziness about the sunlit creamy walls, if conservative, and the pathetic expressions of the natives a they languish under their daily labors or wither under the banana trees in this tropical clime.

The best of our Filipino men wear white European suits, and some are quite handsome with pleasing features, tho yellow to brown skin, brown eyes and strate black hair, almost bristly; but the more primitive wear a strip of cloth encircling their brown hides, or simply a pair of thigh breeches.

The women wear circular skirts sweeping full, trailing out on the ground, when in walking, they gather them up in front showing their bare feet; no difference how nicely they are dressed their brown feet are undressed; their garbs are two-piece, the full skirt with fuller flounce of loud figures, and very, very thin stiff waist of pina cloth, which is their chief manufactured cloth, made with large sleeves

that stand out stiffly, no difference what other fashions are theirs is set; these waists often lack some inches of meeting the skirt-band, and are topt off by a folded fichu standing high away from the neck, framing often a good looking plump brown face.

Out in the poorer quarters, and in the interior, dressing at all is scant.

We visited the schools where the young girls embroider, one of the chief arts is the "chicken embroidery," which is quite high priced, and loads of this finished work was brot down to pier No. 5 and spread out in the huge ware rooms and many were the pieces sold to their American sisters.

One whole afternoon was spent on the scenic Pasig river in steam launches fired by coal, the little brown natives made black from the soot, engineering the launches like water rats.

Up this river is where we get our feast of real every-day life of the natives; the nipa-palm shacks standing out in the water on bamboo stilts, the fringe of the drooping palm leaves that weatherboards the house hanging down all round most to the waters edge, the front half wall dropt down, the natives hanging out of these openings all along the river bank to watch the boat loads of "white folks" go by; others tramping along the pathway, women barefooted carrying great baskets on their heads; children, some nude, others with only a little white shirt for covering and it not connected anywhere; the big lazy black carabao or water buffalo wallowing around in the water near the banks in droves; when not in use plowing rice they stand in the water all submerged but their head and horns for it is so warm.

Then comes long lines of rice fields, banana plantations with their big leaves flapping like elephant ears, great growths of vegetation of every green hue adorning the banks as we sped on past old Spanish residence that at some time had housed beautiful river dreamers, for along up here the river become clear and placid, curving on easy lines, each bend opening more picturesque than the preced-

ing, and boating savors of Utopia; to take a trip up here once, creates a longing to take another.

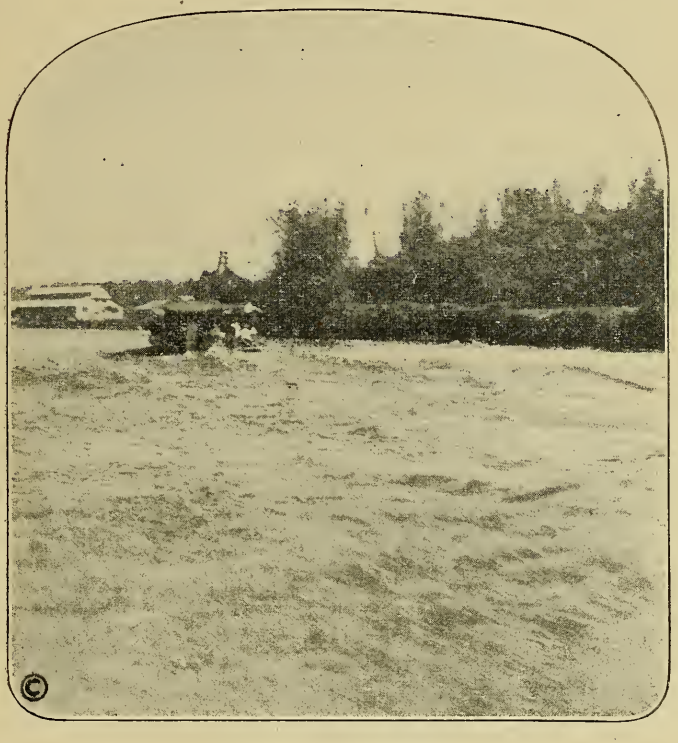
There are a number of churches of Spanish design scattered over the interior (for Catholicism is the religion) and some are old and musty but interesting.

We landed and gazed at the primitive, strange tropical surroundings, out over the little fields of unaccustomed foliages, far on over Spanish and Filippine merger until I spied a great flaming sign bespeaking American invasion —exploiting one of our big oil trusts.

The unfamiliarity of the place vanished, and we fled to our places in the boat and steamed back down the river under the new steel bridge and on to the lower bridge, which is the old Spanish bridge—almost 300 years old—a great arched bridge of massive stone still used for spanning this breach of water, where, when we had got down to it we found another boat load awaiting us, their boat being unable to pass under the arches on account of the strong tide from the sea rushing the water back up and shutting off passage of oversized launches, since we had gone up at noon, and they signaled us their dictress and we had to take them on our launch which was smaller, and we slipt under the arch and out into the rough tidal water that was so forceful that every moment was one of terror, as the boat, with its double capacity dipt and swayed, flinging the spray in our faces, as we all but by a hair's breath stayed on top the water as the boat tilted and lumbered thru the surging tidal current that had grown almost to waves as we neared the mouth and out into the bay where our steamer was anchored.

What a risk we had run, not daring to draw our breath, even to condemn the natives for their misjudgment in overloading even to endangering our lives, but what a joyous relief when we climbed up the side of our own big steady ship that had never given us cause for alarm only once when buffeting the waves back in the Pacific.

We visited Fort Wm. McKinley that stands near Manila on a high knoll; this is one of the largest forts in the world and is at the end of a beautiful macadamed, dustless road,



ON THE PASIG RIVER.

—Photo by Underwood & Underwood.

which road was built by our United States troops, and we looked back over the panorama of this little "brown" city, one-half of which is so active, the other lethargic, lying over here on this little island at the mouth of the Pasig river, like a crocodile, basking in the sun, all surrounded by cocoanuts and bamboo with the mighty Pacific swirling all round and lapping its feet.

Our soldier boys, of which there are three thousand, seemed glad to see us; some of them are tanned until scarcely distinguishable from the natives.

The natives, to a degree, prove to be fine specimens of manhood under American domination and are proud to be a subject of Uncle Sam.

They drive a big seven-passenger touring car with as much complacency as they did a carabao fifteen years ago, and can't help showing their pride at the long step.

In the big customs office on the wharf adjacent to our ship were great loads of Manila hats for both men and women brot down by the natives for sale to their kin across the water, and our American passengers proved congenial patrons, which would send a smile across their "Filipino brown" faces.

We left Manila at four o'clock in the afternoon and at that hour, it seeming a kind of holiday for the Americans in the islands to see such an assemblage of peoples from their home country, that the pier was simply alive with spectators who had come down to bid us "bon voyage" and adieu, making a tropical scene as they were all, both men and women, drest in white.

So, out on the sea we swept again, this time for a stretch of sixteen hundred miles almost due south, to a point seven degrees below the equator necessitating a sail of five days and nights, for this big steamer knows no stops once started, and we plow along in the silent night so lonesomely and stealthily, as tho someone might detect us, when really we are miles and miles from any object at all.

During this drop of twenty-one degrees thru this equatorial sea, my reverie ran back to our little brown peoples that know no other world save their little nipa thatched

homes that stand out on the water's edge, and the cascos, which is a big lumbersome cargo craft, lying four deep along the banks of the Pasig, roofed over with straw matting like a prairie schooner, under which lives the water families, and there are thousands of boat-house dwellers that never knew a land home; and equally as attractive—for all are original—is the "banca," a kind of canoe scooped out of a tree trunk and covered with a little bamboo awning; just a succession of cocoanuts and carabaos, of bamboo and bananas and cascos and bancas that quite bewilders an American that leads a prosaic life on the edge of the Ozarks in Missouri.

We steamed on, the China Sea running smooth as glass, or like a great lake of ice, or shimmering in the sun as tho heavy with oil—no wavelets visible during the whole five days sail on this silvery equatorial sea.

What a delightful sensation, compared to the forceful shifting swells of the mighty Pacific; and how the waters do change; from the deep dark mysterious blue of the Pacific to a brilliant clear blue with white pearls bubbling all over the restless, rippling surface at Hawaii.

At Japan the whole world seemed to reflect green, changing to a darker shade thru the Inland Sea, due to the shadows of the surrounding frowning mountains, while we actually sailed on yellow water in the Yellow Sea, caused by the two great rivers of China depositing their wash of yellow mud from the inland, where pursuing, we changed from this after passing the Island of Formosa, to the mercurial waters of the China Sea, cruising along the northwest coast of Borneo, crossing the equator and on to seven degrees below to the Island of Java.

JAVA.

I have always heard of Java coffee, and that it came from Java; but of all the places I never expected to see—Java was one of them; and now I'm to really visit Java.

We have been traveling south since away back up at Tsingtau on Kia Chow Bay, in latitude 36 (just two degrees below my home latitude) where it snows and blows all the time (just like it does at home) till now we have dropt down forty-two degrees, or 2,600 miles without making any perceptible westward, or round-the-world progress —one must know latitude and longitude who would know the world, else how can one study the zones, climates and customs, or locate ones self; the ship's officers thoroly familiarize themselves with these things and charts and maps are posted in various parts of the ship with tiny flags stuck on to indicate our bearings and the route of our proceedure.

In crossing the equator the ship's company observes a kind of innetiation ceremony—"Triton" the sea god, en masque, and his retinue comes on board and declares every person shall be baptized of his dirt of the North Hemisphere becoming a fit subject to enter the South, or the "Kingdom of Neptune."

Thus the equator draws the line between the north and south seas, so accordingly the big bathing tank was set up on deck, the big informal deck under the promenade deck, where we all liked to gather to relax dignity, then the men were brought out (just those who wished to participate, passengers and members also of the crew, but I think some were drawn in who didn't wish to be "cleansed") one at a time, set up on a bar, and these masqued fellows lathered their face from a big tub of foam and barbered with a corn-knife, doused pounds of flour for talcum all over them, then

they are thrown backward into the pool, where the awaiting attendants ducked them under the water three times without giving them a chance to blow, then stuck them head first in a long tube made of canvas and they were compelled to crawl thru this, wet, twenty feet to the end, for they couldn't turn round in it; it was certainly laughable to see two victims scramble thru this tube at once, one behind the other and prodded if you lagged.

They were a little more lenient with the ladies; all the unsuspecting ones were on deck and the masquers slipt round and locked the cabin doors, cutting off all escape, then turned the hose on, shooting the water all over the deck, until every one of us looked like drowned rats, shrieking and screeching with streaming hair, seeking a place of refuge, but none to be found.

Altogether 'twas an exciting celebration; then the decks were all cleared and the clamour hushed.

We had special music at the evening dinner and the menu consisted of all kinds of sea foods, and each person received a certificate of passport to the Southern Sphere accompanied by a new name—myself hereafter to be known as "Nercida"—which certificate I brought home to be framed as 'tis not allotted the majority of our peoples to cross the equator even once in a lifetime.

After our southern sea voyage, we ran into the islands called the East Indies, to Java, the chief of the Dutch, or Hollands' colonial possessions and is no larger than our state of Louisiana, yet it has a population of thirty-five million—more than one-third of the United States; think of six hundred peoples to every square mile; no wonder the little black fellows bob up everywhere, the long grasses seem to be full of them.

Java's railroads are limited, of course, for most every town can be reached by coast boats.

It has mountains rising almost as high as Pike's Peak, and the natives resort to irrigation from the streams, yet oppression seemingly abounds.

This little island belonging to Queen Wilhelmina of The Netherlands, lies down here below the equator off the

beaten track of general traffic, but having once viewed its tropical growth, a profusion that I never saw any where round the world, you beget a longing to return and promenade the handsome boulevards with the lofty trees towering above, almost to excluding all ray of sunlight, and the world seems to close in around you and a sense of isolation steals over you, realizing unfamiliarity with the language and customs which renders the solitude even more complete.

On coming into this harbour, our steamer anchored out and we took to a coastal steamer and landed at Batavia, which is the principal city and the capitol of all the Dutch East Indies. A governor general rules over all of Holland's possessions in this archipelago.

The warehouses and general exporting traffic is in the old town which has long been built on the low marshy plain by the sea, and has canals running all thru it, and is the outlet or gateway for all the island's surplus goods going out and others shipping in.

Java coffee, sugar and rice are the main exports, and this Malay race of little brownish peoples, with long thick black hair and pleasant faces work so patiently for Holland's welfare for such small remuneration.

But being permitted to even live on this little Garden of Eden, so fertile, so prolific and inhale the seductive odor of the palms and the feathery bamboo as they wave languorously in the dreamy tropical sun, exuding a fragrance permeating the whole atmosphere, is intoxicating enough without further compensation.

Up from the swampy lowland lies Batavia proper, with good mercantile buildings—substantial and of European architecture, and this merges into the beautiful city of Weltevreden, where for sight-seeing we climbed into a little dos-a-dos, which is the native carriage, and is about the most amusing conveyance we had met with, just a little two-wheeled canopied cart with an elevated single wide bench covered with a mat, answered for both driver and passenger, the Javanese sat with his face to the front, while we sat on the same seat with our backs to him—two of us—with our feet dangling out the back flapping any-

way but gracefully while we were trying to balance ourselves and view the sights at the same time, as the driver whipt and lashed the tiny pony which was not even as large as a Shetland, and very thin, tho they say they are very strong; at any rate we rattled and trundled along, switching curves, over cobblestones, jumping unexpected indentures with nary a care only that we were enjoying a foreign country in a native way.

After miles of driving, the most beautiful was under rare majestic shade trees which seemed to meet at the top, lighted all over with brilliant orange-red blossoms that makes the boulevard look on fire and from behind handsome residences with long white columns, also public buildings with fine lawns come into view, and the contrast is marked, attractive and characteristic of the tropics.

We visited the splendid museum, and then "dos-a-dosed" over to the Hotel der Nederlanden (that's Dutch) for luncheon, where we spent the afternoon roaming thru the quaint spacious salons and into the picturesque court beyond, which needed no roof other than the thick shade of the tall trees which towered stories above and made a perfect bower under which I listlessly lounged in the commodious chairs on the continuous piazza surrounding, lost in fanciful meditation on the alluring charm of this minute fragment of isolation over here in the Indian Ocean floating almost to the sinking point under its heavy growth of tropical plants, palms and trees.

I had often wondered "why Java?" in looking over my itinerary as I couldn't attach anything of import to this supposed little barren almost unknown island of my "geography"days , but I think differently now and wonder why it isn't overrun with tourists of idyllic temperament.

Another day we boarded a special train, and they are very fine little carriages—all partitions and disconnected seats, round, up and thru the dense forestry, the little snorting engine took us, forty miles in the interior to Buitenzorg (which means "without care") which is a favorite residence town; a fine palace for the governor general is here, and the celebrated Botanical Gardens in which are

the finest specimens of scientific tropical plants in the world.

I had no more than passed inside and started down the broad dark shady walk, when on looking up and strate ahead thru the long beautiful avenue, I was awed by the appalling height of the trees, bare of limb till at the extreme top great branches spread gracefully, commingling above, and birds were singing in foreign tones and tunes as in an aviary; at the base of these trees flowering parasitic vines wind in a mass round their trunks reaching up into the branches all aglow with reddish blossoms.

From this unparalleled walk we passed along thru orchid-bearing trees—orchids are parasitic and abound here.

All the beautiful things abound here.

I'm sure half of our peoples in the United States do not know that these beauty spots exist over in the dark countries and these peoples are not given the credit due them as beautifiers of landscape and supporters of the fine arts; when I got back to New York in August, Central Park seemed like a dried hayfield in comparison.

We walked on down thru terraced ways outlining all species of palms, into the vale below where rushed a small stream winding in double curves spanned by several bridges which we crossed, ascending on the other side to the tea gardens and the coffee trees, where grows the big Java coffee on tall trees with large thick shiny leaves; of course, these were specimen trees in this Botanical Garden; we came upon long stretches of cassava, which is a shrub ranging six feet high, cultivated, roots are grated and under powerful pressure, exudes juice, which when settled, the flour or starch remaining is formed into cakes and baked on a hot plate and we get it imported to our country as—tapioca.

Then set in the rubber trees; tall, spindling, round with rings, with clusters of leaves near the top; these are set out at certain distances apart and make a pretty grove; during their young years, tea plants are interspersed, to utilize all the land waste.

A space is scraped off each rubber plant and a number

is stamped, and at certain times they are tapped at about eighteen inches from the bottom where tin dippers are set under to catch the sap which is then dried in the sun or baked over a fire, forming the crude rubber we import, when after Americanizing, we wear rubber boots, also "wear" automobile tire.

Large banana trees came next as specimens in this garden; and we saw them in all stages, flowering, green and ripe, but the fruit is very small, sweet and compact and often are red color, and are called finger bananas; they are not the big coarse meated variety we get in the States from our tropics.

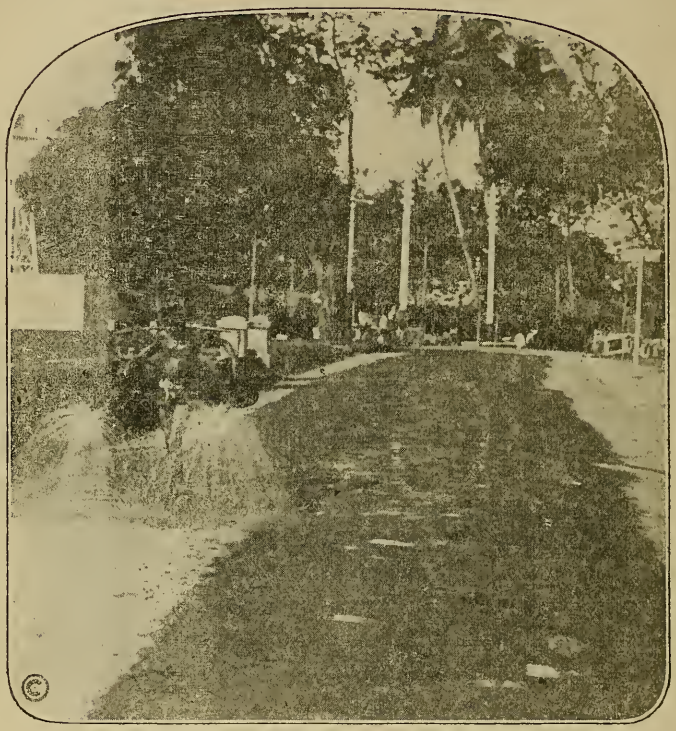
We returned, pronouncing these Gardens a symphony of the rarest of the tropics.

We lunched at the Harmonic Club where the natives waited on the tables, and they seemed almost at sea at our American demands.

The streets in these cities are sprinkled by the natives carrying two big sprinkling pots attached to either end of a yoke across their shoulders as they walk along tilting them forward for sprinkling; the roads are hard and white and they are soon in fine condition; the laborers wearing only a strip of cloth wound around their loins.

Another idea is the portable restaurant that the natives carry around on their backs—two long baskets that hang almost to the ground, with shelves and little boxes and cans and dishes and native fruit and kindling wood suspended from either end of the yoke, and they parade the streets with these until a customer comes along when they set their little restaurant down and make a meal for him.

The buildings all show the quaint old architecture of the Dutch country with its very steep roofs—but in the country, the nipa villages were more interesting; it is wonderful what a part the nipa grass and palm leaves with bamboo splints play in these old countries, yet today, and will for ages to come, especially in the interior, toward providing habitation for the majority of the population of



JAVANESE STREET SPRINKLER—BATAVIA, JAVA.
—Photo by Underwood & Underwood.

most of these dark nations; these villages are neat, with their thatched shacks trimmed squarely off all round, and the narrow streets are clean; these villages are more than a picture.

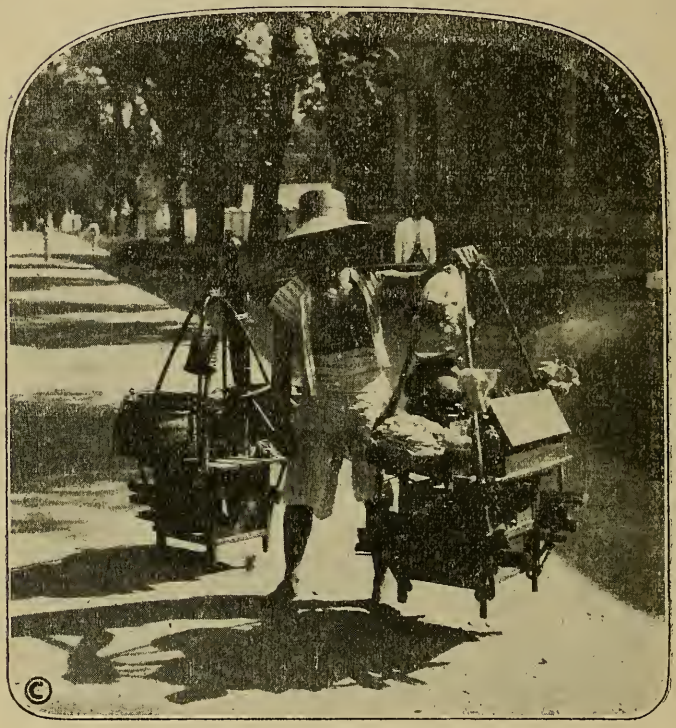
It was a common sight to see a number of children playing on top of these grass roofs, looking like monkeys hopping about with no other article of clothing on save a little bead chain around their bodies and with their bright eyes they smilingly stare at you in all innocence.

All along, they came down to the track to see our train pass their little brown plump bodies shining as tho polished.

But our time was up, and we had to say good-by to these smiling Javanse—a little brown army of their own, on a little island, but, under the diction of Holland, they have wrought an imaginery isle.

We went back to our coastal steamer to meet our ship standing out at sea.

It was night, and as we drew away, I looked back at the receding shore line until the last object discernible was the tall gaunt cocoanut trees standing in all solemnity, at the water's edge seemingly reaching out and beckoning a parting signal until lost in the distance and darkness as we sped on in the inky stillness over the deep mystic swells.



PORTABLE RESTAURANT.

—Photo by Underwood & Underwood.

SINGAPORE.

For two days we sailed around in this East India archipelago among the islands, and thru the straits in this warm latitude bearing northwest until we ran into the harbour of Singapore ,with the harbour of Singapore surrounding as a crescent, in the southeast of the little island of Singapore.

This little dot of land is only twenty-five miles long and fourteen miles wide at the extreme south end of the Malay peninsula separated by a strong strait flowing between, which we afterwards crosssed in going over onto the peninsula proper, which is an extenuation of narrow mountain chain running down most 600 miles to near the equator from Asia proper, necessitating all traffic to round this point, covering at least one thousand miles farther in going round the world, than if a canal was cut thru the narrowest part of this long mountainous strip at about ten degrees latitude making strate passage from the Bay of Bengal into the Gulf of Siam.

But Singapore would deteriorate by that move.

This city of a quarter million, composed of every race on the globe is the entrepot of all east and west commerce, and is divided into three parts—the Europeans occupying the central, the Chinese, or yellow race, the west part while the brown Malays with strate black hair and eyes inhabit the east, and all is presided over by a governor appointed by the British crown as this is a British possession founded a hundred years ago by Sir Thomas Raffles, the English naturalist, eight years after he had been lieutenant-governor of the little island of Java that we just left, before the Dutch took it, and where, here in Singapore in this melange of humanity his name is ever kept green by being affixed to such institutions thruout the city as

Raffles Museum, Raffles Library, Raffles School, Raffles Square, Raffles Monument, and what was most to our liking, the Raffles Hotel, facing the sea where we lunched in the handsome lofty dining room, the floor laid with Carrara white marble, itself cooling the very air, for down here in the torrid zone on the equator it is hot nine months in the year, and the other three are hotter.

But I enjoyed every minute for everything was so green with luxuriant growth, so fresh and moist as it rains a little every day, in fact, we learned that the annual rainfall is one hundred inches and with the sun's co-operation, accounts for the rank growth evident, and it all was so strange, interesting and unaccustomed in this cosmopolitan distributing point for everywhere, that I disrgarded the heat and gazed in mute wonderment, absorbing to the very limit of my capacity.

Our ship docked at the wharf here and its doors opened out on the pier where we were privileged to come and go as fancy dictated with the ever-present thot that our palatial home de luxe, the "Cleveland" with its inviting social hall, music room and library and long halls all ablaze with electricity and affording us most delectable foods from everywhere all the way round the world was waiting, ready to mother our over-strained engrossment when night fall closed round us, and we go wearily to our respective berths only to review the day's enthusiasm over the rare tropical scenery and Oriental affection in our dreams as we slept out in the harbour surrounded by the cool waters and still night.

The first thing that greets you as you draw into this harbour is the fleet of little featherweight canoes, where in each was seated a brown-skin Malay boy ready to dive down in the water for any coin that our passengers would volunteer; they seemed to be half fish as they slipt from their canoes head first and swam under the water, never missing a coin which they always put in their mouth for safe keeping, as they wore little more clothes than a fish.

On coming down the gangplank, here again we met the

rick-shaw after having lost sight of this fascinating mode of locomotion for two ports back—in Java where the dos-a-dos supplanted, and in the Philippines, our own islands, where some time back a promoter had a number of these little man-drawn vehicles manufactured in China with a view of an outlet in the Philippines, but deeming it reducing the standard of even the lowest class, the Islanders refused to recognize this substitution of human for animal duty.

The Singapore rick-shaws are made on a larger scale than those in Japan; some being wide enuf for two persons, the wheels are larger and have pneumatic tires, making them very easy riding and here they are drawn only by the Chinese as the natives, the Malays, never resort to such a breach of their autocracy.

There are fifty thousand Malays in Singapore and they are claimed as indolent and easy-going; but why an effort in this equatorial land where things just will grow; the jungles furnish the wild fruits, the sea the fish, and owing to the climate the matter of dress is not a pressing problem, as the children wear no more than a string of beads around their little protruding stomachs, or an anklet or bracelet, while for both men and women two yards of cloth wrapt round the hips and dropping almost to the ground with all the fullness at the front and wadded in at the waistline, and of high colors supplies their "one-piece suit."

The architecture here embraces a variety, as each nationality builds his home or office characteristic of his country.

One-third of Singapore's population are Chinese and it is noticable that they predominate in the masses and are the backbone of trade and leaders in some offices of the government.

They are so prolific that they soon overrun any territory.

Their houses all have balconies and are painted China blue and white.

The coolies that draw our rick-shaw are big stalwart

fellows wearing few clothes, their queues plaited and tied up in a little doddling knot at the back of their head and they hock and cough and sputter and jabber and grunt as they trot along.

All sorts and conditions of men are seen on the streets as Singapore is made up of a mixture of races who have migrated to this "cross-roads of the nations" as it is termed; you will meet them on the street and can pick their nationality by their features or dress.

There are numerous Chinese, always conservative, slipping along in her heelless sandals with wide silk pantaloons reaching to the ankles and wearing a brocaded silk shirt over these that is slit at both sides letting the tails flap at will, which costume, odd at first sight, grows in your favor as oftener seen, developed in their rich materials; the man's dress differing very little from the woman's in the better class.

Then comes along a trio of Japanese, out of a number of these little people who have left their over-populous islands in the Pacific and have invaded this port of Great Britain, the women with daintily painted faces, black hair looped high and stiff with mucilaginous dressing, picking along with shortest of steps in their demure little gray silk kimonas, with bright obi or wide sash forming a large pillow at their back. .

Then a Malay passes by clad in thin skirt only, his bare brown back and broad feet exposed to the sun's beaming indifference, but they are accustomed to these incandescent rays, as their origin is traced to the highlands of the island of Sumatra just across the strait where it is hotter.

We recognize Javanese with their little brown smiles, square shoulders and short limbs, from the little island we just left.

Many tall iron-colored Hindoos from India just across the Bay of Bengal; there are Arabs from Arabia; Turks from a little farther on; Cinaglese, small of feature, dark with black ringlet hair, from the Island of Ceylon; Burmese from the adjoining territory of Burma, and Parsees or "fire-worshipers" from Bombay who are stately in their long

capes and odd little black oil-cloth caps very much like a bishop's cap.

Thus this tip end of the Malay Peninsula becomes the meeting places, often converging into permanent homes, of these diversified types of the dark races with sundry customs and costumes.

There are near two thousand Europeans and Americans who engage in various business enterprises in this very significant foreign port, where great blocks of mercantile concerns substantiate the soundness of their adventures.

The broad streets are cleanly, many with electric car lines while there are one hundred miles of the very best automobile roads leading thru the city out into the country where the picturesque little villages of the natives, with low thatched roofs set 'midst tall cocoapalms are dotted on the very edge of the roadway where the automobiles spin by leaving the natives standing aghast with consternation; on recovery, the coolies dolefully pick up the shafts of their little man-trotting vehicles and start off on their less strenuous, if less swift, accustomed pace casting a longing glance after the rapid-transit conveyance where only a streak of dust remains along its gatling course.

Nothing more exciting than the above to break the tranquility of the suburbanites leading the "simple life."

The kaleidoscopic panorama that sweeps by is anything but familiar; some of the beauty spots of rare tropical scenery are heart-breakingly irresistible and one is constraind to abide for aye in the alluring charm imparted.

One afternoon was spent in crossing the island by special train thru the jungles to the little state of Johore just across the strait.

Thru this wilderness was where our wonder reached its acme. I had, on a former occasion been thru the swamps of Louisiana, but this entanglement was beyond all conception; the route at first was thru great rubber plantations where acres of these tall trees in different stages passed swiftly by us like whole armies; broad fields of pineapples hurried by—they grow low on the ground after the manner

of cabbage; the leaves are spiked like the yucca palm and the conical apple sits in the top; some had huge red blossoms while others were ripe; our ship served them on board but they were not nearly so luscious as the ones back in Hawaii.

After miles of this open, cleared, drained and cultivated land, the growth of forestry commenced to thicken—the trees met above our train and we were completely surrounded by densse palms and pines and knotted vines all interwoven, as even the little gap the railroad track made closed in behind us as we threaded our way thru this network that stood up like a wall on all sides, and as we looked ahead seemed almost impenetrable.

There were trees so high that men looked like toys at the base, the outstretching mingling branches excluding any ray of light; below this was a second growth with tangled tops; every available spot underneath this was filled with swamp palms, some of the handsomest specimens I have seen, with wide-spreading perfect leaves, for they have never been molested as not a breath of air tosses them about, no storm whips and lashes them about and they grow in unchecked luxuriance out here in the wilds, their native home; water stands in pools and lakes under this confusion of different foliages and is a menace to clearing unless boats are carried, while at other points the swamp-vine has overgrown and intertwined and massed together as a huge spider web, rendering the entanglement impassable.

Again, lying below all this, are layers of large tree-bodieis that have been overcome in the struggle, falling by the treachery of the marshy footing and succumbing, are completely submerged under the weight of the abundant on-rushing growth.

One specie of tree so typicial of the jungle, rears up out of the water like an octopus on eight or ten roots then joins in one body at a height of often eight feet where it sets out to growing.

It is said that by cutting one tree only, it will not fall, that in clearing this mass of disorder it is necessary to

notch every tree in a large space, then cut heavy ones at one end of the space, throwing them into the notched ones, thus the weight or blow of these fell the others.

After winding miles thru this wilderness we came to the shore of the Strait where we left the train, ran down the long incline, where we boarded the little double-decked steamers, every one, of course, rushiing to the top deck to gain fine views, upon which the captain refused to move an inch until the cargo of humanity was more evenly distributed as there was a stiff breeze working up a choppy sea and danger of capsizing was evident—after a little waiting, of each one on the other, the men finally went below, leaving the ladies to enjoy the top deck where the tropical ensemble and the spicy aroma off all these East India Islands was carried past us by the soothing winds off the southern seas as we sailed across the channel to the city of Johore.

Here we took rick-shaws to go to view the Sultan's palace.

This is a great roaming white structure set in beautiful well kept park grounds and is exclusive, for this little independent end of the Malay Peninsula named Johore, is ruled by a sultan, which is an Arabic word for "mighty one, or lord," and is the title of Mohammedan rulers.

Leaving this we went over fine boulevards to the large new mosque, the worshiping temple or home of the Mohammedans, which is seated on a promontory commanding a far-away view, the shining white minarets, four in number, one at each corner, visible long before we reached it—a great white pinnacled and domed mass in a green setting.

This was my first observation of anything pertaining to Mohammedism.

This big bare house of prayer, dedicated to the religion or teachings of Mohamet, the founder of Islamism—which means "entire submission to the decrees of God" and who was born in Mecca, Arabia, almost six centuries after Christ, and at the age of sixty-one, died and was buried in the house of Ayesha his second wife, in Medina, also in

Arabia, about two hundred and fifty miles distant from Mecca, which house afterwards became a part of the great mosque adjoining and an open place for pilgrimage for the Moslems but unbelievers are not tolerated.

Thus, after viewing the mysterious worshiping of Buddha in the Orient and traveling westward round the world, we come upon a new religion and new worshiping edifices in the Far East where th teachings of this Arabian, Mohamet, has spread to this point, almost four thousand miles away from its seat of origin having made Mecca famous as the holiest city in the Mohammedan world by his birth and origin of new teachings, which is contained in the Koran or Mohammedan Bible.

The adherents all read or receive or study aloud in a rambling way, in a kneeling, half-sitting posture on the floor of the great bare mosques whose only furnishings are the big broad carpet, or rug on the marble floor and many lamps.

Two handsome chandaliers with thousands of glittering prisms, hanging suspended from the high ceiling of this mosque in Johore, where we were required to exchange our shoes for sandals, which the attendants at the door did for us, before we were permitted to enter this sacred house of prayer where a few natives were squatting anywhere around the room, weaving to and fro perpetually, and murmuring incessantly from their Koran which they held in their hand, entirely oblivious of any one's' presence; the Koran is about the size of the New Testament and has one hundred and fourteen chapters.

There are no seats; many of these mosques or monuments to Mohamet are of quadrangular form, enclosing a large stone court with fountains for ablutions, as we afterwards saw at other points, and their extent and grandeur and appalling height of domes and minarets and cupolas almost overwhelm you as you gaze and wonder at the massiiveness, austereness and silence as we visited many and all the important mosques later ,and as we traveled on, we found this religion stretches from Johore to Egypt, where ninetenths of the population are Moslems, and on

thru the north coast countries of Africa, for the followers of this prophet is estimated at something like two hundred and fifty million—almost one-half the number of our Christians.

In each of these big empty palaces of worship, we noticed a recess in the wall which is called the mihrab, and is built there to designate the direction of Mecca, where all worshipers must turn their eyes while saying their prayers which, the Koran teaches must be five times each day wherever they may be, but on Fridays must be said in the mosque. .

Another religious duty of all Moslems is to make at least once in his life the pilgrimage to Mecca, the birthplace of their leader who enjoins upon them the faith that "There is no God but Allah, and Mohamet is his Prophet"; while he recognizes Jesus as a prophet, he assumes himself as "greater, the last and most excellent."

Near this recess in the wall is built the mimbar, or the pulpit of the priests and on the walls is written words from the Koran; at either corner on the outside of the mosques and rising far above the domes, are built slender lofty minarets pointing skyward, surrounded by balconies, where some had reached their zenith in intricacy and elegance of design—shining like white alabaster in the sun, and especially was this effective in Egypt enveloped in the yellow glow of the sands of the desert.

These minarets are used by the muezzin, or public cryer, who comes out on the balconies and summon the Moslems to prayer five times a day—at daybreak, noon, four o'clock, sunset and night-fall.

After being lost in this great hall of silence, learning of this strange holy custom of a portion of the dark races of the East we withdrew from this imposing structure amassed as proof of the sincerity of the followers of Mohamet, and came out in the open where we exchanged the cloth sandals for our native shoes, and taking up rick-shaw travel for the last time (which we reluctantly gave up as we had become endeared to this novel mode of sight-seeing)

we swept along at a pacing gait thru fine boulevards and green swards to the landing place of the double-decked steamers recrossing the straits to meet our train wending our way back thru the jungle arriving at a late hour where we immediately boarded our steamer, marveling at the afternoon's experience.

The next day we had sailed out of the straits of Malacca, having left this important British port which is so worthy of a second visit with its interesting miscellany of races.

Singapore is not the far-a-way place we are prone to believe caused mostly by our lack of familiarity with the geography of the world—the same sun serves duty on both sides of the world and we adjust ourelves to the situation, we get in and ride along the beautiful sunny roads and grow smilingly intimate with the predestined rickshaw man or the native shopkeeper as we stop and buy a trifle at twice itis value.

We had no more than passed out of the straits into the Inndian Ocean when I discovered a freak I had often read about but had never witnessed; 'twas a water spout at sea.

The sea was calm, but unsettled clouds flurried here and there above us and we looked and saw out on the sea not far from us, but at a safe distance a dark whirling cloud; we watched it breathlessly as it kept whirling itself into a funnel shape, the funnel growing longer and reaching down to the sea, tearing it and drawing up the water in the whirl and dropping it gaain like a cloudburst, making an awful rushing noise, and directly the sea for a large circle around ran up to meet the funnel dancing in little artisian spouts and finally the two, now connected, formed a huge whirling column reaching from sea to clouds and stood that way writhing and twisting for an indefinite time, rendering a most magnificent spectacle.

Soon the column of water dropt from the vortex back

into the sea with a plunge, and the cloud, unbalanced for a moment, like a balloon suddenly cut loose from its moorings, sailed off with bedraggled and torn ends trailing after, and all was calm, while we stood amazed at the wonderful display of wind and vapour and water with the sea for a stage, seemingly for our benefit—just another one of the many tropical freaks.

BURMA.

We now settled back for a listless and indolent four days balmy sea journey of 1,140 miles, running northerly along the west coast of the long Malay Peninsula to Burma —the little country joining on the south of China, which constitutes, after numerous wars the Farther India of Great Britain, or an extenuation of Hindustan, with Siam on the east.

As we approached the delta of the Irawaddy river which runs thru the center of this little country, from north to south, and is the main artery for the disposition of coast traffic to the interior, even as far as Mandelay, and which discharges itself into the Indian Ocean thru many mouths, we found a muddy sea surrounding.

The strong tide battling with the on-coming currents of the river keeps the water in a constant state of turbulence.

We drew in at one of the mouths of the Irawaddy, the Rangoon river thru the rough, muddy, yellow flow that was most as wide as a bay, and steaming seventeen miles up this river we left our ship anchored off Hasting's Shoal and transfered to small double-decked steamers to run the remaining four miles to Rangoon, the seaport, capital and largest city in Burma, twenty-one miles from the sea, with a population of near three hundred thousand, or near that of St. Paul.

What a panorama met us as we sailed up to the quay, having gazed in almost consternation the last few miles at what appeared to be a golden city, for as Buddhism prevails in Burma, and on account of the innumerable shrines and temples in recognition of Buddha's doctrines being

faithfully adhered to in Rangoon, enough to warrant the city to be called the Rome of this faith, of course, the one thing towering above everything else in the distant outline was the great gold dome of the greatest temple—the Shwe Dagon Pagoda, with its wide-spreading ovaling spire reaching heavenward glittering in the morning sun and shedding golden reflection over the city; 'twas something entirely different and extravagant in origin and display to anything we have seen even after all the days we spent amid the splendour and grandeur of the Oriental riches.

In our eagerness to further inform ourselves upon this golden object rising out of the city so far away, landing at eight A. M. we hurried off to the ghurries that was awaiting us at the quay, climbed inside and was soon on the road to the point of our curiosity, rumbling thru the hot dusty streets of Rangoon.

Transit in a ghurry was a new feature, but wishing to try out the native customs of any country, we soon adjust ourselves to the situation.

We find this is the accepted vehicle for this hot region, it being sunstroke proof by its heavy wood box-like heat-resisting or non-penetrable thickness, with little strate-up seats for two, and air vents of latticed windows in the side doors which, when closed, excluding the hot rays, looked more like a little square house sitting on four heavy wheels, ours being drawn by a very thin but tough white horse over which the white-turbaned and bearded black driver popped the whip mercilessly from high above us on the outside where, when we wanted his attention for instructions we had to reach out and poke him with our umbrella.

On we rumbled thru the streets, for this is a big city of vast acreage as there are no skyscrapers here for the condensing of population, meeting many species of humanity in all sorts of draped wearing apparel, mostly leaving the upper body exposed, always walking singly thru the middle of the streets like nomads, and invariably barefooted—for these subjects of King George and Queen Mary

are not much concerned about European advancement and are opposed to over exertion.

We finally brot up thru a parky woods of big trees, for all trees grow to giant proportions in this undisturbed balmy country, to the entrance of the great squatting, tabernacle-liike dome, all spread out and gilded over, out of which rises in graudated circles the spire to a height of 370 feet all covered with pure gold leaf or thin gold plate, which is replaced after certain wearings from exposure to the elements at an enormous cost, and the gleaming structure is set off at the extreme top with a large crown all studded with bright gems, claiming a value of a quarter million dollars, and at different points are bells of gold, silver and bronze swinging from gilt bands attached, the wind swaying them to and fro forcing a delightful chiming harmony that attracts your attention; and all this domey mass of glittering gold was what was blazing in the sunlight before us, back in the harbour.

What a handsome tribute to Buddha, to shine for centuries to come as a momnument to his precepts, which has gained followers thru all the adversities of twenty-five hundred years, when he founded and began teaching this religious system just over in the adjoining country of India, at Benares on the Holy Ganges, only about three hundred miles from Rangoon, and which has grown to be the prevailing religion from the Island of Ceylon easterly thru Burma, Siam, China and Japan including all the southeast Asiatic countries.

We passed up thru numerous broad stone steps, all colonaded on either side and sheltered with a pagoda of various gables roof with hundreds of artistically wrought pinnacles pointing to diverse heights above, with mammoth beasts grotesquely carved with hideous gaping jaws, placed here and there to guard against evil.

Surrounding, on the outside of this great temple, proper, are hundreds of small temples, all with pinnacled tops, all sides enclosed except the front where, as we walked round on the broad plaza viewing, we could see the gods

or idols or images of Buddha seated in these small outside temples.

Some of these gods are of all gold apparently, others of bronze, also of silver and marble, sometimes as many as six or eight, I counted, sitting in the same little crowded temple ranging from life size down to miniature statues of Buddha—always in sitting posture, placed there by devout pilgrims according to their estimate of great benefit received, and where offerings are continually made.

Round thru the court surrounding this great golden temple, we went which was lined with little bazaars where the natives offer for sale, little bells, all kinds of flowers, miniatures of the pagoda, pieces of sandalwood, cheroots a foot long—two for five cents, and interspersed along the walks were all kinds of cripiples and pitiable deformities twisting and scrambling in wierd contortions on the ground, calling continually, their one word "bachsheesh" meaning money.

Others, blind, would thump out doleful strains from peculiar stringed musical instruments.

Scattered along were whole families (the Burmese are small peoples) sitting in groups on the floor, the women, who are brown and of pleasing expression, with almost perfect features, in every instance were smoking a cheroot that was most an inch in diameter and often eight inches in length, one cheroot lasting a smoker a whole day.

These women sit around with nursing babies, and draw on the soothing qualities of these cheroots while all ages of children play about, draped or undraped.

I noticed, in this country, and all those just passed, that the natives are at home or in their accustomed attitude when sitting on the floor—I do not recall an instance where seated on a chair, in fact, I do not recall a chair, always squatting or sitting or aimlessly walking.

In going further round this plaza; we marvel at the were Buddhas everywhere—oh, so many; we marvel at the stupendous outlay for all this show of idols made of gold, silver and bronze, gilt, marble and stone by the hundreds,

in the temples and out of the temples, from the giant ones towering above, always in sitting posture upon a throne with large full face, and eyes cast down, to the very smallest.

What a sensation a day's wandering thru all this produces upon one; it just seemed the whole had closed in around us, and we wished to get away.

We walked round on the other side where, under a big shed, edibles were sold or served, but as the species offered, and the sanitation appeared questionable we refrained from any patronage, and retracing down the hundreds of stone steps where a continual stream of worshipers, pilgrims and sight-seers were coming or going, we quit this remarkable, pathetic custom we viewed this day, and upon retiring at night, idols seemed to be standing all round the room.

There is also a fine big mosque in Rangoon, a handsome towered and turreted and pinnacled structure showing that all are not worshipers of idols.

Some of our Christian countries have missions stationed here, and very often thru these missionaries, natives are brot to our country to further themselves in our customs and modes of progress, one young Burmese Miss recently came over and is a student at the Missouri Baptist Sanitarium studying the art of nursing, when after three years she returns to Burma to nurse her countrymen in a new hospital there.

There is also a fine Roman Catholic church in Rangoon.

The Burmese women either wear loose sandals or go with feet bare, which are black, dusty, widely spread and caloused from long contact with the hot sands.

They wear light, short, loose waists with straggling skirts, but more often with bright colored pantlets alone, as also do the men, making it difficult to distinguish the women from the men, and again, some of the men wear skirts.

I noticed very little jewelry worn by these peoples who are of lethargic movement, and who are patient workers in

their slow primitive way, and they turn out much original traffic, such as umbrellas made by hand as they sit around on the floor, also ivory, teakwood and sandalwood carvings of most grotesqque characters, and idiol making of different metals and stones.

They ship out of their country chiefly rice and timber.

Here, as in all the other countries we have visited, the big black carabao, or water buffalo, with great bulging sides and horns of unbelievable size spreading more than a yard, then curving backward, is the chief draft animal, the natives cultivating their rice fields or drawing their street carts, the wheels of which are of solid wood, no spokes at all, with either one or two of these animals; no harness save a heavy crude yoke, with rope lines running thru their noses; in other cases, oxen are used, but their horses are measly excuses; what few there are seen, draw the ghurries, the native carriages, thru the streets.

The elephant plays quite a part in the traffic of Burma, this being the home of the elephant.

We rushed out one morning to the suburbs of Gangoon to see them piling teakwood; they would get down on their knees and take up great square logs of the teak between their snout and tusks, and rise with it, and with directions from the keeper who sits on top in a kind of saddle strapt on, he carries and depositis the cumbersome and almost unmanageable log to its destination, working with patience all the day in this valuable lumber yard.

It's one of the sights to see a number of these big gray pudgy shambling masses of sloppy flesh trailing one after the other at a distance; as we are accustomed to see one or two imprisoned ones at a circus in our States.

The roads are fine under British dictation and many splendid buildings on European principles have been erected, where we visited the stores; we also sought the native shops, which are small and ill-kept in most part.

The Burmese language is something like the Chinese —just one sylable to a word, but while they are lively, they do not jabber so freely as the Chinese.

One day we took "tiffin" (as lunch is called in the Far East) at the big "Minto Mansioins" hotel, named after Lord Minto who was appointed by Great Britain as viceroy to British India more than eight years ago, which means that he was governor, ruling in the king's name.

This mamoth hotel covers two acres and has a picturesque arcaded terrace surrounding two outsides where soft drinks are served by the natives, in their interesting long white shirts worn on the outside with a wide red sash tied round their waist, with white turbans, as they walk stealthily about at no fast gait.

At the farther end of the little park grounds called the Palm Garden, is an open-air stage erected, where native dances and plays are given which we viewed from the terrace as we sat at the little tables; graceful and fantastic dances were reeled off 'mid the green setting while the Military band performed at one side, which appealed to us almost as much as did the "tiffin."

Out of consideration for we visitors from the American continent, the band rendered such pieces as "Stars and Stripes Forever," "Americaine," and "U. S. A." where we rose in recognition and applause of the familiar strains away over here in dark Burma after sailing over foreign lonely seas for two months.

Leaving this big hostelry we again took up the prevailing mode of conveyance, the ghurry, driving thru the city past good buildings and shacks, over good roads and bad, for the new and the old are everywhere together, on out to the suburbs where we came upon the beautiful Victoria Park.

Well kept lawns ran back up into little native wooded hills imprisoning two large lakes called Royal Lakes, the sheen of the smooth surface shining like silver, the landscape running out into the water in various forms, affording splendid view points, a border or rare flora and shrubs parallel with a promenade, following the curves of the wandering outline of the shores.

Some of our party, with myself, stood in line for the photographer, having the great Shwe Dogan golden spire

for a background across the lake showing the distance across the city.

We drove all afternoon in this hand-wrought scape, absorbing the aroma and charm of foreign atmosphere.

Realizing that the last tender was to leave the wharf at 6:30 P. M. for our steamer four miles down the river, for our time was up to leave this port, we hurried along the strand to the water front, boarded the double-decked tender and started down stream, looking back until the great golden tower of the Buddhist padoga grew smaller and smaller, finally disappearing altogether, and we felt we had learned a little something of this little brown people's small, seemingly closed in, world over here and how little they seem to know or care about any other world but theirs.

When we drew near our steamer we found from her low long blasts for us not to approach, that we could not go aboard for the strong tide forbade anchorage for our steamer, and she was groping around trying to find a foothold for the anchor, holding us at bay for two hours where our loaded little double-decked tender bobbled like a top-heavy cork as we drifted around in the yellow muddy, choppy sea until we were most sea sick.

'Twas dark when we finally dared to draw up along the side of our big steel floating home, leaving the dark natives, who had brot us out, gazing in amazement at the celerity of the white folks as we rushed up the long line of steps hanging down the side of the steamer, and they slowly took up their thread and turned their boat's nose toward their haven, their little slow world, looking long after us, and I'm sure their thots often reverted to the daring qualities of this steamer load of American peoples sailing the high seas of the world with all thot of disaster yet in the embryo.

We weighed anchor and soon steamed down the seventeen miles and out of the big Rangoon, one of the many mouths of the mighty Irawaddy that divides Burma in the center and drains spurs of the Himalayas on the north.

BAY OF BENGAL.

Leaving the Gulf of Martaban, we rounded Cape Negrais, the southwest point of Burma and swung out into the blue waters of the Bay of Bengal, so unlike the clay-like flow we had just left.

Sea sailing would not be what it is, were it not for the beautiful reflections of the brilliant blue waters.

Who would care to spend days on a muddy sea where there is no mysterious transparency?

Two days and nights (half the nights are turned into day down here in the tropics) we skim the perfectly clear surface of the Bay of Bengal, cutting a wide swath, something like sixty-five feet, for that was the beam of our ship, throwing the water in a ruffling of radiating waves, over which little white bubbles coast and shoot the chutes, and I fall to meditating on what an important part these islands of the East India archipelago play in the necessaries of the world—how they furnish the little things, and some of the big things too, for that matter; spices and cloves, which we gathered off the trees, they being the flower buds, dried, of the clove tree which is green all the year and is about twenty feet high and makes a pretty tree; nutmegs, where we knocked them from trees fifty feet high with heavy growth of shining short round leaves, the nutmeg looking like an enlarged hickory nut in its green state when pulled after drying, the hull comes off, leaving the nutmeg proper surrounded by a network of yellow stringy veins which when separated and dried, comes over to us as mace.

Very common things with us, but this island group southeast of Asia, where the waters of the Pacific and In-

dian oceans are washed back and fro thru the different straits and channels is the home of them; cinnamon, which is gained by the natives barking the cinnamon tree which grows about twenty-five feet high; this bark is dried and rolls up, the green leaves taste strongly of cinnamon and oil is obtained from them.

During our rtip to the big cinnamon groves, our driver, in order to ingratiate himself in our tipping favor, brot us great branches of these fragrant leaves.

Our pepper also comes from here where it is one of the chief cultivated items of commerce—the little round hot berries that we use as pepper, grows in clusters on a climbing vine and are red when ripe, and black when dried, and the white pepper is of the same but of the select berries with the outer skin taken off.

So one can see why "the spicy odor of the Southern Seas."

While talking about pepper, I found one of the customs in these Far East hotels, is the little silver pepper grinder served on the tables where each of us ground our pepper on our food as we ate it.

Among the big things that come from these unknown islands, are coffee, rice, tea, cocoanuts, rubber and teak—all these we saw growing in different stages; with such a warm damp climate, things just will grow, and what a variety; without having visited, no one can conceive the abundant production of "these little islands of little peoples."

The tide of the ocean is a treacherous thing, and one of the problems of maritime traffic.

INDIA.

On nearing Calcutta, on the east side of India, this big triangular peninsula that juts down from Asia to almost the equator, we found that sand bars form in the Hooghli river, which is one of the many mouths of the Holy Ganges, and the only one navigated by large ships.

This sacred Ganges river begins way up in the northwest of India and runs easterly draining the snowy Himalayas for a length of seventeen hundred miles, overflowing its banks to a width of one hundred miles in the rainy season (for they do have a rainy season in this country altho you would never think so), and at a distance of about three hundred miles, river course, from the sea it begins to separate into many channels, making a great swampy waste, which is called "sunderbunds," as it discharges its muddy water into the virgin blue of the Bay of Bengal on the east of India, the whole delta seeming to be a mass of shifting mud and sand banks which impede, at times, all traffic in the delta.

Our next port, the big city of Calcutta, the metropolis, and, until recently the capitol and seat of government of this British Indian peninsula, and the chief port, having wrested this laurel from Bombay, its rival on the opposite coast of India, lies on the upper or east bank of the Hooghli (pronuonced "hooly") about eighty miles from the sea, at Diamond Harbour, making it necessary for largest steamers to depend on the tide for crossing over these bars that are formed promiscuously by the silted sand.

There was anxiety as to whether our steamer could make the passage over the bars on one tide, if not we would be compelled to remain where the ebb tide left us until the next tide came, which would be a twenty-four hours

wait; fortunately the tidal conditions proved favorable, our ship passed safely over on the one tide and we steamed up the Hooghli to within forty-two miles of Calcutta where we anchored in midstream expecting to go on shore by tenders conveying us to the recently built landing pier, where the special train runs down from Calcutta to meet these big ships, doing away with the long water trip of four to seven hours on the uncomfortable and uncertain tenders at the risk of wet feet and soot-covered clothes, but, a tropical storm came upon us.

'Twas growing dusk and Sunday eve, there was violent rushings of wind and in its fury lashed the waters and tore and tugged at the big heavy tarpaulins stretched over the decks, the thunder bombarding, the lightning gesticulating wildly with our four tall masts seeming determined to split them, then suddenly throwing its powerful illumination on the far shore like Heaven's searchlight, shoving the night into the background for the instant, the blazing panorama revealed a picture of wierdness on the land among tall scattering cocoanut palms with their fibrous plumes bowing and bending as they were lashed to the ground in the fury of the cyclonic wind and rain.

These helpless forms struggling to hold their stateliness disclosed a wrecked scene at every flash, their writhing and contortions silhouetted against the inky blackness was all that was viisible on the far distant shore of a low flat land that was scarcely discernable as we sat out in the troubled waters awaiting subsidence.

A small tender with a solitary light stood over near the shore not daring to approach our vessel; she had come down from Calcutta bringing the ship's mail, bearing us messages from home—messages grown six weeks old in their travel of twelve thousand miles over sea from the opposite side of the globe.

Deprived of the cheer of reading our mail before morning, and thankful we had not been made a target for the electrical maneuvering, we turned with unwillingness to our berths and insomnia, lulled by the drifting, rocking motion of the boat and the quickened strains of the agitated waters

washing by; a stillnes had settled down all around—even the drone of the mighty engines in the heart of the ship below had ceased and was now passive, after long days and nights of driving the resistless propellers, not a sound emitted from the crew of hundreds as they discharged their duties at their posts, the elevator that carried us up and down five flights had discontinued its clicking sound, nobody promonaded the storm-swept decks—all was hushed save the rushing of waters, and we were alone out here in the lowlands among the sand bars and tide, drenched and wind whipt.

Coming up on deck next morning, we found to our dismay, that the turbulence of the storm and tide of the night had washed away the landing stage, and a landing could not be effected until after luncheon, when a quickly improvised bridge of long stretches of heavy lumber cleated together on rock pillars was erected, and we were handed singly from one Indian native to another who were stationed along this temporary cause-way to guide us over the surging tide below.

'Twas with a feeling of relief that we touched terra firma once more, leaving the incoming tide to battle with the outgoing river, a hundred miles from the coast, where the force of the mighty ocean pushes the river back up stream until the tide ebbs, or has spent itself, when both river and tide, fresh water and salt water go hurrying out together, only to repeat this pitched battle of tide against river, every day in the year.

Glad to abandon our watery surroundings for a while we scurried across a fine grassy sward, the sun beaming down at a terrible degree of torridity bringing up a stifling steam off the damp ground, where we boarded the long "Special" sent down from Calcutta and watched the natives carry the trunks and luggage on their black naked backs from the landing pier across the green commons to the train.

They worked and trotted back and forth like an army of ants balancing trunks on their shoulders (never in their hands) and suit cases and large bundles of bed clothing

on top their heads, (for who travels in India must take their bedding with them).

I had seen foreign pictures of these spindle-legged Indians transporting huge loads of articles of travel on their heads, and now I realized the custom, as they trotted along in the oppressive heat, with a scanty cloth wrapt round their loins as the only article of clothing on their ebony bodies as they glistened like polished iron under the tropical sun.

The whistle blew, and we settled back in our seats for the forty-two mile journey to Calcutta, scrutinizing the interior of the coach, which is made up of small compartments seating only six or eight, the upholstered benches running along the sides, and each compartment entered from the side—no end entrance or vestibule or aisle reckoned in the building of these East India coachs.

When the wheels turn, what a jolt you get at every revolution as tho one cog was missing, letting you drop on the rail with a thud.

Really it's incomparable with our own spacious coaches gliding smoothly trans-continent.

Adjusting myself to the jogging sensation, I fell to viewing the passing landscape as it changed from swamp to desert to jungle to little villages smothered in cocoanut trees with hedges of palms, with the dark natives—men and children, wandering around aimlessly bobbing up behind a clump or shrub, seemingly having nothing to do only just to live because they are there.

But they must necessarily be numerous as they number about three hundred million—three times as many people as the United States, and on territory only one-half as large.

Of course ,as India is the land of Maharajas' and Rajas' —titles given to kingly and princely independent rulers of certain territories called states, but now under British administration the title of Rajah being generally assumed by large land holders or rent-gatherers, and the title of Maharaja (meaning "great rajah or king") more often

given to the native princes or persons of high rank or held "holy" being of Brahman belief religiously, which treats of caste distinction, these dusky orientals by the way-side born of low caste and poor, are always of low caste and poor.

They are tall, strate, thin, of taciturn demeanor, with searching eye, but for lack of material to do with in these back villages, they are handicapt in progress and left to roam.

The houses of these passing villages were more often mud huts with roofs of dried grass and mud mixed and heavily daubed, often a continuous row joining many rooms and all with dirt floors.

Sometimes the carabao and bullock stables would be joined onto these huts, the stables or places of shelter or protection from the sun's rays were generally a mud and thatch roof only, supported on wood stilts.

One of the sights, and later found to be a very common and seemingly necessary one, was the drift of these animals, gathered up and made into little flat cakes by hand, and slapped all over the outside walls of the huts and tree trunks where they are left to dry after which they serve as fuel to burn.

At intervals along the route, are ponds dug deep and embanked with the dirt, to catch the rain and hold for stock and domestic use; palms, bananas and branching trees are planted thickly round this to prolong the supply of water by protecting from evaporation in the thoroly sun-dried atmosphere.

On some of these ponds, green scum had formed altho goats or bullocks were cooling themselves in its limited supply by wading or floundering around in its miry depths.

Something like this primitive means of storing water for domestic and animal use, must be resorted to in the more obscure or less developed parts of India, as I noticed here and ever after during our stay in India, that one of the necessary parts of each pedestrians' accoutrements, or a part of any native traveler's paraphernalia, is a brass water receptacle, shaped something like a large bowled

squat vase, and I noted that whatever of filth and squalor encompast the individual, that this vessel was polished to a shining brightness as they carried them along in their hands as tho a fixed part of themselves; men, women and children, all carry these thirst eradicators of various sizes, ranging from a pint to a gallon.

As our East India Special rolled along, transporting its cargo of American sea-travelers to its terminus, Calcutta on the banks of the Ganges, wither we were to mingle among its brown-hued, bejeweled, scantily bedraped populace of uncommunicative disposition, to gather such impressions as our time limit would permit, I realized that we were indeed in a strange country of strange peoples with strange ideas.

India—she lies almost as a human form stretching down from Asia into the ocean; the giant Himalayas an everlasting crown at the head; a chain of jewels encircling the neck set with such gems as Delhi, Agra, Benares, Cawnpore and Lucknow, thru which flows the life-stream, the HolyHoly Ganges; on the right is a calloused place—the Tar Desert, whose famines have cost so many lives; on the left lies the heart—Calcutta; two mountain ranges extend down the sides like arms, with a pearl on either hand —Bombay on the west and Madras on the east, with Ceylon enshackling its feet, the whole body parasitic with temples and idols, sapping the very life of freedom and progress with its bondage, because of ironclad rules imposed upon the Hindus by their idolatrous belief, inherited from their ancestors and handed along down the generations until they seem held in its grasp, powerless to throw off the encumbrance which appears so oppressive and an impediment to the develeopment of any talent that might be their own birthright.

This reverence to Brahma, the god of fates, master of life and death, and the more exalted of the three deities—Vishu, the preserver, and Siva, the destroyer and reproducer, being the other two gods—under the protecting or redeeming religious system of Brahmanism (this being the prevailing religion of the Hinduss, and the distinctive one

of India handed down these long centuries), may have some worthy points, but it also has its pathetic side.

There is certainly loyalty of its adherents, which numbers about three-fourths of all India's population.

The "caste" distinction, which is a part of the Brahman rites, that of high and low caste, preventing the marrying of one caste to that of the other, or of eating food cooked by the other, has had a tendency to keep the standard of the high caste up in education and culture to a notch quite superioir to the castes around, but such only renders the lower caste much lower and despondent by the substantiation of this barrier between bona fide brethren of the same nation.

Altho expounders in the way of missionaries have been sent over by Christian Europeans and Americans, yielding so slow, only about three million having responded.

India's emancipation will require centuries as it has been a Brahman stronghold since centuries before Christ, the system being extracted from sacred writings or rituals called the Vedas, which means "know" in Sanskrit, their dead language, and which now has been revised and pruned and enlarged upon until superstition plays an active part —for instance, if you mention the word "bat" in their presence on certain occasions, they will throw away their rice for the next meal, and many other customs equally as absurd. .

Under the same religious demands a Hindu of high caste must needs throw away his rice if even the shadow of a passer-by of low caste falls upon it; rice, of course, being the chief food ,taking the place of bread among the Indians, the same as in Japan, in that wonderful semi-starvation land of silk worms and temples.

While the British dominate this territory, they are indifferent to the caste evil.

In its stead thy have "class" distinction themselves; the noblemen and officials of culture and land holders do not care to rub shoulders with the uneducated or those engaged in trade, and as one woman in London exprest it

"sometimes they are very nasty about it," (pronounced "nawsty," and used on all occasions).

One English woman said to me "ah, you Americans say 'nice,' I think nice is such a 'nawsty' word."

But this "class" distinction is not due to the rituals of the English folk religion at all, as in the case of the Hindu.

The more devoted to the Hindu religion a man is, the more cautious of being touched by one of "different caste."

Tho India has been one succession of struggles between the native dynasties and invaders since the beginning, Brahmanism has and still reigns supreme; altho Buddhism was introduced and established thruout India about the third centry B. C. but soon gave way to Brahmanism; while three out of every four are Brahmans, the Buddhists are reduced to about seven million, notwithstanding this is the birthplace of Buddha, and Benares is where he first commenced teaching his new faith in opposition to Brahmanism which was not recognized by the Hindus as a dominant system until two centuries after its origin, altho Buddhism holds the record for the greatest number of votaries of the world's whole human population, mainly confined to the Far East where we so recently visited, which bespeaks the miriads of temples in China and Japan, the spread of which, all Europe and our States, or the Christians proper refer to as "the yellow peril."

The Great Hindu, or Brahman temples that often cover many acres, have walls surrounding and massive carved towers reared high in the air as gateways; inside this enclosure are the priest's dwellings and shrines of the different gods.

Thus one sees India's greater population living in huts with nary thot of convenience while there great idol-worshiping edifices are absorbing its vital parts—she has swapt hovels onto her peoples in exchange for handsome temples.

It is said that the money poured into the treasury of the temples, and the jewelry bedecking the idols, as necklaces, bracelets, rings and other articles studded with diamonds and emeralds, often pale those of a monarch.

I review these incidents because without some knowledge of the ancestral customs that have dominated this country disclosed in the every day walks of these dark orientals, we would not apprehend the retarded condition of the race and nation in general, considering the number of generations of evolution.

There are also a great many Mohammedans in India, especially in the northwest, having invaded from Persia, the connecting country on the trail from Arabia the hotbed of Mohammedanism, and there was at one time a Mohammedan conquest, but now only every fifth person in this Brahman-beset peninsula is a follower of the great founder of Islamism, whose creed abominates idols, believing only in one God, and Mohamet his prophet, and whose creed taught from their Koran, or Bible, now absorbs the center of the Eastern Hemisphere—Persia, Arabia and Turkey being the boiling pots, and their big halls of worship, the great white mosques of marble and onyx, domed and minaretted, shine like reversed alabaster quarries in the Indian sunlight, and are scattered sparsely thruout India.

On arriving at Calcutta we left the train, and took victorias with Hindus fore and aft and drove "in state" to the hotels dispersing ourselves to the different hostelries. I had an extremely large and lofty room on the ground floor at the Continental, with folding doors opening onto an arcaded promenade surrounding a pretty palm court; the floor was of inlaid colored tiling designed along the Mosaic art, rendering the room cool, and with the air cooled by its circulation thru the long lofty halls and out thru the still loftier windows, the heat was not oppressive.

I was held captive by the foreign sensation.

No screens were used, as I saw no flies, but heavy wire netting secured the room from intruders, and I slept with the windows flung back relishing the cool, balmy and palmy zephyrs of the exquisite and matchless Indian nights.

What a relief to rest on steady ground once more, with a cessation of all motion, in a state of tranquility after days and nights on a shifting foundation.

The sea is never at rest.

Next morning on going into the private bath, which attends these oriental rooms, I found the furnishings inside this little square concrete room with concrete floor and step, consisted of a commode, water faucet in the wall, and the cunning little Indian bathtub of most humorous proportions, being little larger than our laundry tubs and one has to fold down like a jack-knife for the ablution, the water escaping at all sides of the tub running all over the floor finding an outlet in a little drain at one end.

'Twas wonderfully exhilerating after a fresh bath from a dusty journey, to roam these long cool hallways and arched passages, all with concrete floors which serve to allay the heat, while numerous native attendants do your bidding, saluting with a salaam, which is an oriental form of greeting wherein they bow low with the right palm against the forehead—and with what grace some of these iron statues acquit themselves.

For meals, we were assigned to a private dining room upstairs, not minding the little chameleons racing across the walls, darting behind picture frames, peeking out at us, where small tables were presided over by tall thin black waiters, wearing white muslin pajamas and a long white blouse with broad red sash wound round and tied at the side, small turban cap, and feet bare; I cannot recall seeing any bare of head either indoors or out.

They administered with graciousness in their silent attitude we designating our wants by pointing to the number opposite the articles wished for on the menu card for their convenience, for if any of them ever did study English they would not subject it to our comment.

We were not permitted the native service in foods, deeming any radical change in diet conducive to indisposition, so we were served along the lines of our accustomed cuisine on board ship.

Altho we had access to the different odd and curious fruits and products and often indulged in them on the side, just to gratify our desire for things novel.

Five meals are served during the day—chota hazri or

early breakfast of tea or coffee with fruit served in your room at six, burra hazri or meat breakfast at eight to ten, tiffin at noon, then afternoon tea, and lastly, and of more consequence, dinner at from seven to nine.

Electricity is used in all the hotels.

On going to my room one night, I switched on the light to take a survey of the room, which had become a fixed precaution, there in the middle of the cool tiled floor sat six monstrous cockroaches—three inches long, as only the cockroache in India can grow—holding a caucus; I had heard about the immense size of the cockroaches of this country before coming; I gathered a weapon thinking to slay all with one blow, when they immediately took on a rotary motion and all escaped me.

Safe to say I tucked the mosquito canopy carefully all round the bed that night.

It was about three hundred years ago, or when Elizabeth was queen, that the charter to a great English trading association was given, called the East India Company, which syndicate had much to do with shaping the future of Hindustan.

This company, formed in London, foresighted rich spoils in India and installed commercial settlements along the southeast coast where a grant of small territory was received from a Rajah near Madras, where the British immediately erected the fort of St. George and after a succession of years of conflicts, unseated the Portugese, Dutch and French who had gained a footing on various territory in India, and finally overcame the struggle for influence over the native princes, which ultimately led, step to step, to the establishment of the British Empire, where we are now visiting, and later of the absorbing of the East India Company of two and a half centuries' fame, by vesting the government directly in the British crown, which was done about forty years ago, and soon after Queen Victoria was proclaimed Empress of India during the vice royalty of Lord Lytton, who was appointed by the crown and who ruled with authority as Victoria's substitute.

Under the name of Owen Meredith he gave vent to the beautiful poems of "Lucille" and "Tannhauser."

Fifteen years ago Lord Curzon was sent out as viceroy, taking his American wife (Miss Leiter, now dead) with him, which regal post he held six years, giving way to Lord Minto, all of whom portraits of each viceroy hang on the grand staircase in the massive government house in this city, which is a great rambling three-story white structure, seemingly plain in contrast to the ornate style of Indian architecture, and was erected one hundred and twenty years ago in the days of the East India Company, at a cost of one million pounds, or five million dollars, by the Marquis Wellesly, while he was governor general.

Along back in 1756, soon after the East India Company had gained a settlement up in this city, there was an uprising of the natives and an attack made by a large army, on the English, and they were forced to capitulate, and one hundred and forty-six were thrust into the Black Hole, or prison, in a room eighteen feet square with two small windows, where after a crowded night of torture, only twenty-three were found to be alive the next morning, and the memory of that multiple tragedy lives today thru all these hundred and fifty years, as we were taken to see the site of the death trap which now fronts on an everyday thorofare, where the space of eighteen feet square is all sealed over, surrounded by iron picket fence, with tablet above with inscription deploring this inhuman treatment of the non-suspecting English by the barbarous dusky tribe.

It is now asserted that had the prisoners engaged in a steady march around the cell, thereby keeping the air in circulation, they would have survived.

But considering that only seventeen inches square was allotted to each individual victim, movement must have necessarily been slow.

Many main streets and public places and building are given names after the succeeding English viceroys and governor generals, giving evidence of the foreign power dominant.

As a whole, outside of minor uprisings in various in-

stances, the natives are loyal to the British crown tho they have transfered this royalty to three different rulers within a generation.

From Queen Empress Victoria, whose death the first year of this century passed Edward VII to the British throne, and by virtue of this office became Emperor of India, only to give way in a few years to his son King George V, who with his wife Queen Mary, in order to give themselves prestige among their Indian subjects, had a second coronation performed at the Dubar at Delhi in 1911, which city in the Punjab in the northwest of India, one time the capitol and a city of two million, is again made the capitol.

This removal of the capitol from Calcutta leaves many magnificent government buildings at a sacrifice in this city —grand structures all done in white.

When one of these Dubars is held, which is a general reception in India by a British ruler, the Indian princes and also rulers of the small independent states make up a gorgeous display, and the glittering processions are said to outdazzle any other nation on the globe; great lines of the finest specimens of elephants with gold embroidered blankets draped all over them, with chains and necklaces of beads festooned from ear to ear, across their trunk, and with gold and jeweled bands at intervals on their tusks, which have the points cut off and then gold tipt; strings of large silver beads encircle their huge ankles.

A native prince's wealth is reckoned by his elephants and jewels.

On top of these elephants, strapt on, is the howdah, a little house, sometimes of solid silver with chased work, all open, in which sits his highness surrounded by half a dozen or more white-turbaned men servants hanging on the slight ledge of the howdah, and all towering three or four times the height above the crowd of dark-skinned picturesque turbaned bystanders, lined on either side by armed soldiers or guards.

India has the advantage over us, in the weather, in that grand occasions can be planned weeks ahead without fear of any trickery of the weather.

I recall one whole "Mardigras" celebration in New Orleans a few years ago where "Momus" and "Comus" pageants of beautiful glittering floats—the years work of mystic art, expense and skill became deluged each evening with our uncertain outbursts, and red satin dripping its murderous train on the white below, green shedding emerald tears on the yellow, tinsel hanging limp and trailing forlornly was the perspective from under a big date palm in a drenching rain.

Not so with India's climate of iron-clad rules where burning-blazing sunlight reigns.

Europeans are not any too numerous in this city, in fact, they are too scattering, most of them at the barracks, but one seldom meets them in walking on the street as they are mostly engaged in officialdom, and the modern appearance of the different cities bespeaks their progressiveness in their fifty years at the helm.

Railroads interspersing the whole country seems to have the effect of an awaking, while back off the railroads the aspect is certainly in the primitive.

In this city there are beautiful thorofare and parkways opened up, streets widened and park gardens characteristic of the Britains only, yet there is a certain mingling or native touch to all the equipments and etcetara that constrains you to realize you are in India.

The climate as a whole, seems unsuitable to any but the dark race, and it is difficult for the Europeans to live here and be healthy unless in parts northern, where heat is not so great.

The midday sun is merciless, but these oriental nights are matchless.

In the mornings the shutters to the lofty windows are closed to bar the day's heated atsmosphere; at night opened to admit the cooled air.

The children born here of English parents, who are holding government offices or otherwise engaged are sent back to England while small, to grow in health and education, while many of the young folks of the native princes'

or of the higher caste are sent over to Oxford, England, for higher education.

On account of the heat, the major portion of the traveling is done by night, and the coaches of the railways are equipt with water-cooled shutters drawn down over the windows—it is said the viceroy's special coach is fitted with tanks of cold water on the roof to which ice is added when procurable.

Instead of all our varied weather fickleness called "seasons," they refer only to hot, cold and rainy seasons, tho the general appearance would indicate that the two latter are almost unknown.

But I notice that considerable latitude is permitted the natives even under the crown's administration; these thin bodied men lay along on the concrete sidewalks or doorsteps of the public places, at noon or all night asleep, with no fear of being trodden on, by man, beast, vehicle or even sacred cow; they are as indifferent to the welfare of the nation as they are prone to succumb to the withering rays; they wear as little protection as possible, some merely a width of muslin, once white, wrapt round their bodies and tucked in at the waist so as to leave all the fullness hanging in a bothersome way in front, or one will have on a long white shirt affair, another wears only a pair of white thigh pants, with his long black back exposed clear to his turban, which is wound around like a mop cloth, and in some cases almost as filthy.

The roadside barber is one of the spectacles common on the street; the barber and "victim" both squat on the ground or sidewalk, or anywhere, shutting up like a jackknife, their knees sticking above their shoulders something like a katy-did for their lean limbs are no larger at the thigh than at their coarse ankles, also their arms at the shoulder pit are as thin as their wrists.

The barber unrolls his meager kit of tools from a dirty cloth onto the sidewalk, and as they face each other in this squatting posture the barber goes over the face of his black colleague with the razor; I noticed a pair of shears, soap and the ever brass vase of water.

Of course, there are modern barber shops in India, but this is the native version; most all of the older Indians wear full growth of whiskers, even covering their cheek-bones, some of the higher caste carefully groomed.

The street candy peddler vends his goods squatting on the sidewalk beside his tray of sweetmeats exposed to the dust and flyings, never quivering a muscle in his stolid, grave, expressionless face.

The street fruit sellers carry their curious varieties of none too tempting fruits in big baskets on top of their much wound and wadded turbans on their heads.

But these lacking details only tend to heighten the picturesqueness of legendary India.

It is characteristic—every act, movement, every feat-use of their existence, their custom, their complacency, all bespeak characteristic India.

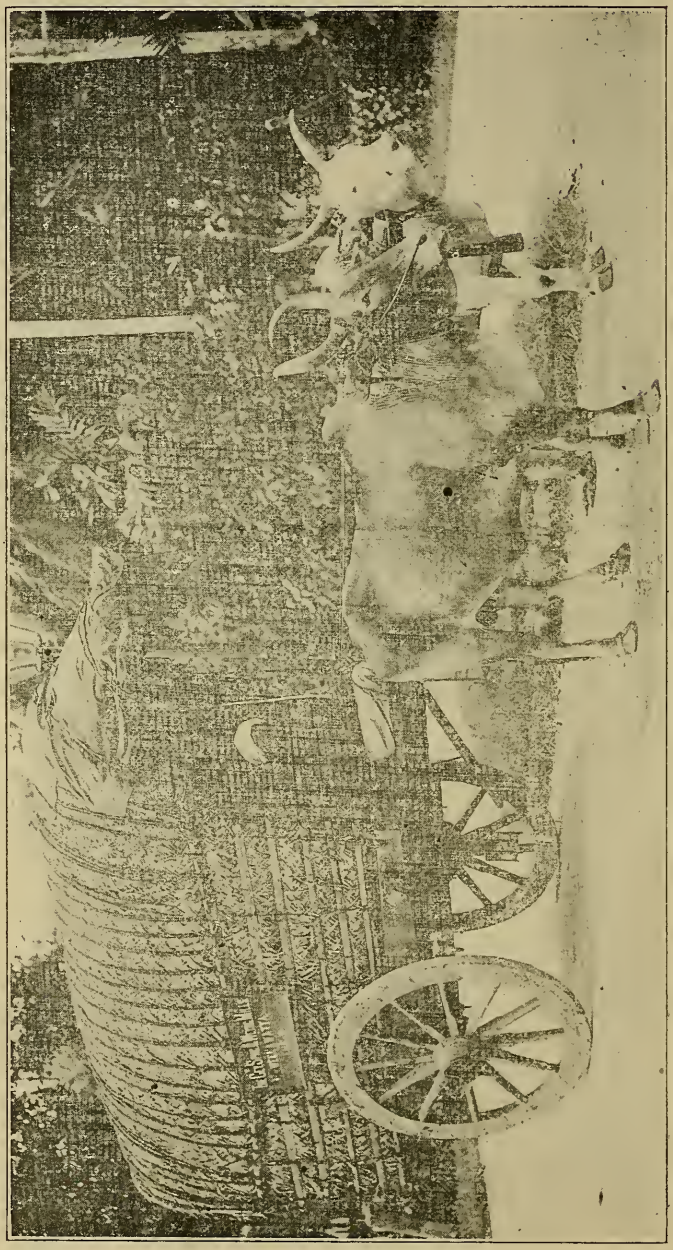
I cannot recall ever seeing a smile on any grown native's face, never any loudness or looseness from these soft-treading, strate-backed, unapproachable, severe but passive expressioned beings of the every-day life of India.

These dark men do not drag animals' loads thru the streets like the tough Chinaman in old Kathay; they are too thin and appear too weak; this is done by bullocks mostly.

I have seen pictures of the sacred cow, and here, in this city, they gather in herds and roam the sidewalks and streets and lay around at will, without molestation, under penalty of punishment by the gods.

These are kept solely for their yield of milk and propagation, the bullocks only are drafted into service, pulling heavy loads thru the streets.

They are of clean creamy color with ears laid back and mild eyes, and all the harness used is a yoke on their necks, in front of the monstrous hump that stands strate up on their shoulder, and a mall rope drawn thru their nose to guide, while the strate-backed Hindu sits behind them on the tongue of his heavy two-wheeled bamboo splint covered cart, looking very like a piece done in bronze so very rigid is he.



NATIVE BULLOCK CART, INDIA. —Photo by Underwood & Underwood.

They are also used to draw the Indian carriage, or reckla, which is a little four-posted affair, canopied and box-like on springs, with two heavy wheels, which the natives patronize.

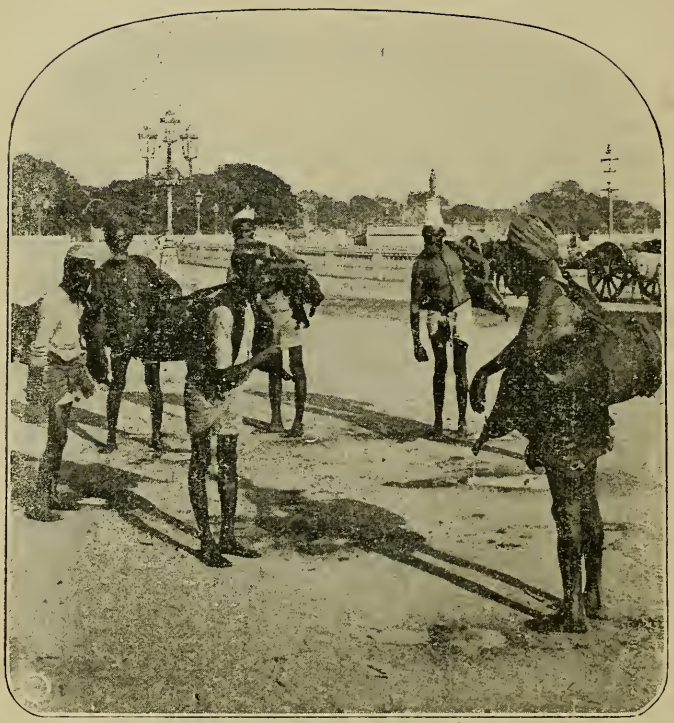
Again we saw them drawing a heavy four-wheeled, fancy top wagon, with domed top of richly colored hangings in the archways, of quite oriental peculiarity, in which the ladies of the Zenana were takink an airing—the Zenana in India corresponds to the harem in the Arabian and Turkish Moslem lands.

Another custom—we see a tall Hindu, almost dishabille save for his great white turban, wound without symmetry, yet comprising all the material for a good picture, in conjunction with the unflinchable expression of the wearer as he stops his carabao, the big black water buffalo at a wayside watering place and fills with water the two big skin water carriers, that hang on either side of the carabao—skins that at one time have encased a bullock, so large are they; this water.

This water is disported thru the city in these skins, one leg of the animal skin forming the nozzle, which is re-enforced and laced with cords to pour or shut off the water.

A novel sight is the number of bheestis, which is the name for these water carriers, sprinkling the streets of Calcutta with water carried from the public concrete tanks, in dried goat skins strapt across their back, the water pouring out of what once formed a leg of the goat.

At these same huge round public tanks in the center of the wide thorofares one can see the natives doing out their washing all round this tank, in the burning sun, slapping and pounding the clothes on the concrete walk that surrounds the tank, pouring water on them from huge jugs lifted out of the tank, afterward spreading them all around the tank on the gravel road to dry, the women sitting round on the ground and curb in leisure manner, wearing little clothing, or otherwise drapery, thrown over their heads and encircling their forms as only the Indians can



WELCOME FELLOWS IN THIRSTY INDIA—WATER CARRIERS—IN SKINS.

—Photo by Underwood & Underwood.

work, and manage this distinctive oriental drapery at all angles, and conform to their characteristic picturesqueness.

We drove in carriages to the "Burning Ghats."

A ghat (pronounced "got") is a landing stairs or stone steps on the banks of rivers, termed burning ghats and bathing ghats, and they are numerous at intervals on both banks of the Holy Ganges thru the city of Calcutta, that stretches along the north bank, and also Mowrah, the big suburb just opposite, the two cities being connected by a floating, or pontoon bridge, a great wide busy, wormy artery for traffic and pedestrians, which I crossed often, to get a better view of the natives and their peculiar modes of transit.

This huge trestlework is erected on boats, a numerous lot of low, flat, floating vessels that support the timbers of this aerial causeway that rises and falls with the flood tides and flows of the river.

The Mohammedans inter their dead, here in India and elsewhere.

The Hindus burn their dead, and it is asserted that this burning of the dead on the banks of the sacred Ganges has been the custom for centuries back.

The bodies are wrapt in a white shroud and conveyed to the burning ghat, which is a small enclosure with numerous ash piles and wood heaps scattered round, leading down to the edge of the river, on a stretcher of bamboo, the bereaved parties walking or straggling along behind, and sometimes carrying pieces of wood, for on reaching these ghats, pyres are built commensurate to the subject, by crossing and recrossing the wood to a height of two to three feet; the more sandalwood used by those who can better afford it.

I must comment upon the sandalwood, for it plays a part in most everything over here.

Along the Malabar coast in India, and also in the Indian Archipelago, is where the sandalwood grows and resembles privit; when the trunk is old in years the hard inner wood is of tannish yellow color, very hard and fragrant, and is

offered for sale in small irregular cuts for its aromatic qualities to be used in clothes chests, and is also made into extracts which is one of the most coveted oriental perfumes.

The Indians, also the Chinese and Japanese are unexcelled in the skillful carving of this wood into the most difficult and artistic also grotesque designs.

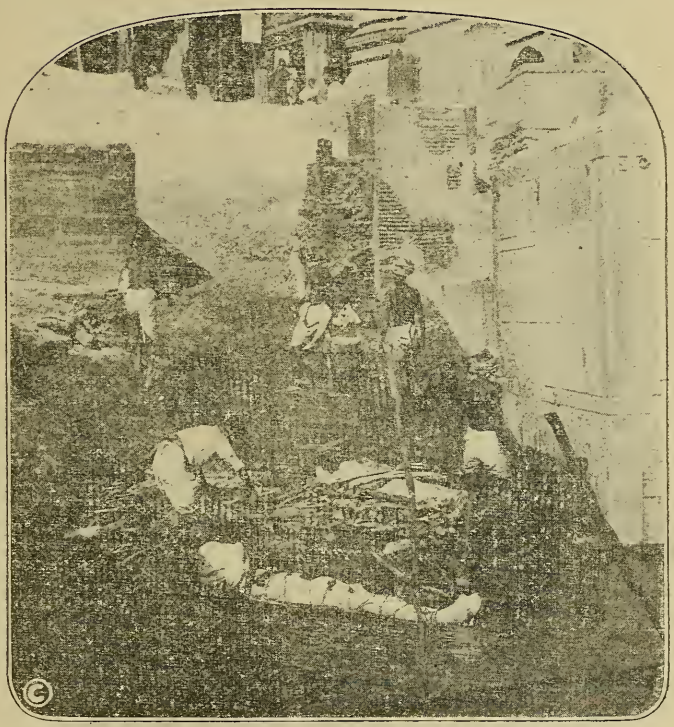
I afterwards saw the highest type of this exquisite carving of sandalwood in the Osborne House in the Isle of Wight, which the loyal Indians had presented to their Empress Victoria, Queen of England, having sent these matchless pieces over upon the occasion of her "Diamond Jubilee" which was celebrated a few years before her death.

This sandalwood is also used for incense in the worship of the Brahmans and Buddhists.

I watched these servants, almost nude, lay the corpse, stretcher and all, on top the pyre of sandalwood; they piled more sandalwood across the body, poured oil around over all and with a bunch of lighted bamboo brush, set fire to the funeral pyre, and as it burned, the peerless aromatic wreathes of the sandalwood pervaded the air, offsetting any human odor that might have been created as the shroud was quickly burned, leaving one limb exposed where the foot had roasted to a bursting point, turning to a light tan color; if the wood holds out the body is burned to ashes which is thrown into the river just a few feet away; if partly charred, they are pushed off into the river where the big vultures ,or India's scavengers, pick the remaining flesh as it floats along down stream on its holy bed leaving only the white bones to fall to the bottom.

I turned from this crude corpse-burning spectacle to look at other corpses that were laying on stretchers around awaiting turns; I turned back the white shrouding over the head and saw a child of twelve with plump face but touchingly thin body and limbs; I turned back another, revealing an old woman whose wrinkled face and thinness bespoke a long life of depression and self-sacrifice.

There was no emotion nor commotion among the natives, no outward signs of despair, no demonstrations of sorrow.



WHO DIES ON THE RIVER GANGES—BURNING THE DEAD—INDIA.

—Photo by Underwood & Underwood.

Some of the men were sitting around on tables rubbing oil or ointment all over their bodies, leaving them shining like greased iron.

We visited other ghats where the funeral pile was built inside of iron trays or cribs on wheels; this corralled the flames and heat until the bodies were entirely consumed.

These were numerous all over the yards and presumably never grow cold as in a city of one and a quarter million, all ghats are busy at any time you chance to visit them; little heaps of ashes, cinders and charred bones are lying all round.

Disposal of bodies in India follows death in a few hours.

The bathing ghats were visited.

To bathe is one of the essentials of Hindu existence, not from a sanitary standpoint, but from a ceremonial viewpoint, this feature conforming to the rules of their religion.

They bathe before eating, before entering a temple, and upon other occasions, in fact, they would impress you as almost amphibious.

There are eight of these bathing ghats on the Calcutta side and as many more on the opposite, or Howrah side; a pile of high pillars and arches mark these places where about twenty concrete steps from twenty to thirty feet wide lead down to the very water's edge where hundreds of the dusky natives dip and wash and pour water with their brass water jugs or vases and wring their soiled drapery such little as they don.

Sometimes the water is so riled you can scarcely distinguish their dark backs in it.

At one of these places there were a number of goats, bullocks, and big black water buffalos wallowing and rolling around in the water right along with the natives; on festal days the streets leading to the ghats are crowded with bathers on their way.

The river, up and down the ghats, is always full of water craft, from vessels of primitive and crude construction to the modern steamers, for Calcutta is a busy port,

feeding India from the east, tho a hundred and forty two miles from the sea.

We spent most a whole day in the enchanted grounds of the Botanical Gardens, driving among the illustrious palms and thru boulevards lined on either side with over-towering trees of unique and most peculiar species as are found only in India, the vapour arising from the hot sun beaming down on the persistent rank growth of the profusely foliaged plants and trees, filled the whole atmosphere with a commingling of spicy odors almost stupifying us and we capitulated to its seductive charms, becoming actual conformists of Utopia.

On down the scented avenues we swung, bringing up at the celebrated Banyan tree, where we walked under its great outspreading branches, posing for a picture as an ever impression of this wonderful, rare, and much prized ecentricity of nature.

I counted thirty-two in our party and we had scarcely got out of range of its great trunk.

The peculiar feature of this banyan tree is the throwing down runners to the ground where they take root, from the strate-out branches that go right on growing out for a distance of another ten or fifteen feet and then send another runner strate down to the ground, and at the same time the limbs all around and two or three stories above are doing the same thing, many of these standing supports, or runners, support a limb forty to fifty feet high and so strate are they, that you think they are gas pipe and you marvel at the loftiness and area covered by the non-stop growth of this unusual tree, roving outward without a fixed destination, framing its own support as it wanders.

This nomadic freak covers in circumference one thousand feet making it over three hundred feet to walk thru from one side to the other, all quite thickly covered high above with foliage; you could put a whole Indian village under it.

During our stay in Calcutta, His Highness, the Maha-

rajah of Tagore extended us a reeception and entertainment at the Grand Hotel.

The great dining room was cleared of all tables and in the center an oriental rug was laid on which about fifteen natives sat around in languishing attitude and entertained us with original music on their native musical instruments, which were queer looking objects of most curious type and exquisite workmanship, responding to the fingering with doleful strains and plaintative airs, truly characteristic and affecting in its pathos.

Fortunately, I was seated next to an Oxford graduate, an extremely handsome young Hindu of high caste, who had just returned from England, speaking English fluently, who explained to me that it was music of India's very highest class—instruments, performers and composition, and that while the natives reveled in it, that since his having been in England, it no longer appealed to him.

The son of "his highness," who was quite bulky for a Hindu, was "dressed" in white draped trousers, with rose-pink satin overshirt hanging like a sack from neck to below knees, with a vent at either side.

They all greet you with a firm grip of the hand.

The Maharajah is of very small stature, quite aged, very dark small features with a mustache, unostentatious, tho a wealthy owner of large estates—being a prince of high rank—and also possessor of magnificent palaces in Calcutta.

All the rajahs, or independent rulers, hold vast estates with extensive wandering palaces, expressing the embodiment of extreme wealth, while those that are poor, are "so poor."

The native quarter in this city is made up of little dirty shops fronting on the streets, all open, with goods displayed, meager in stock, to the weather, dust and sun; over in behind these stores the family keeps house in a crude way, and they all lay along the sidewalks at any time in the day with scantiest of clothing on, and doze the heated hours away.

There are young girls carrying plump, perfectly nude babies astride their hips, and I find they are married at the age of from nine years up, for one of the rules of the Hindu religion is that girls must be married before, or at, the age of thirteen, it being deemed a disgrace for a father to have unmarried girls of over thirteen in his house.

But it is said that females of India in the torrid zone attain their womanhood at the ages of nine and ten and that a woman of forty in the tropical zone is as old in constitution as one of sixty in the extreme latitudes; so that accounts for the great number of very girlish mothers moving about with their little plump issues astride their hips.

I noticed the women were not as numerous on the streets as in other countries we visited, as women are not considered of as much importance in India as in other nations; they are very inferior to men, per the Hindus.

The better class of the women wear bright colored silk draped all around and brot over the head in scarf fashion, the same uncut piece serving as gown and head-dress, and all edged with an inch border of black and high colors, which add so much to the graceful drape; no buttons or pins, and barefooted—always barefooted—the toes, often each one of both feet, weighted with silver rings with extremely large handsome jeweled sets which, as they passed, gave out a sound as of the tinkling of bells, and again, of a clanking sound, their feet large broad and black, all semblance of arch given way to flatness, as they more shuffle along than walk, on the hot concrete walks which has calloused their soles to leather, as the weight of the heavy silver anklet in addition to the heavy rings retards any alertness.

These anklets, often of priceless value, are really the most bewitching conceit of their idea of personal adornment; they hang loosely round the anklet, some being an inch in diameter, and often an assortment of two to a half dozen are worn, but the lone massive silver one is far more fetching.

The native women idolize jewelry and trinkets; I have

HINDU WOMEN—NOSE RINGS—INDIA.

—Photo by Underwood & Underwood.

seen numerous bracelets on their arms below and above theier elbows at a stretch of six inches each, made up of jeweled bands from one to two inches wide, then small wires, also chains and ropes of beads which are very artistic and well adapted to their original style of deportment, which is quite graceful, stolid and prepossessive with compact expression, but would appear barbarous in European countries.

Some wear great silver rings or hoops four inches in diameter inserted is one side of their nose; these hang over their mouth and chin and would seem a menace in their everyday affairs; in a group of three women, all of them wore these rings and bracelets; in another group of four, three of them wore one-inch rings in the left nostril, while the fourth dangled the four-inch size; others wear jeweled buttons so thickly attached to their nose, with pearl drops hanging as to exclude all view of their upper lip and nostrils and they seem very demure and shy with retiring eyes and olive-brown skin drawn over well-wrought features, with strate black oiled hair parted in the center and pulled back, done in a knot.

Often the rims of both ears are pierced all round with numerous one-inch beaded rings inserted, making them stand out with all the points of a barbarian.

In one instance I became quite familiar with one subject and lifted one of those four-inch hoops worn in the ear, and no wonder the hole on the lobe was torn down an inch long by long wearing the weighty burden, while she appeared quite indifferent as to the disfigurement.

They impress you as walking statues, so immovable do they seem, so smothered in their uncanny religion which closes down over them excluding the freeedom which women of other nations enjoy, and from going thru the native or lower class district of India's big cities and peering into the hovels of her peoples, convinces one that ages will have elapsed ere they are brot up to a standard and sanitary point of existence.

If they realize this, they are still impassive.

I have stopt in the streets and observed these peoples from a close point—some almost withered skeletons, especially the more aged ones with their low wrinkled brows and protruding jawbones holding few remaining muchly exposed snags of teeth, their shriveled bodies bespeaking food denials rather than hardships, for nobody works hard in India—just a slow continuous languorous dragout, for the climate will not permit anything pertaining to strenuousness and taking into account the great multitude of persons there are to do things, there is scarcely need of rapid proceedure.

Taking leave of India from the east side to revisit it later on the west, we packed our tropical clothes to take to the sea again, going still lower into the torrid zone almost to the equatorial line once more.

High-turbaned drivers escorted us from Calcutta to the private train, where, after a couple of hours, we arrived at our aforesaid temporary improvised causeway—taking the place of the wave-swept one on the eve of our arrival—to board the tender, but on being slightly delayed we found the tide had crept shyly in and was engulfing our landing pier and with each wave the depth grew more alarming and the situation more humorous, as 'twas consistent to act at once without argument or protest which culminated in a parade of "foreigners" shorn of shoes and hosiery wading the tide with bounds and leaps, supported by guides and guards, to the amusement of the more fortunate ones who had crossed on low tide.

But seeking the engine rooms of the tender to avert any chill the later ones separated from the crowd; while a few of us went on top deck to view for the last time, and to review in solitary meditation the sacred and mysterious Ganges so holy to this people and to linger on its traditions which this dark race have come to regard as laws.

Their exisstence impelled by the one thot—to die by the Ganges.

The famed Ganges, bursting thru the Himalayan passes and gathering in all drainage to swell its course to

the lands end, where it is relieved by discharging all in the Bengal Bay.

As we steam along on its turbid waters on the way to our ship that is waiting for us far down, I retrace it to its source two thousand miles away where it begins its unceasing flow of water unsullied, pure as, and of the snow that crowns the Himalayas, thirteen thousand feet up in the mountains, but rushing unchecked down into the valley soon becomes worldly and its spotless waters bemirched, tainted, with disease as the defiler, with floating corpses per tradition the polluter, with all the corruption of the important cities that have attached themselves to its banks like cancers, that rends the whole system, as Cawnpore, the modern city of 200,000 that added a scarlet liquid flow in 1857, when during the Indian mutiny, the British forces were compelled to surrender upon conditions agreed, that they were free to leave, where after embarking with their families in boats on the Ganges, the mutineers fired on them, killing many and taking the helpless as prisoners back to the city, where, on learning of another British approach, the prisoners were slaughtered and thrown into a well where now a memorial in the way of a pinnacled stone wall with a doorway leading into, where a white marble angel, given by Queen Victoria, stands immediately over the fatal well, and beautiful gardens surround the monument, where only Europeans alone can enter, a fine mark of British sympathy to their own peoples' pitiful fate.

Further on down stream is the big sacred city of Benares, the pilgrimage of all India, and the headquarters of their Hindu religion, where devotional journeeys present on "all roads lead to Benares" aspect, as the followers of Brahma, comprising all sorts and conditions of these dusky men, women and children by the thousands, clad and unclad, flock to bathe and lave in the Holy Ganges whose banks at this point are lined with bathing ghats, thus adding to the foulness of the stream that was spotless in its embryo, as it drifts on easterly almost five hundred miles to where it answers as a cleanser to a degree for this big port we have just left—Calcutta.

Here the salt tide rushes in from the bay to meet this contamination, carrying it out to sea where it is converted into a beautiful briny-blue and the filth is silted to the bottom as it sways and rocks and heaves and swells in its ever restlessness.

As we steamed out on this heaving plain of ocean I remembered that we were exactly on the opposite side of the world, Calcutta being one of the four cardinal points of the world, with Chicago (nearest my home), and London and the center of the Pacific Ocean being the other three.

Three days we traversed the Coromandel coast down the east side of India, which is sandy with no harbours and the surf lashes the shore, making the landing of goods and passengers from the big trading vessels almost impossible, were it not for the skill of the aquatic natives who run these waves from steamer to shore on a sort of raft of three logs of twenty-foot lengths lashed together and rowed by two men, and is called a catamaran.

Another like conveyance is called the masoola boat—a big heavy hull made strong to withstand the pounding surf, standing high out of the water and is rowed by as many as sixteen oars by as many natives clad only in hip-cloth looking like little black ants as they work and tug with these almost unmanagable crude constructions.

CEYLON.

We neared Ceylon, the little egg-shaped island that makes up a part of the minor British-Asian territory and is just one-third the size of the state of Missouri, barely detached from the downward projecting point of India by Palk Strait and a chain of reefs and sand bars called Adam's Bridge from the supposition of the Mohammedans that Adam escaped into this island of Ceylon from India via this causeway when driven out of Paradise.

And to further their belief in Adam's one-time presence, there is in the interior a cone-shaped mountain rising seven thousand feet, where on top, is a hollow depression five feet long resembling a man's foot which the Mohammedans attribute as that of Adam.

Also the Buddhists assert it is from here that Buddha acended to Heaven leaving a gigantic footprint as evidence.

And again, the Brahmans, or followers of Hindu religion, believe it to be the footprint of Siva, the third god of the Hindu trio that go to make up Brahmanism, as explained heretofore.

Lack of time prevented us making a trip to this legendary tower of the air, altho only forty-five miles from our seaport, Colombo, but we were informed that pllgrimages are continually made up the steep ascent by the faithful of these different creeds where they present their offerings, consisting in most part of the beautiful rhododendron flowers, to the sacred footprint.

'Twas late in the afternoon of the third day's sailing on the Indian Ocean when we rounded the coast of Ceylon and drew up inside the breakwater that forms the harbour at Colombo.

Days and nights on the warm Indian Ocean where the day's glowing equatorial sun rendered all passengers life-

less, heedless of anything save the drone of the engines below and the busy whir of the electric fans and the clinking of the numerous beer-steins in the smoking saloon as they were constantly replenished in the effort to keep the system at a normal degree of coolness, and after the sun was fully submerged in the ocean after lingering on the dark horizon like a red-hot oversized cannon ball void of any radiation, cots were stretched upon the promenade deck, and after eleven o'clock many animated pajamas and kimonas were seen flitting along the decks in the moonlight, having deserted their berths and privacy for the cool sea breezes under the canopy of stars.

The approach to Colombo is one of magnificence and we almost scented the spicy odor far out as we scanned the sandy beach encircled with a variety of palms which the day's relentless heat caused to send out an unlimited aroma.

The beach is narrow, as the abundant growth of cocoa and other palms reach almost to the verge of the great blue, leaving only a glowing yellow streak of sand, clear and scintilating in the sun, as the blue waves roll up on it one after the other in long unbroken lines as far as the eye can see, in its natural wild unspotted freedom, not having yet yielded its restful beauty to the more modern money traffic that beset our beaches of the States, which are strewn with casinos and peanut hulls and broken piling and bath houses and board walks, and after every available inch on shore is taken up they send runners out to sea in the way of piers on which are stationed all kinds of money-making features and the slogan of "clam chowder" vies with the steam calliope on the east coast and the call of the sea lions on the west, and if the sands primarily were yellow, they are, especially at Coney, deplorably discolored at present.

Rounding inside the breakwater, which is artificial and of enormous sweep, we were met by a tug of the harbour, where, after considerable ramming of our ship's sides by this padded-nosed tug we were buffeted in line along with other great ships, and tied to a can-buoy with long cables

fore and aft, for we were to remain on board, going ashore next morning.

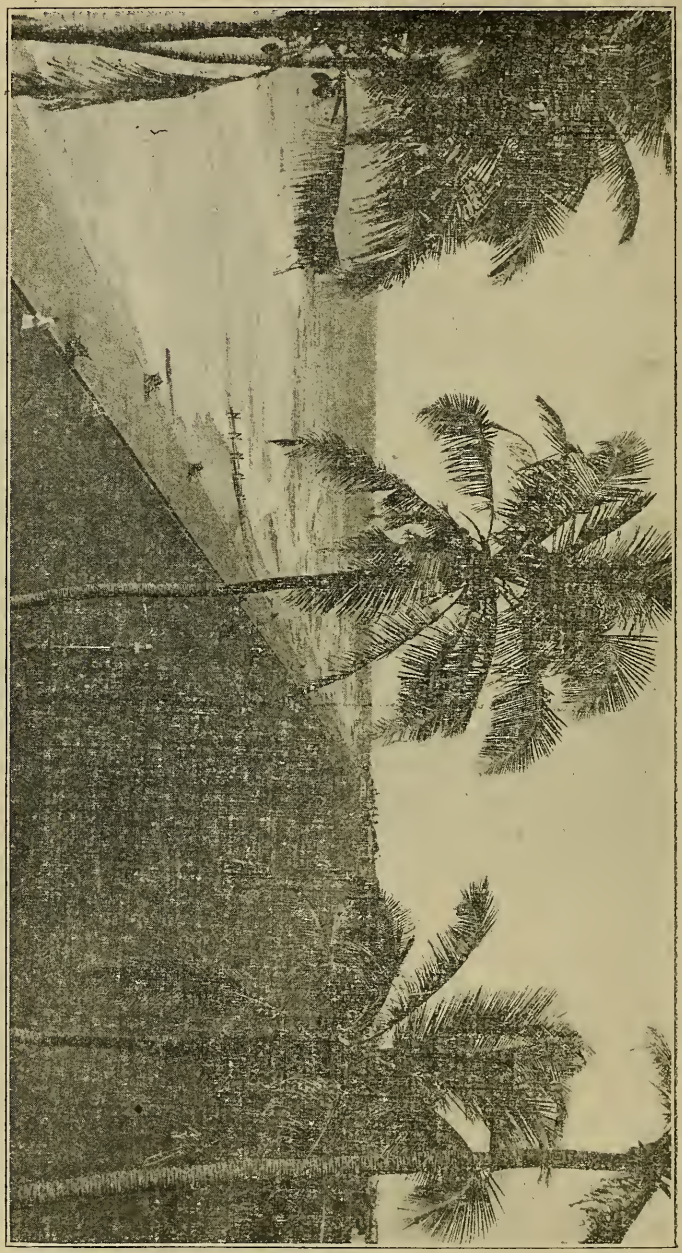
These huge can-buoys are of heavy boiler iron, much riveted to form an airtight cask, and are anchored to the bed of the harbour with long cables where, floating, they bobble and toss with the buoyancy of the shifting surface a limited distance from their moorings, on until a ship comes along to tie up.

'Twas delightfully cool way out here in the harbour, where sleep was defered till almost morning as we promenaded the topmost deck and viewed the different water craft, their hugeness outlined in the night sky, with their miriads of electric lights streaming from the port holes out across the water, just ruffled enuf by the busy, fussy smaller craft exchanging anchorage, to render a twinkling surface surrounded by the massive stone, wave-resisting wall topt here and there by short, stout towers of lighthouses which were on duty signaling their guiding messages out to sea.

All was quiet save the low lap of the waters against the vessel, and the swish of the passing craft manned silently without toot of horn or blast by these dark skinned Singalese of taciturn demeanor.

Next morning we came on deck to view our new subject—Ceylon, the leafy isle; we dropt down the side of the big ship into a tender, steaming across the harbour, landing at the jetty, where we took carriage drives over the city.

Colombo, the capital and sea port of Ceylon has a population of 175,000, made up of Singalese, (as the natives of Ceylon are called) Tamils, who have migrated across from India and Europeans; the latter conducting the official duties, as this island belongs to England and counts one of her East India colonies, since she had the Dutch, who had wrested it from the Portugese, to evacuate, and it is presided over by a governor and councils, who sit at Colombo, where the government buildings are of substantial proportions, and has two fine first class hotels and most excellent stores.



VIEW OF SURF FROM HOTEL—COLOMBO, CEYLON.—Photo by Underwood & Underwood.

An extensive fort is built, and this contains many of the best houses, while along the sea is the Black Town, where the Singalese live and carry on business.

Colombo is one of the cleanest cities we have visited, with broad well-kept streets where the natives rather prefer walking in preference to the sidewalks, in fact, in all these dark countries I have noticed the native pedestrians almost invariably keep to the street, and the rick-shaws (for we once more have them with us as a conveyance, which seems right at home cycling along this sylvan coast) the bullock carts with their homely hood cover of woven bamboo grasses held down neatly with bamboo splints, on two wheels trundling along heavily freighted with tea boxes and other goods, the automobiles and street cars all travel along side by side in this country of mixed ideas—the primitive and the progressive, the original and the modern.

There are aged stone walls outlining some of the thorofares with the fresh green fronds of the palms overhanging.

Palms everywhere—always palms of some one of the many varieties.

Their bright green hues contrasting well with the yellowish sandy streets and the dark race.

All this side of the world is dark.

The Singalese differ from the Hindus in that they are short of stature—tho like the Indians are very, very thin with fine cut features and handsome dark eyes, very white teeth, long black hair usually done up on top of their head with a round tortoise comb sitting round on top which certainly looked queer for men, and especially those that affect European clothes—as those who are engaged in catering to the English speaking populace, and who have the big business places, for it seems they are born traders or merchantmen, as they are clever to cunning in soliciting sales of their wares, among the most interesting of which is the gem traffic, for Ceylon has long been famous for its rubies, saphires and pearls—and we were all attracted by their multi-colored rays flashing in the lights, for who does

not love beautiful polished stones, especially colored ones with odd cuttings and curious oriental settings.

We would visit these gem-shops almost nightly—for night under electric light is jewelry's realm—to admire and marvel at the iridescence and art peculiar to the East Indian's dexterity.

Many of our company fell to the luring charms of the limpid stones and the sheen of the pearls and parted with many rupees in consequence.

The Singalese women affect much jewelry, but are more artful in their adornment than the Tamils or Hindus who, like the Tamils in India run the full gamut in the matter of decoration; their dress whether of silk worn by the better class or of foully white of the poor or coolie class, is merely a drapery wound round and brot up over the left shoulder leaving the right arm and shoulder exposed, with rings and huge drops in their noses, hanging below their mouths in some instances, and dozens of different styles of bracelets and necklaces, and often the rings on each toe is connected to the heavy silver anklet by a chain from each toe leading up to the anklet.

The children of the better class are painfully burdened with heavy beaded and jeweled bands around their heads and across their foreheead with heavy tassels of beads and silver hanging from each ear, and necklaces of enormous beads, while the children of the poorer class wear only a string of beads around their little ebony tubby stomachs, always perfectly nude.

Their hands are very thin, and their feet very large and flat and their hair shines in its oiled condition, which they must needs resort to, else the parching sun would turn it into hemp.

Of course, there are many cases where men, women and children are unkept—horrible examples of slovenliness and squalor and live in long rows of hovels, but thru it all there is the pleasant smile on the little plump faces of the younger ones and their bright eyes fairly beam.

We spent some time at the native markets, walking

thru them, examining, even to buying some of their singular fruits and vegetables; their wares are piled around on the ground, the smaller in low baskets and pans and this is all slightly protected from the sun's singeing rays by make-shifts of stalls of upright poles, on which is stretched canvas of dingy hue, old rags, piece of woven bamboo and roofing.

Pigeons, unmolested, and tattered children scramble in contest for the cast off fragments or refuse of sales.

In this market of wonders, the most freakish fruit which, on account of its heft was lying round on the ground was the jak-fruit.

This is as large as, and the shape of, our muskmelons, but with bright green warty rind like a hedge apple, meat yellow, full of seeds which are roasted and eaten as a great favorite of the East India peoples; this great melon-shaped fruit grows right out promiscuously on the big bulky trunk of the lofty jak-tree, hanging singly on a short stem.

On the streets are seen men carrying four bunches of bananas, two on each end of a long slab of bamboo slung on each man's shoulder vending to the street populace.

Mount Lavinia is the beach resort of Colombo—only a short distance by rail; a fine big airy hotel stands just above a small cliff where the surf booms and bursts into sprays on the rocks at its feet; the view is glorious, and as I sat under a salt-breeze swept palm, the swaying leaves emitting a crackling sound, sipping a huge glass of ice tea —of Sir Thomas Lipton's tea, the English lord of regatta renown, who owns immense tea plantations here and in India—I reflected on the unceasing pounding of these waves that have rolled in here for ages, never missing a cog, forced to make their run; impelled by the power of pressure they rush in clamorously, and will continue to do so for ages to come and the silent black natives will continue to bob up at unexpected places or peer out of the dark cocoanut thickets, or, scantilly clad, maneuver their crude boats with balance-log at one side with matting sail, out thru the surf and between the rocks.

We took a picture of some of these old sea salts that

probably exist only on the shore, never having had a peep into the interior, from the appearance of their well cured hides and facial expressions which bear all the earmarks of our alleged forefathers.

Far down and outlining the rounding coast, are innumerous coconut trees so densely thick and dark as to exclude all ray of light, the bent and twisted bodies of the very near ones curving out over the treacherous deep, giving evidence of many a struggle with sea storms.

One of the blissful native plights is the loam huts set back in these dark coco groves, the tall whitish bodies towering forty feet or more above the heavily thatched roofs that often have quite a green growth sprouted out, especially where the children do not use the roofs for a playground.

But I noticed there are generally a few cocotrees that, thru stress of weather, have matured inclining, and up and down these the litle brown naked children chase each other, and one can hardly distinguish them from the tame monkey at the top.

We went by train up to Kandy which is a charming little city right in the center of Ceylon about seventy-five miles from Colombo and sitting on the bank of a beautiful lake, has gorgeous surroundings.

Grand were the carriage drives along Lakeside promenade and out thru the avenues of towering palms of rarest species, thru cinnamon gardens, under the giant feathery bamboo, by the big broad-leaved breadfruit trees, along roads thru rubber tree groves, under the huge nutmeg trees with their shining leaves, by the areca palm—the specie that yields the betel nut that all the East, male and female, chew with lime, conducing expectoration, leaving the appearance of blood along the lips and trickling down, almost causing nausea to onlookers.

This is one of the filthy habits over here, like tobacco chewing in our States.

An abundance of everything known to the tropical world grows to its limit here, a perfect labyrinth of bowers

in this fertile valley up here amid the grandeur of the wooded hills.

How different this is in comparison to the solitary loneliness of the long sweep of the coast line far below, where the moan of the restless ocean mingles with the sough of the coco fronds swaying in the salty atmos.

Ceylon possesses many interesting features to world travelers and I'm convinced that traveling, with study and observation is the most dependable way to acquire a knowledge of geography and history—and many other things, for that matter.

Ink heleps to ease one's mind, and furnishes an outlet for the accumulation whether recognized or not.

A tourist has the advantage over the natives of the different countries in that on pain of restriction of their laws of society much is denied them, while the tourist is seeking the topography of the world and what man's hand has wrot to attract or commemorate—a blending of nature and artificiality?

The defying tourist, like a whimsical butterfly, gathers the situation at one point and flits on to another, all the time adding to her budget of knowledge—wandering at will, regardless of criticism or propriety.

While the English guests of the big Queen's Hotel in Kandy, where we were stopping, were sipping their four o'clock tea according to the conventions of polite society, we were investigating the "Palace of the Tooth," which is a Buddhist temple, wherein a single tooth, deemed that of Buddha is reared on a shrine, the most sacred of the Buddhist world, where great reverence is paid to this mark of his presence, Ceylon is of Buddhist belief same as China and Japan, tho China has alternately persecuted and favored it.

Ceylon has numerous temples and they are filled with images of Buddha, carved and moulded of various woods, stones, marbles and metals and of small to colossal size, where the worship simply consists of prayers and offerings of flowers and perfumes before these images—all idea of God absolutely banished from Buddhism.

Sunday is unknown.

Up here among the hills, the governor's house is one of the finest in Ceylon; the government brick works are here, for there must be some employment for these peoples —where it seems half the population live leisurely in the streets, all semblance of haste being blotted out of their everyday world.

Agriculture is the vocation of three-fourths of the population and the great rice fields climb almost to the mountain tops and make a panorama not soon forgotten, as we circled round these terraced beds on our way up to Kandy, rising higher and higher up to the mountainous interior, where the jungles begin, and slope down the east side, and where wild animals run at will from neglect of these natives to develop the possibilities.

We were told that elephants are quite numerous and that the government issues license for their capture.

Bears, leopards and wild hogs are in the jungles.

That it is the home of the monkey was evidenced by the great number we would see—but cocotrees and monkeys are co-partners anywhere.

Armadillos are caught and when divested of their vital parts, their armored shells are inverted and make beautiful receptacles, ranging from one to two feet in oblong size.

The porcupine is another hunted animal and their quills that grow out on their backs are removed and split in two, turned downward and laid close together, form a spotted black and white ridged covering for all kinds of work boxes, tables and cabinet work, framed with the fine black ebony wood ,which tree reaches its acme here; the wood hard, almost to a bone and polished, carved and inlaid with pearl from the pearl fisheries which abound just up the coast in the Mannar Gulf, or ivory inlaid from the elephant tusks just out of the jungles, furnishes employment for the natives who are favored with patience.

Many of our passengers bought of these novel, handwrot conceits, both products and ideas native.

Here is where we saw so many Birds of Paradise and

other curious birds with gorgeous plumage, trailing and waving in all the brilliant colors—and with all this and the exuberant growth of greenery almost smothering the little island, why not, like the natives call it—the "seat of Paradise."

The island has about two hundred miles of railroad, the trains equipt with splendid little compartment coaches, and there is an excellent system of automobile roads of macadam, steam rolled, with rest houses or as the natives call them, dak-bungalows, which really are lodges or accommodation places for the traveling public stationed along the auto roads at intervals of seven to twelve miles and are maintained by the government with a keeper in charge.

In some parts they are whitewashed, with thatched roofs, and of few rooms and always the veranda surrounding; each room is provided with a bathroom adjoining, where is a huge wooden tub with water and the price per head is only one rupee—about thirty-three cents—per night.

There are sheds for the machines, automobiling fast becoming the popular means of sight-seeing in all these countries, but we were advised only light cars could be used advantageously in the interior owing to the steep grades, where if once stuck in the sand the primitive harness of the oxen will not suffice for a boost uphill.

Horses are as scarce here in Ceylon as elephants in our States, and the only conveyance known is the huge ox cart with its great hooded top of woven bamboo drawn by the zebu oxen or Indian cow that has two big humps on its shoulders, and a train of these moving slowly along the well-paved streets or an up-curve is certainly a typical oriental depiction.

Steaming out of the Indian Ocean into the smooth Arabian Sea along the west coast of India on our way to Bombay, we kept to our deck chairs, whiling the warm days away, for 'twas very warm as we were only a few degrees away from the equator and any energy on our part was susceptible to complete collapse.

Skimming along on the glassy surface, the richness

of the palm-laden island just left was ever foremost in reverie.

The palms the world over being the most interesting of all vegetable plants on account of their peculiarity of drastic outline eased off by the tuft of feathery leaves in various forms.

There are hundreds of species and it looked very like they were all here in these islands in the South Seas that we have been traversing for months.

It is claimed that not a single specie exists that has not some useful property; we all know that these coffee-colored natives can live off the cocoa palm—build his hut of the trunk and cover it with layers of the leaves or fronds, as is evidenced in passing thru the country; food in various forms is obtained from the rich kernel dried or otherwise, oil or lard is prest from the same for making candles and soap, inside the kernel is a pint or more of white sweetish juice or liquid called milk which we often drank at the stations in preference to the water available; the hard shell surrounding the kernel is made into dippers, cups and other receptacles, carved into combs, forks and spoons; the thick stringy fibrous coat that surrounds this hard shell (presumably protection from bursting open on its sixty-foot fall) is woven into cloth, but clothing is unnecessary in this clime, and is also women into matting, made into ropes, lacings and brushes, while the fronds or leaves are made into baskets, brooms, mats and a variety of useful things.

I repeat this to impress the importance the palm plays to the ingenuity of the dark races; the trunks are made into boats with the matting serving as sails and are used on the treams and along the shores of these small island countries where there is an oversupply of natives and a shortage of progress.

Household furniture, of course, is unknown among the primitive they prefering a squatting posture, where their black nude knees often reach their ears, so thin are they.

But some rude articles of furnishings are made of these same coco trunks and in addition to the above uses that

this palm cntributes to there is also a coarse sugar made of the juice that is extracted by boring into the trunk and allowing the sweetish juice to evaporate.

Again this same sap, by distilling, becomes the beverage or spirituous liquor of these orientals and is called "arack."

Another palm, and of giant proportions, is the Talipot palm which sends out our palm leaf fans at a height of often a hundred feet, and one of the awesome sights is the great tuft of fans growing out from the stupenduous tops, as we viewed them here in their native home in Ceylon growing in wild state along with other towering trees, and any one visiting Ceylon will be taken aback by going thru the avenues of these huge sheafy freaks in Peradenya Gardens where is the Botanical garden of the isle, being a suburb of Kandy where the highest type of all specimens pertaining, is brot out.

The Travelers' palm is another that will attract attention in its peculiarity of long fringed leaves springing up from near the ground and spreading in one great fan.

The magnificence of this exotic display of verdancy and brilliant blossoms and foliages of this perfumed island will dwell long in the faculty of the "globe trotter."

The succession of rice paddies ascending in steps up the hillsides, the trail of the tea plantations over the hilly tracts, for what coffee is to the Island of Java, tea is to the Island of Ceylon—these represent the commercial side.

INDIA.

After days of beautiful sailing we drift into Bombay harbour.

With all the land of India at its disposal, Bombay is crowded out on the extreme point of a long narrow island-peninsula only three miles broad, projecting and facing into the Indian Ocean where the tide laves its very feet—or would were it not for the great sea wall surrounding.

Why do our important cities covet the sea?

With a waste of land for safe building lying up state, New York, the second city in the world, divides honors between building seaward and skyward, the latest steel tower rising fifty-five stories in the air while the area of that part of New York encroaching on the surrounding sea would run up in figures.

As yet the city has been immune from holocaust.

San Francisco defiantly heaps monuments on the little sharp peninsula projecting seaward, tho the target for seismic outbursts; while Galveston goes one better, ignoring the big state of Texas hies herself off to a little island out in the spasmodic gulf barely connected to the mainland by a two-mile artificial causeway where at times she is subjected to a drenching from disastrous tidal waves, despite the precautions of a mammoth sea wall surrounding.

Likewise, Bombay with her million of peoples, almost entirely surrounded by water and at the mercy of the Indian Ocean which threatens overflow, risks her welfare to a series of long walls and embankments at great expense and labor.

The harbour or inlet of the sea, is on the east of the city of Bombay (which means "good harbour") and is floating full of busy watercraft, while the waves of the

ocean sweep it on the west in a grand curve forming an open and inviting beach basking in the sun, and encircling this long curve is the famous wide driving thorofare, the "Queen's Road" lined with rows of palms and acacias with the sheen of the sea on one side and handsome modern buildings on the other.

Again and again we drove by carriage or auto along this extravagantly favored boulevard, which is the most appreciated of all Bombay's pleasure assets—then on up higher and higher thru the driveway of palms and overhanging cliffs and embankments all covered with foliages till we reached the top of Malabar Hill, where is the "Hanging Garden" a romantic mass of rambling specimens of greenery suspended over one of the reservoirs.

This hill appears one terraced park, where the view by moonlight of the city below, the great towers of the Hindu. temples interspersed thruout, the outline of the unrivaled architecture all encircling the great shining scope of Back Bay with its restless waves playing and purling on the beach, is ineffecable.

High above the heated city we traced the moonlit shadowy paths while the surf lashed the walls below, and automobiles hummed in their rush to and fro thru palm bounded Queen's Road and banyan lined Esplanade, discernible by the trail of the electric lighting—for day in Bombay is turned into night by the alluring night climate drawing the people into the open, as a visit to this city will attest.

Just over there on the coast stands the great silent missionary—the lighthouse of Colaba—is all solitariness; a grim monster of warning, that, of course, of mariner be not rightly persued, disaster results.

Bombay is the European gateway to all India.

All the ocean steamers call at this important port for passenger and commercial purposes, for India can only be reached by boat, as, tho miles and miles of railroads are in operation in India, under British supervision, none leads out to the surrounding countries; it stops when it gets to the border line, because Britain does not own Thibet, Turk-

estan, Aghanistan and Baluchistan the countries that surround India on the north curve, all else being water.

The big mountain range, the Himalayas lies along the north border and is impenetrable for railroads, the range being twice as high as the Alps.

Nature made this great harbour; it is said it can shelter the navies of half the world without inconvenience, and this port serves the needs of half of all India.

There are factories here, and the merchants are enterprising.

Great massive stone structures stretching along the bund commanded our attention long before disembarkation, and all about the harbour is a forest of masts and funnels.

Across the city is the military cantonment which, owing to the extreme confidence in their loyalty, only a few infantry and artillery are maintained by the British.

But Bombay, city of one million and the birthplace and home of Rudyard Kipling, the English author, was not always the "City of Palms and Palaces."

There was strife in supremacy; sickness from pestilential swamps before the sea was shut out; ravages of pirates had reduced the population until the power of the natives was broke, and the British progress sped on.

Railways led out to all parts, linking the large cities and on across the country to Calcutta on the opposite shore.

Added to the onward movement was the cotton returns, which during the struggle of our North and South in the sixties, the world's supply was cut off and India was the only country which could supply the deficiency, and the war making prices soar, money poured into this city until the peasants were amazed even at their sudden wealth to the point that they shod their bullocks and tired their carts with silver, and speculation ran wild until Lee's surrender at Richmond, and the bubble bursted.

Then began, with this reaction a more solid and substantial growth, and the city has expanded until, with sanitation and drainage and its industries, Bombay has become the best governed city in India.

Now they are building docks at a cost of three million of dollars which will make Bombay the best equipt port in Asia where largest of liners can disembark their passengers at any stage of the tide and not have to leave them a mile out in the deep sea as we have ours, and have brot our grips to spend a week at the big beautiful Taj Hahal Hotel while we explore all the intereting sights which this ancient land and modern city has to offer.

Since coming here, I find this port the most convenient point to commence to see India, as the many railways and access to the sea will ditribute one to all or any part of this mystical, superstitious and peculiarly religious and aged slow country, yet at the same time containing the finest specimens of hand-wrot landmarks, as, palaces by their kingly spenders, the last word in jeweled pagodas, and monuments to the departed, such as the Taj Mahal, which has become a world famous tablet as the mausoleum to his favorite queen by the Shah Jehan during his Mohammedan reign at Agra two hundred and fifty years ago, and which wonderful execution of magnificence in white marble which required twenty thousand men seventeen years to accomplish what it is now refered to as a "dream in marble," a "poem in stone."

Thus amidst the poverty, sets these diamond fields.

The descriptions of these bejeweled and marble affairs would fill volumes, and their values would fill treasuries.

Railroads are thickest skirting the Himalayas..

Leading out to the northwest is Srinager, in the "vale of Cashmere," around which is centered Moore's "Lalla Rookh," the gorgeous oriental poem that holds one to the end where a most beautiful surprise awaits them.

In visiting this country, even if one sought nothing more than the magnificence of the different styles of architecture wrot out, one is well paid.

But Bombay, now that travel in late years has become so universal, cognizant that all who pass to the Far East must necessarily call at her door has set to, to attract and become efficient and the outcome is that her modern build-

ings are unrivaled in the East, and that she well serves as an introductcion to the wondrous land of Ind. (Ind. you must know is the poetic name for India.)

Seven trunk lines radiate thruout Hindustan from the Victoria Terminus, the wandering massive pile of stone arches, columns and pinnacled towers which is said to be the handsomest railway station in the world, and it certainly is conspicuous throut Bombay as it lies, the center figure in the broad plaza, scintilating in the Indian sun, with peoples rushing for their trains and the ox-cart plods slowly by this grandeur.

All time here is reckoned by the twenty-four system, and their time tables do look odd, as three o'clock is printed as fifteen o'clock, and so on to the twenty-four at midnight.

We were glad the big Taj Mahal Hotel was to be our headquarters during our stay on shore at this port; this great mass of stone arches is five stories high, of quadrangular form which allows the freest circulation of air; even the many windows are glazed with tinted glass to reduce the sun's glare, and the long halls, or corridors are spacious colonades, with a great dome-way, where we wind round broad stone stairs or take the lift.

The bulky arched veranda overlooking the harbour, and especially with the Indian moon flooding a silvery light over all, was our one retreat—the management gave a dance for us, but we were not there, the indescribable nights held us in the open.

In the rear and over the palm court is the lounge, or winter garden where we sat midst palms and listened to the band while light drinks were served by the dark waiters in their native dress of scarlet and white, which only enhanced the oriental glamour of the surroundings.

The kitchen to this big hostelry—for we had to eat, altho at times we were most too engrossed, or it seemed too warm to indulge—is on the roof, so there's no odor of cooking discernible thruout the hotel; there's a great stove sixteen feet long, and a forest of shining copper saucepans and kettles.

The big cool halls and reading rooms were drawing

thru the day when the thermometer was spewing over.

The university in Bombay is a huge affair and its clock tower dominates the whole city, while at the extreme end of Esplanade road stands an exquisite white marble statue of Queen Victoria, and this was presented by one of her titled subjects.

With all these beautiful things encircling Back Bay, some one has said "see Back Bay and live" which is not as poetic, tho more practical than the enthusiast who said "see the Bay of Naples and die."

Having seen both, I'm possesseed with a desire to do it over again.

We visited the Crawford market, where you can buy anything from a tiger cub to a farthing's worth of curry powder—a farthing, you know, is about one-half of a cent.

The Indian dollar is the rupee, which is about thirty-two cents of our money; this is changed with annas as smaller coin as sixteen annas make one rupee.

One afternoon was spent at the famous "Towers of Silence." As I mentioned before, the Mohammedans bury their dead; the Hindus burn theirs, but the Parsees, of Zoroastrian faith—believing in fire worship—exiles from Persia centuries ago and who are now some of India's most dependable merchants, deeming it pollution of the earth to bury the dead, have built five great round towers on top of Malabar Hill where they bear their dead on stretchers to these enclosures.

We followed with a corpse one morning and saw them open the black iron door to one of these receivers, which is open top and has iron grating or fret work inside on which the dead body is laid, the door is closed, and all is over; the family walk slowly back down the hill, and the corpse is left to the vultures.

These big black ugly, red-necked rapacious birds sit around on the near trees by hundreds; after a short time, they fly in squads over onto this open grate, where after thirty minute there is a fluttering and they all return on outstretched wings and settle about on the trees and right

TOWERS OF SILENCE—PARSI DEAD.

—Photo by Underwood & Underwood.

at our elbows; they had filled their mission and were picking their teeth.

They pick the flesh from the body in half an hour and the bones drop down thru the grating.

These vultures are a hideous looking bird, with wattled red neck and pirate bill, and are tame as they are never molested.

They act as scavengers.

Another time I saw a black cloud of them settling over a bullock that had come in contact with an engine on the railway. These carrion-crows clear the wreck in a short time and the bones are left to bleach in the sun.

The trips thru the native streets were interesting; we did not mind the unpleasant odors and uncleanliness—we greased our nostrils in defense and watched the multitude of races in their small way of trading in smallest of trifles.

The Hindus in their multi-colored turbans of all shapes and sizes and cleanliness—Mohammedans with strict features; the flat-nosed Africans and Chinese along with the scant clothed coolies and porter ,who do the menial work.

Up comes a couple of old bearded "snake charmers" carrying their baskets which they set down, and set themselve down too, right in the middle of the street, folding up like a grasshopper with knees, in some cases, almost reaching above their ear, so emaciated are they.

They spread down a cloth of various hues for you to throw backsheesh on, while they open the basket and take out the venomous and dreaded cobra of India, which begins to expand or inflate its throat as it weaves back and forth making all kinds of grimaces while the "charmer" plays a kind of bagpipe.

But we were told that the poison fangs of these reptiles are extracted.

The last day spent in this port, we went to Elephanta Caves.

We chartered two big rough high built hulls with about sixteen native oarsmen to each, and were rowed eight miles across the bay to the rock caves.

STREET SHOWMEN OF SNAKES—INDIA.

—Photo by Underwood & Underwood.

A strong tide was in and landing was difficult to make, one of our ladies fell overboard and down between the two hulls, but was rescued after much excitement, and we walked up the steep circular roadway to the top of the mountain island to view the wonderful carvings of centuries ago in solid rock caves.

Some of us were carried up in chairs tied on long poles, with four natives carrying the poles on their shoulders.

We could see the yawning mouth of this big caverrn long before we reached it, and the stupendous columns and gigantic gods, all hewn out of the living rock are of Titanic dimensions.

The largest hall in the cave is one hundred and thirty feet square; sculptures emboss the walls around ,the main one representing the Hindu god Siva in his triple character of Creator, Preserver, Destroyer, as before refered to, and is eighteen feet high, carved in such a manner along the wall as to seem to start out.

There are four of these cave temples up here, in more or less preserved condition, and pilgrimage is still made to these ghostly looking vaults by the devouts.

From the plateau that sweeps around the top of this mount, we had an admirable view of Bombay harbour and its craft, with Butcher Island, the center of the submarine defences, in the fore.

Coming back down the winding path to the water's edge, we scrambled into the big wallowing hulls and were rowed back across the bay to the "bunder," as a landing place is called in this Anglo-Indian country.

Here we found some of our servants whose lips and mouth were all besmeared with a scarlet fluid and it was streaming down their chins and onto their clothes, what few they had on—they were indifferent as to their appearance, they were chewing the betel-nut. These nuts are larger than an acorn and are grown on the areca palm, and both men and women chew them with lime and the spittle is blood red, and is a most disgusting sight espelially

when the old women have lost their teeth save one or two prominent ones in the front, and she cannot close in on this red stream.

I brot some of the nuts home with me, but never could decide to try them out.

ON THE RED SEA.

We immediately went to our ship and adjusting ourselves to our floating home once more, we started across the Arabian Sea.

For four days we sailed this neck of the Indian Ocean.

One day it was as smooth as glass and resembled gliding along on ice—just a sheet of silver without a ripple.

Only twice during our whole sea voyage have we had this silky sheen on the water, once before on the China Sea.

Sighting land, we found we had come upon the little arid city of Aden a white city settled at the foot of a barren mountainous point of southwest Arabia near the approach to the Red Sea, rounding Somali Land in Africa on the left.

A portion of this land in Africa belongs to Great Britain as does Aden, with a small surrounding territory.

We hear little of Aden, yet it is a most important military point and guards Britain's interests thru the Red Sea, as does Gibralter at the entrance to the Mediteranean.

Both of these seas are under military observation of the British government.

We had been having a good time in our ship home across the Arabian Sea on our way to Suez, it being three thousand miles, necessitating nine days run; there is something going on all the time on board ship—dining and wining, dancing and music, lectures and shows, entertainments and games, until the time passes all too soon.

But we were incensed with a spirit of sympathy as we slowly drew up around this little barren city of Aden lying out here in the burning sand so desolate and isolated.

The population is forty-six thousand including the garrison.

We had such a fine view from the steamer; we could

see the big rock cisterns built around to receive the rain, as no fresh water is available on this sandy point and when rainfall is lacking they resort to condensation of the salt, or sea water, which is the only unfailing means of supply, of course, for the expanse of sea swirls all round its feet.

Their food supplies must be reached them by passing steamers.

We got our field glasses and scrutinized the lonely fortified town; not a sprig of grass or shrub or anything green was to be seen, just solid, silent barrenness.

Steaming on we passed thru the Strait of Bab-el-Mandeb, which means "gate of tears" from being a dangerous passage; and, indeed it must be for we saw several ships and craft lodged on the rocks that had been wrecked and were abandoned, and left to the tide's draw piled high or lying over on their side, stript of masts and sails; it was really a picture of desolation for each vessel bespoke of disaster to some one.

The Red Sea is as long as half way across the United States, and was almost an inland body were it not for this narrow strait of Babel-Mandeb which is only twelve miles wide, and now the big Suez Canal which has been dug thru traffic, also for circling the globe, sparing the dip down to the Antarctic regions.

'Twas warm sailing thru this sea, tho interesting; the ship's crew kept on the lookout for sharks all the way, wishing to capture one, for they are said to be more abundant here than anywhere.

On the left is Abyssinia and Nubia; on the right is the city of Mecca—birthplace of Mohamet, and a little farther up is Medina his burial place.

The sea grew narrower as we neared the canal, running into the Gulf of Suez which is very shallow and numerous lighthouses stand guard all along. Here thru this shallow stretch, the place was pointed out where Moses conveyed the Israelites across the Red Sea from their bondage in Egypt under Pharoah, who followed them, and was drowned with his army.

Just to our right is Mt. Sinai, standing just as it was

thirty-six hundred years ago whither he led them to the encampment on the mount, where he received the Ten Commandments and laws from the Creator for the regulation of the lives of these Israelites.

About two hundred miles farther north is Jerusalem, and the Dead Sea, and the River Jordan—the birthplace of Christianity, yet we are surrounded on all sides with Islamism—whole countries of Moslems; Christ's teachings supplanted by Mohamet, who was born five hundred years later and has held all his followers thruout the crusades of all these years. .

It is to be regretted that the Holy Land is not in a Christian country, yet that Jerusalem is being perpetuated all round the world is attested by the many little missions in all the foreign lands, with sacrificing teachers interpreting the message.

But all about us, as we enter Suez, the port at the beginning of the canal on the south there is a motley of red fezzed Turks and white capt Moslems with trailing and flaring robes of all hues—dark, black, and blacker, each with different manners and customs.

It took four days to sail the Red Sea, which is not red at all, in fact, it is a beautiful blue; in order to bring some of it home with me, I tied a long string to a bottle and dropt it over the side of the vessel and waited for it to fill.

What a waste of desert, as far as eye can see on either side.

The yellow sands of Araby ("Araby" you must know, is the poetic name for Arabia), glistens to almost dimming the sun, and on the other side the African sand dunes drifted to form a barrier along the coast, and we set to thinking what a deplorable contrast to the profuse growth on the islands of Jafa, Singapore and Ceylon where we roved and raved over the dense verdure.

It has been so warm along thru this sea that everybody on this ship wears white from head to sole—from the captain, officers, passengers and stewards to boot-whiteners, and the laundry on the hold runs day and night, and our

poor chefs, or cooks, wear scant apparel in the hot kitchens, as they serve us three big meals, including a seven-course dinner, every day, and lemonade and wafers at 11 A. M. and tea with cakes at 4 P. M. also sandwiches at 10 P. M. according to German ironclad rules for punctuality.

The bugle is blown promptly and we do the rest, also the resting.

There's nothing like laying back in your deck chair and watch the stern of the boat lazily see-saw up and down on the horizon.

As I stood by the railing one night and looked over the side of the vessel, watching the foaming waters go frothingly by (made by the cut of our ship) and the balmy sea breezes floating past, with now and then a lighthouse blinking flirtingly on the distant shore, and the strain of our very fine little string band drawing the "weep" out of the violins, mingled with the swish of the waters in the silent night, I thot what a beautiful privilege to be permitted to sail clear round the whole big wide world.

ALONG THE SUEZ CANAL.

On drawing up to Suez, we disembarked, and our ship was to pass on thru the canal and take a thoro cleansing (altho it seemed immaculate at all times), while we dropt into big barges to reach the shore, where we took the train, outlining the canal half its length, which is about fifty miles—for this waterway is a hundred miles long—where at the junction of Ismaila we turned due west and proceeded across the desert to Cairo in Egypt.

Somebody has said the Suez Canal is not interesting; he possibly did not get a glimpse of it; for if nothing more, a glimpse of this beautiful turquoise strip embedded in the yellow sands is a picture that would put an artist to despair.

This big ship canal was built little over fifty years ago by the French engineer, De Lesseps, and proved a success.

He, ten years later, undertook the difficult problem of the Panama Canal, but made a failure, when after twenty years our States took up the expensive proposition and finished it.

These two canals, the Suez, a hundred miles long, sea level, and our Panama, forty-six miles, lock, are the world's most important artificial constructions, shortening the sea course thousands of miles which is of valuable moment commercially, and more so in times of stress.

Seventy-five miles of this blue ribbon lying here in the burning sands, has been dug by labor, the other twenty-five runs thru several lakes where the course only had to be deepened, for this sailing channel is twenty-six feet deep.

It is cut thru a flat level barren isthmus; not an object breaks the skyline save the masts of a steamer slowly and

carefully plying thru, or the wabbling long poles of the native craft that holds your attention over anything modern.

It takes about eighteen hours for a large steamer to pass thru the canal; there are nine sidings in the whole length to provide for ships to pass each other, and it is now electric lighted to aid traffic at night.

This territory we are now in belongs to England as do many ports all round the world, for England owns the world's sea power and she must have coaling stations for coaling her ships on their passage.

Four-fifths of the traffic passing thru the canal belongs to England.

EGYPT.

Egypt is generally known as the land of perpetual sunshine; a visit would substantiate that assertion.

It now has become quite a winter resort on that account, or they would have you believe so, but in passing along, I notice "our kind" are none too numerous.

Right here it seems, is where history began, and thruout all the wars and progress, what a comparison to the stride of our new rapid transit country—the United States.

It would take volumes to unveil Egypt's past.

It seems, in taking a glance around that we are back in Bible times—flowing gowns, barefoot men and women, pious gait and such were it not for the few facilities that has been made necessary in order to view in quicker, than the native time would permit.

The yellow glow of Sahara's burning waste only enhances the age and solidity of the great ruins of former predomination, the citadel, the mosques (for, of course, this is a Mohammedan country), in fact, this whole land of monumental wonders, which must have taken years of men's work in their primitive way.

For Egypt has seen many rulers.

Thru all the wars and revolts, defeat and oppression she has played an active part since two thousand years before Christ.

She has belonged to Persia, to the Greeks, to Rome, to the Turks, to France, to Britain.

Mural sculpture and hieroglyphics, rock-cut tombs, obelisks and colossal statues each represent the peculiar characteristics of the one dominating.

The buildings all covered with flat roofs of immense flat blocks of stone reaching from one wall or column to another, as wood was not used in those days.

Walls and columns, great gateways, portals and towers all sculptured right on the stone representing animals and gods.

If you don't go anywhere else—go to Egypt.

Get a whiff of "Arabian nights" and orientalism, with all its mysteries of veiled women, hiding all save their big, black, sad eyes; of latticed windows swinging out over the Nile, disclosing signs of a harem (for the Koran, in the ninth chapter approves of many wives); the superstition prevalent; the prayer rugs which are the one essential of a Mohammedan; the sound of the call of the muezzin from the balcony of the tall minarets of the great mosques, for prayer five times a day, when all animation is suspended and with bowed heads, all is silence, with head always turned toward Mecca in Arabia; of the extreme poverty and general wretched condition of the cultivators alongside of so much pomp, all seem so unequally divided, yet moving like a glacier all these years.

Tho Britain supervises this country, it is reigned over by the Khedive, or viceroy, who must pay tribute to the Sultan of Turkey.

Now, since the cry of woman suffrage in England has become so thoro, there is talk here of the educated woman in Egypt.

A woman sat on the throne of Egypt a number of years—the Greek Queen of the Ptolemy dynasty that reigned for three hundred years just before the Christian era.

Think of the veilless woman in Sleopatra's land.

A day when the Egyptian woman can step out and take her place with other women that have an opportunity in the world, for they look so forlorn behind these barriers, and they do not get out of life what is due them.

During our stay in Cairo we had the Grand Continental and the Shepherd hotels at our disposal, which are lofty affairs where entertainments and dances were arranged, but defying any impression we might incur as to "culture" we were out exploring, wishing to acquaint ourselves with the native part.

One night was given up to a native refrehment hall where the voluptuous dance was executed by young women in scant oriental dress in which gyrating, and writhing and contortion of the body was the chief aim.

Another was spent at the big skating rink in the park, and promenading thru the avenues, and out-door restaurants where the assemblage is quite cosmopolitan, for night is when you see Cairo at its best.

The one redeeming feature of Africa besides the diamond fields of Kimberly in the south, is the big Nile that runs most the whole length of Africa beginning in the lakes far below the equator and outlining the east side and running thru Cairo.

Here it spreads into the Delta and numerous branches and canals distributes its waters to the Mediteranean.

As it scarcely ever rains in this part of Africa, the Nile's flow is sustained by the copious rains and lakes at its source back in the tropics; and during its annual overflow beginning in June it carries down much rich soil scattering it out over the Delta.

In the territory where this benefactor reaches, it enables the raising of two crops, so no wonder its coming is watched for and that the Nile has been, and is yet worshipt as a god.

The Nile runs thru Cairo but is not the blue as generally pictured, it is dark to almost muddy, but it is certainly this country's savior as there would be famine or complete abondanment without this loyal stream of fresh water wending its way from lakes far back, to sooth the fevered brow or parched lips of the various races who abide by its shores in this desert region..

But during its overflow, and with irrigation on the most minute and primitive plan, a territory has been opened up immediately surrounding (tho where this is not resorted to, one would never suspicion there was a river in the whole of Africa), and small and numerous patches are cultivated where it is so rich that three crops of alfalfa are ofttimes harvested in a year.

The dark, stolid peasant or fellahs are a mixture of Arab, Nubian and Coptic or ancient Egyptian blood; these are the natives who are depended on for agriculture, and we saw them plowing the fields or rather patches with stick plows; these are long poles for tongue, while a shorter pole or stick with a wooden or iron shoe on one end that makes the furrow, and is fastened to the pole with a rope or nailed and is held by the fellah as he drives his team of a camel and cow, or perhaps a big water buffalo and a stupid burro, but in no case did I see a match team of any kind of work animals; and it is surprising what excellent order and neatness these squares are laid out in, with dozens of the slow fellahs to each square which are not much larger than some city blocks, but there are no fences and no brush and more's the pity, no woods; what a contrast—this barrenness and our Ozarks, with its densely wooded hills, its rills and tumbling crystal waters, its oozing springs, mossy lakes and cool damp caverns; if four or five of these natural park counties of the Ozarks were suddenly set down over here in the blistering sands, I dare say some of these fellahs would lose all reason who have known nothing save the radiating heat, the sun's yellow glare and the hot burning sands of this open vastness.

Some of the natives were harvesting alfalfa with hand grass sickles; they packed it on the camels backs in ropes until their sides bulged out like moving vans, and one of the unforgetable sights is the ever long string of sand-colored camels plodding along the almost invisible paths in all meekness with these great loads of hay, or ofttimes of dried cotton bracken; they make a long black winding streak on the sand in the distant stretch, as they travel always single file and are so completely covered with their loads as to not be visible.

The camel is as essential to Egypt and the dessert as the elephant to India, or the water buffalo to the Philippines.

Indeed, without the Nile and the camel we would be without Egypt.

The camel lives to be forty years old; I asked what

they usually sold for and was told $80 each; they travel cross-country about twenty-five miles a day, unless one for speed in wanted when sixty miles can be made; they have broad hoofed elastic feet and do not sink readily in the sand.

They can go for days without water as their stomachs are so constructed as to store water for future use, while they live on merest of food as leaves, nettles and twigs, and even when these fail, they can draw on the humps on their backs which contains a storage of fat; they certainly are a peculiar animal, well suited for this country, a beast of burden and most invaluable as a means of conveyance.

Another desert scene and one to reflect upon, and one almost daily seen, is the family moving across the shifting sands by camel route; the lone beast loaded with furniture and old rugs and rags, and pots and kettles and water jugs —in fact, he is almost obscured under the household load, with wife and child sitting on top of all this, the husband walking and leading—going out into the desert the Lord only knows where, possibly to join some band or nomadic tribe who have gone before and settled around an oasis, which is a well or water hole or retainer which has been solid enuf to hold humidity and become a fertile spot in the long stretches of desert.

There are generally the Bedouins who exist thruout the desert, some are friendly to invaders, others hostile.

Again there are caravan routes—long strings of camels are loaded with supplies and with a picturesque Arab leading each one, they start out across the desert along the hot sandy path to some distant city miles away, for the camel can go days without water and they need only carry water and provisions for the attendants; the cargo of these camel trains consist of, perhaps, rugs only, for this trip, then again it would of one certain kind of food.

Altho a railroad outlines the Nile far up into Africa, it draws the line at any invasion of the desert.

The line we came on from Suez along the big Suez canal of salt water to Cairo across the sandy wastes, has a fine fresh water canal beginning at the Nile, outlining the

rilroad all the way to Suez; this line of fresh water supplying Suez as well as towns situated along the route, for rainfall is meager.

A stirring picture is the lone woman walking along the hard-beaten path that follows along at the side of the canal, with a huge water jug often two feet tall balanced on her head, another one on her hip, and a good-sized baby sitting astride her shoulder; this is the way of carrying water here, in the hugest of jugs of various shapes, and I can not recall ever seeing a man in the service.

Mighty picturesque are the different types traveling along, for we are out in the agricultural district now; most all the natives walking silently along—here comes a woman on a burro, then a man with long flowing white gown that looks like he had just stept out of the Bible, then Nubians with faces like polished iron; and burros weighted with loads almost to floundering.

The wheat was being sickled, and threshed by spreading on the ground in a circle while a native drove a carabao round and round over it tramping out the grain, while at another place natives or fellahs, I should say, as that is what the laborer is called, were pulling an iron frame with six heavy rollers over it, mashing the grain out.

Irrigation is carried on in the most primitive way all along the river; the fellahs lift the water by a heavy pole see-sawing on an upright, weighted with rocks at one end and the bucket at the other which is pulled down in the water and the heft at the other end hoists it where it is dumped into the ditch; again an endless chain of buckets is turned by a camel or a cow, or both hitched together to a cogged beam and going round in a circle, revolves the chain of buckets which reach down the banks of the Nile where they gather up the water, turning it into the main ditch where it is distributed to minor ones.

There are numerous goats and sheep laying around in the sparse shade that is afforded them, which is in most part groves or groups of the date palm, which has a huge body that grows strate up to fifty feet then branches out into long feathery leaves, from under which hang great

bunches of dates--the kind we get in the dried condition in the States from over here; but they are fine when fresh.

Cakes made of these dates pounded together and dried is the food of the Arabs who cross the desert.

A liquor something like wine is made from these dates by fermentation, for every race or nation mut have its trouble annihilator; the Germans have their beer from hops; we have our whiskey by fermenting our grain; England has her ales and stouts; Mexico dozes on pulque by fermenting the juice of the fleshy century plants; Russia drinks vodka made from rye; Japan revels in sa-ke made from rice; Italy has wines from grapes, and France's effervescent is champagne, while India absorbs arrack which is distilled from the juice of the coco-palm.

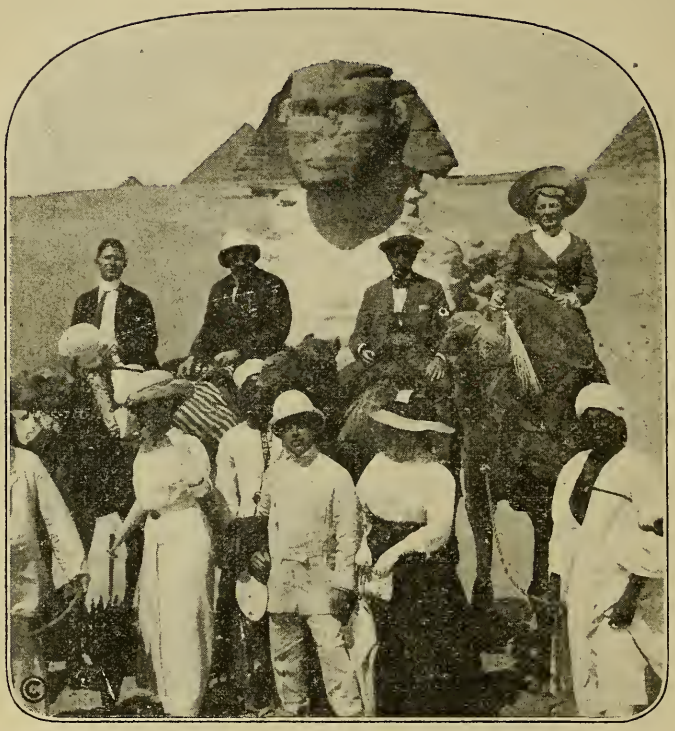
Our most interesting feature at Cairo was the Pyramids, and the Sphinx.

We drove out from Cairo across the iron bridge over the Nile thru a beautiful avenue, with acacia trees on either side; these tall overhanging acacias closely set makes this the only driveway in all Cairo that is not quivering with the heat; seven miles brings us to the great sand sea where these big monuments are; the wind has swirled the sand around so long here that they seem to be in more or less of a great basin.

Three great stone pyramids and the Sphinx reared out here in all solitariness, have blazed in the illuminating rays of the sun, for lo, these four thousand years, having been built by the respective kings as tombs and memorials to themselves.

This Sphinx is certainly a work of wonder; the picture doesn't portray its immensity as we have come out upon the hill for the pose, the distance diminishing its size, also the atmosphere is hazy with floating hot sands, but this monolith is hewn from a single rock and is seven stories high; it is somewhat mutilated as to its features owing to hostile revenge during the different wars it has withstood.

The fable is that the Sphinx is symbolic of wisdom



OUR PARTY AT THE SPHINX—CAIRO.

—Photo by Underwood & Underwood.

and is refered to as feminine; being employed to punish the Thebans she proposed a riddle with penalty of devouring those who could not interpret it; the enigma was: What animal walked on four legs in the morning, two at noon, and three in the evening; at last it was solved, that man walked on his hands and feet when young, or in the morning of life; at noon of life he walked erect; and in the evening or last days he supported himself upon a stick, result, her riddle being read the Sphinx destroyed herself.

The largest of the three pyramids is called the Great Pyramid and covers thirteen acres of ground at its base, all four side tapering to a point at the top, which top has the extreme point removed to flatten a place for resting after the tourist has done the stunt that no journey to Egypt is complete without, that of climbing to the top which is 451 feet.

This huge pile is built of square boulders, varying slightly in size, brot from the near hills, being of hard limestone and granite, and is said to have taken a hundred thousand men twenty years to complete it.

The steps or shelf formed by each layer being set back a little all the way to the top are more than three feet high, and one is more dragged up them than otherwise; but I must do this or be a coward; so after registering at the little office and, armed with three black official guides or dragomen, in long white gowns, demanded by the government as a precaution against accidents, and to whom I paid a half dollar each, I was pulled from step to step by two of them and boosted by the third, pausing occasionally to revivify breathing, to this alarming height with only space between me and the ssnds below, with the wind whipping a gale from round the corner; never daring to look backward I finally reached the top and dropt more dead than alive onto a rock bench where a cup of coffee was was served me, and I stood for a view of the country surrounding, but the wind almost sweeps you off your feet at this height while there may not be a current at the base.

The whole panorama looked like a yellow halo over the green and gold field patches with the Nile like a ribbon

running between; the fertile Nile valley on one side and the desert stretching far away on the other.

What a grand viw from above everything in the country, minarets gleaming white, the Citadel with its continuation of white walls on the mound, little lines of camels barely tracable in the distance, small clumps of the date pams, even the Sphinx with its sixty-three feet seemed diminutive.

After resting awhile I began the descent (pausing half way to have a picture taken) which seemed even more perilous as I faced the open wondering how long 'twould take me to reach the bottom should a foot slip.

But these dragomans' big bare black feet must have vaccum cup soles for they hug the rocks like leeches.

I asked if any person ever met with accident or death in making this trip, and was told that one man, an Englishman, while slightly intoxicated insisted on descending alone, made a misstep and fell to the bottom.

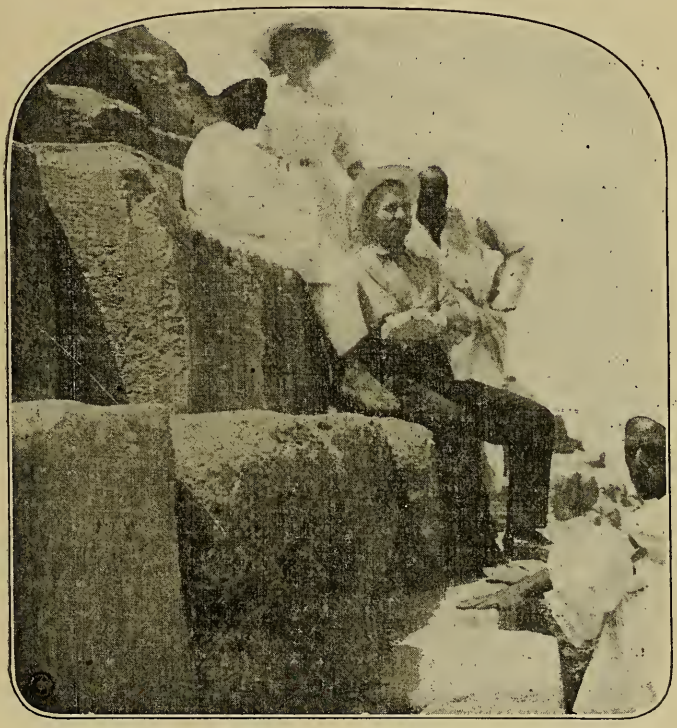
Time and exposure have worn the rough places on these narrow ledges to smoothness.

I got safely down but all during the night my rest was broken by crunching my toes in the mattress trying to gain a foothold on the very limited passage.

It is a feat that every traveler to Egypt wishes to do once but never again.

I bought a bottle of liniment the next day and had to be helped in and out of the carriages.

One evening a party of five of us chartered a small native craft—a dahabeah with a towering single mast and a long yard holding a flopping sail and went for a short sail up the Nile; the black crew with big teeth grinning had native musical instruments that looked nothing more than goatskin drawn over a bottomless jug, the jugs of different sizes, and they kept up a doleful thrum, thrum on these with their fingers, handling them very artistically and really the harmony was quite fetching; a call from the muezzin from the minaret sounded on the air calling for prayer, and all animation ceased, they closed their lips



HALF WAY UP THE BIG PYRAMID—CAIRO.

—Photo by Underwood & Underwood.

over their elongated teeth turning their faces toward Mecca in silence, and we were left to drift.

We sailed past the place where Moses was placed in the basket and hidden in the bulrushes where he was found by Pharaoh's daughter when she came down the steps to bathe; the bulrushes are gone, but the steps are there yet leading down from an old stone palace.

This daughter of the Egyptian king adopted him as her son and had him educated for the priesthood which led to his becoming the great leader, prophet and legislator of the Israelites, which peoples he afterwards led out from the then Egyptian bondage thru the Red Sea across the desert to Sinai, as before mentioned, encountering conflicts with hostile tribes, just as the different tribes are doing today, these many years since.

Natives were bathing all along the river banks.

We visited the museum, where we saw mummies by the score; they were in all stages of preservation, and decay too, for that matter; some with the wrappings eaten and torn off, others with the underside of toes dropt off, again with flesh all dried away from arms and fingers leaving them standing high up on the chest presenting a gruesome sight; some faces were perfectly preserved; some still had necklaces of the dried lotus blossoms, on others was the net of mumy beads; some were in airtight glass show cases but the majority were in wooden coffins, painted brightly in hieroglyphics, others standing around the walls.

It was a most wierd impression of Rameses II, Kings, Queens, Pharaohs and numerous other personages of ages ago.

All that night I could see mummies standing all round the room.

Great numbers of mummies have been found in Egypt, others taken from tombs; altho some other countries, as Persia and Assyria embalmed their dead the Egyptian preservation has proven the more lasting and here in Cairo is where you see the results of this art at its best.

In preserving some of these great men it was ex-

plained, the embalmers first extracted the brain thru the nostrils, and the entrails thru an incision in the side, then the body was salted and after a length of time the body was filled with aromatic substances, then the whole body was steeped in balsam and wrapt and wound in linen to twenty thicknesses; the head had muslin first glued to the skin, then other layers of muslin glued to the first, then all was coated with fine plaster, some of these have been unwrapt showing the almost unimpaired condition, some ears were dried to a mere hide, and again some of these preservations were pretty well wrecked.

In traveling over the city we find the most deplorable fact of Cairo is the defective eyesight; I had heard of this before coming to Egypt but it is quickly discernable; of the natives on the streets who act in the capacity of dragomans, boat rowers, camel drivers and half the shopkeepers on the streets in the native quarters are either blind in one eye or both, or one or both are defective; we went up to the tombs of the Mamelukes where the beggars are thickest and the awful sights of dozens of flies settled round the eyes of both women and children, spreading the poisonous filth, is only offset by their indifference to these sight destroyers.

The Egyptian fly is the most persistent in the world, and we soon saw the necessity of carrying one of the hand fly brushes which is made of long strings of palm, others are of horse tail and everybody that doesn't want an inoculated fly to touch their skin carries one..

The natives here wear more clothing than those of the countries just past; some wear big baggy Turkish trousers with a high sash of bright colors with a zouave and a red fez, others wear long dark broadcloth coat or grow opening down the front and flowing back showing yellow gown underneath; very picturesque are they, tho are never seen in a hurry.

In the native part of Cairo, the bazaars are all open shops, the whole front is out for, of course, they are very small, the keeper usually sits or lays on a bench or shelf,

inside or outside the shop and everything is for sale from metal shawls to a crocodile.

Along thru the center of the street called the native market the most minute articles are dealt in; spread out on an old cloth are little springs, screws, bolts,, scraps of wire, old bottles, broken dishes and the merest trifles beside which a big dark sleek native lays all day under a tattered umbrella tending his wares, I stood watching him and his wares wondering how he, so strong, could be content with no greater aim in life, and it was this way all along up the rows; another place a family was sitting on the floor around a low table eating a meal, where knives and forks were absent, but plates were used; huge water jugs, the ever familiar pottery receptacle standing near; these vessels are of various shapes and most peculiar design, some are carried by ropes others by the handles, and the different types of both carrier and vessel along the Nile are an interesting feature of Egyptian life; thus we are constantly meeting with novelty and contrast to our western hemisphere.

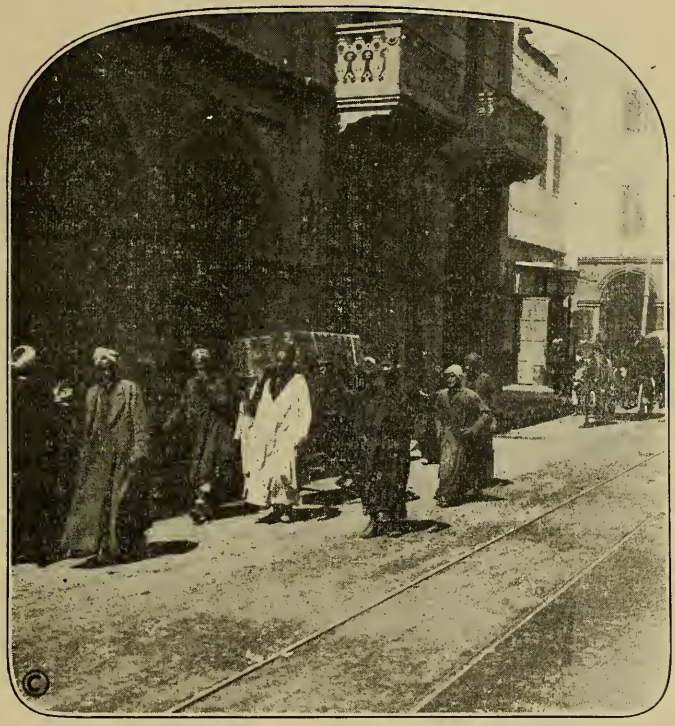
I have seen as many as ten veiled women sitting on a flat cart of two wheels drawn by a single donkey, driving thru the street.

And just around the corner goes a funeral procession, the coffin is being borne on the shoulders of four men, who with the mourners following behind are all walking.

Cairo is the largest city in Africa—here are mingled paganism, Mohammedanism and Christianity; there are forty Christian churches and five hundred mosques—think of it; the minarets of these mosques are claimed to be the most beautiful in the Levant.

The porch and adornment of the one built by Sultan Hassan, where we had to shed our shoes to enter cost $3,000 each day for three years to complete and when this was done we were told that he had the architects hands cut off so he could not construct another like it.

The Copts are the industrious peoples here, and most of the business is conducted by them; they are descendants of the old Egyptian race and constitute the Christian popu-



FUNERAL IN CAIRO.

—Photo by Underwood & Underwood.

lation here; they wear a black turban to distinguish them from the Moslems, tho the women wear veils as do the Mohammedan women.

There is a great university here, where we saw the students all sitting about the floor with their turbans on learning as they weave to and fro.

One of the pleasant characteristics we enjoyed was the outdoor cafes, long lines of small tables and chairs along the walk where we often indulged in late refreshments, for the nights were so inviting we forgot hotel accommodations.

Our time being up, we were almost forced away from this city to entrain for Port Said, and as we rumble along over the desert we reflect over this city of Mosques with balconied minarets reaching skyward and of glistening domes where you must remove your shoes upon entering, and of the multi-colored garb of peoples of every grade and position passing hither and thither in endless confusion, a moving mass of white hugely rolled turbans, red fezes, blue, black and white and yellow garments, all commingling with lines of camels, donkeys, drays and automobiles thruout the streets, and of the Pyramids and the Sphinx standing like sentinels in the lone yellow desert, where the only thing that breaks the study of still life is the lowly moving caravans of camels.

Over there, silhouetted against the sheen of the Nile, are the tall nude bodies of the date palm vieing with the tall wabbling masts of the river craft.

And over all will ever be remembered the golden glow of the shimmering, radiating sands of the heated desert that seems to never grow cold.

So resistent to existence.

This was an experience entirely dissimilar to any preceding one.

Our train ran along the Suez Canal once more, finishing out the north half of this long turquoise streak in the isthmian barrenness, reaching Port Said at night, glancing around this sea-encircled city, the port of the whole East, where is an outer and an inner harbour which must be

entered before proceeding thru the canal, and immediately embarking, our steamer drew out into the Mediteranean Sea thru a blaze of electiricity; electric lighted boats and all the different floating craft moored in the Basin, bounded with a handsome concrete water front and numerous lighthoues all atwinkle, our own portly sea home adding to the display as it was drest in its best awaiting our reception.

We noted the statue of De Lesseps, the builder of the canal, the last object in view as we stood on deck watching the city slowly receding.

ITALY.

The Mediteranean, the great inland sea that washes the south shores of all Europe, the Riviera and the Levant, in its depths and expanse is a beautiful blue tho it was rough and for three days we threw the white foaming spray over the blue until we sighted the Sicilian shores and past thru the Straits of Messina; viewing Reggio on the Italy side, the steamer drew across to Sicily where, drifting slowly we scrutinized the ill-fated city of Messina which met with such havoc in the recent eruption.

The sight that met us seemed to throw a pall over us; we look at old ruins and take it as a matter-of-course, but here, spread out for miles before us on this Sicilian point at the foot of great hills that run back up to mountains, topt off by Mt. Etna, the greatest volcano in Europe which dominates this whole island of Sicily, was Messina, the chief commercial town of Sicily, with tottering houses and buildings all laid waste; structures two and three stories high, all awry and abandoned.

The sea laps all round the front, and back of this seaboard is the yellow gleam of the lemon and orange groves rising gradually back up in the foothills; higher up the mountainous heights the forest sets in, then barrenness and lava finish to the top.

There's no better way to view a seaport than from the top deck of a huge liner, and we appreciated the splendid view of this spectacular ruins; tho the unfortunate city is heaving ahead trying to recover its former prestige commercially, in this uncertain world, it will be some time before these towers half broken off, leaning and tumbling buildings, handsome deserted villas and broken sea walls are replaced.

'Twas growing dusk when, two hours later sailing, we

come upon the Island of Stromboli, one of the Lipari group just to the north of Sicily.

A lone cone-shaped peak rising up out of the sea three thousand feet high and is constantly active; at intervals of about fifteen minutes apart it sends up a huge column og blackest of smoke, then this bursts into flames which shoot up like the whole top was being blown off, then it subsides, smothers down and lays dormant, smoldering the while, till the time having elapsed, all suppression overcome it belches forth again, lighting up the heavens around like a great blast, lasting only a moment, or until it has ignited all the exuding gas.

All is dark at its base where it sinks into the sea save for a low lighthouse.

Our steamer lingered around giving us the benefit of the pyrotechnic display exploited by this lone cone out here in the black abyss of the sea, oozing fire and smoke incessantly, answering for a beacon at night.

A volcano is one of our world's most spectacular freaks of nature and the most dreaded, so treacherous are they.

Next morning found us in the Bay of Naples; we docked at the wharf here so had the opportunity to use our steamer as hotel; you will notice that for ports back we have had to anchor out in the harbour where the sea was deep, but now we are nearing the countries that make it a point to provide facilities for large liners.

After breakfast we hurried out to take carriages to acquaint ourselves with whatever this city afforded.

How different from the barren country just left—all is a beautiful blue, the sky and the sea, with Naples' white buildings almost smothered in the green far up the background.

Italy is a kingdom extending from the Alps to the sea and is ruled by King Victor Emmanuel III who came to the throne at Rome, the seat of government the first year of the present century succeeding his father, King Humbert who was assassinated by an Italian anarchist from our state of New Jersey.

The government is something like our own in that the king works in conjunction with two bodies, the senate, and chamber of deputies, tho their senate is made up of the royal family and some members appointed for life.

All men are obligated to military service from the ages of twenty-one to thirty-nine.

Roman Catholic is the state religion tho there are many other churches; the Pope is the head of Catholicism and has his seat in Rome, and numerous priests are everywhere in Naples, as one woman exprest it "the woods is full of 'em," and they wear long black gowns, or may wear cape or coat, with the queerest broad brimmed low black fur hat.

Italy, in area is only as large as our western state of Nevada, and has an awfully congested population of thirty-six million, little more than one-third the population of our whole United States; besides there is a long string of mountains that run the full length of the country, cutting the tillable land that much shorter; the climate in the north part is far at variance from the south; wheat and other cereals reach the height of cultivation in these northern provinces where irrigation is brot from the Alps, but not sufficient for home consumption.

But they exchange their fruits which is their objective crop, olives surpassing all other European states, to other nations for cereals, cottons, guns and machinery.

And true enuf the south does abound in a most gorgeous production—every available foot is utilized, and its one continuation of oranges, lemons, vinyards, olives, figs, apricots and roses and poppie, for Italy is artistc and finds time to employ her arts, that is evident by the way her beautiful roses hang and trail over the long lines of walls and arches; why, in and around Naples there is something to attract the eye at every turn, so much doing crowded into such little space.

Naples, or Napoli, as they call it over here, lays around the half circular bay with grim Vesuvius overlooking.

The bay is certainly a well shielded basin; it laves the rip-rap of the sea walls and washes round the old castles

of the middle ages; there are five of these ancient castles remaining, and they command a study if time is permitted.

We took landaus for drives to survey this port; as overdrawn as pictures and postcards (which greet us everywhere, and which indeed has become one of our many educational means) seem, they do not do justice to this Italian city, which is most as large as St. Louis.

The buildings are all of white or cream stone, are lofty, seldom less than five or six stories high in the modern part, and they begin at the water's edge and extend back up on the hills to a height of eight hundred feet above the sea below; these hills are topt off with the stone castles and fine apartment houses or pensions (as they are refered to here), and big hotels with balconies with rambling vines climbing and festooning all about, all seemingly swinging out from the mountain, and from which I had a splendid view of the whole lighted city and bay at night, which we have found to be one of the ideal spots in cruising about the foreign seas.

The streets are paved with lava from the eruptions of Vesuvius whose outbursts are world-wide, and goodness knows, there's enuf in sight around the base and up and down the sides of this undependable spasmodic volcano to pave the whole world.

The streets rise in terraces and the high stone walls outlining them are covered with choicest of blooming and rambling roses, hanging languorously adown the walls; we drove thru miles of these rose-massed highways, between walls so high we could not see over, up grade and down grade and around curves, and the odor of the roses vied with that of the orange blossoms for back of these high walls were private residences, or villas and orange groves.

I have decided that if we were deprived of that one sense, the sense of smell we would certainly lose much of the attractions of life, and not alone for the perfume of the blossoms, but also the invigorating whiff of the brine of the ocean.

You can buy on any street corner here a half bushel

of choicest roses, each one a picture of creamy loveliness for one lira or twenty cents of our money.

The scarlet poppy grows wild and profusely everywhere and is an attraction in itself; its red blossoms in its vividness is seen far along the railroad tracks and up the slopes.

We took an inland trip on the railway, going thru the extensive vinyards, which produce raisins and the Italian wines; the grapevines are not pruned back like most of ours in California but are trained high and left to ramble along a series of poles netted together with wood frame work, which is often two decks deep, and under this canopy is grown another crop, finely and closely set out of garden stuff, small trucks and strawberries, and in some places irrigation is resorted to, the endless chain turned by an oxen as in Egypt being the type used; wines are cheap over here where they are manufactured.

The main streets in the most used part are broad but not of even surface and our landaus are not rubbertired and we are drawn over these rough streets at a careless pace, lopping from side to side, but anything goes in Napoli.

Some of the streets have been macadamed, but such heavy traffic has worn them to a condition that the last two syllables better express it, consequently not many automobiles are visible, tho the up-country roads are ideal.

Outlining the bay shore thorofare are little refreshment gardens where one can sit and rest and gaze out across the bay; there are so many beautiful spots in and around Naples that coming once you are sure to want again.

I saw an idea here in milk delivery; the Italian drives his two cows thru the streets and stops at your door and milks right there the quantity you want, then drives to the next customer and does the same thing, so there's no chance of dilution nor delusion.

The rainy season in southern Italy is from January to April; the sea wind blows till early afternoon; Vesuvius acts as barometer, if its smoke blows toward Capri, it presages fair weather; Capri is the little island south across the bay and has for attrartion, besides its town that sets upon the summit where it takes five hundred steps to reach

it, the famous Blue Grotto which is a cavern in the steep rocky coast where the sea plays in and out, and wondrous colors are reflected on the rocks.

The street Santa Lucia is the center of noisy Neapolitan life; the lower classes abide here and the women do the work; here the children swarm and run void of any clothing, and all seem to live out in the narrow streets, here too macaroni is eaten in long drawn-out strings, and all kinds of petty vending goes on.

This race of peoples which I had always looked upon as being dark, and indeed some of them are, seemed quite white in comparison to the dark nations we have past, wearing European clothes altogether and I realize that the oriental dress of the past three months has slipt away from us, and I begin to bemoan its loss for the garbs of the natives of the different countries really seemed of the most interest after all.

It has been a long time since we have seen the European clothes as a whole; we have had gowns, drapes, skirts, pajamas and strings of beads ever since leaving San Francisco.

Italy's art galleries show that they are devotees of the chisel and the brush; the halls of sculpture are unsurpast, nude art seems to be the chief characteristic and the executions in Italy's fine and famous Carrara marble reveals unparalleled grandeur encompast in these lofty long halls; this marble, said to be the whitest in the world is quarried from the hills in northern Italy which abound in this white statuary marble, and where seven thousand men are employed in the preparation of this for sculpture and columns; which finds its way all over the world.

On Sunday afternoon we took the train at Circumvesuvian Station and passing thru great wastes of lava that has been thrown out all over this area by Vesuvius and left great rocks piled high when the molten cooled, we outlined the bay shore to the dead city of Pompeii.

This buried city of long ago, is now being brot to the surface and, with its head all uncapt and battered and

mangled and crushed lies at the very feet of its monstrous destroyer.

Vesuvius, the isolated conical volcano, still smoking and threatening, stands back of these ruins looking very much like the picture of the lion with its paw on the mouse.

One can see the destruction this automatic ejector has wrot at different period; tho ten miles from Naples, the lava beds and great leaden rocks and boulders which the towering earthen chimney has thrown out during one of its spasmodic attacks are scattered all along the way; this is of a dark drab or leaden color, and now it is put to use in vrious ways.

This must certainly be a picture of awfulness and grandeur in one of its eruptions, defying everything in its wake in its ejection of fire, lava, steam, hot stones, ashes and gases; but its demonstrations do not entirely frighten the people away from it as all round its base, cultivation goes on and vinyards are climbing up its sides in the untouched patches by the natives who are willing to run the risk of gathering their crops, or having them wiped off the face next year or doused with ashes.

There is now a funicular, or wire rope railway where one car goes up as another comes down, running up one side almost to the top of the crater which carries people that are curious to explore, unless prest for time, as in our case.

We reached our destination, and must have permission to enter the gates to Pompeii, for government excavation is in process all the time, and strangers and the public in general are forbidden.

At the time of the holocaust this was a city of thirty thousand population, covering 160 acres, and had become a favorite resort of the wealthy Romans, and wining and dining and wickedness predominated when Vesuvius in all its mightiness undertook to blot it off the face of the earth in one of its violent manifestations, ejecting rocks and hot ashes as to completely entomb this city along with Herculaneum under a depth of twenty feet of ashes in the year of 79.

The present king has put aside twelve and a half thou-

sand dollars annually to carry on the excavation, removing the ashes in a careful manner so as to preserve the ruins, the statuary and precious relics, and indeed we descovered afterward that already enuf have been extricated to fill a museum.

The city seems to have been walled and there are eight gates; we treaversed on foot thru miles of the streets for most of them are too narrow for vehicles, tho no vehicles are permitted in the enclosure now.

The streets are narrow and paved with uneven blocks of lava and the sidewalks, when there are any, were made with larger blocks making it higher and they hadn't much symmetry about them and it seemed queer to be walking along these streets in these modern days; the houses are a continuation of walls, not many with a roof now, others have the first floor remaining, and there are stone stairways still standing indicating two and three storied buildings; all the rooms are small, and it seems the front one was used for shops, while the corners were used for 'wine rooms as the marble counters are still there; some of the better preserved walls show Pompeiian Red interior finish and its a beautiful shade against the old creamish background; other buildings are beautifully ornamented while there are small courts and tiny gardens exposed; the recovered treasures are placed in a long building, a museum that is erected on the grounds; there are whole human bodies, hard as stone, in writhing and twisted condition just as they fell when the holocaust swooped down on them; they are well preserved skeletons, and are placed in glass showcases in the museum; 'twas a sight to walk along the aisles and see the different distorted forms.

Near the entrance is a room with three of the walls standing and shows the nude and well preserved bodies of five persons as they seemed to be fleeing thru the doorway and being overcome had fallen in a heap; these are not skeletons exactly, but the flesh and skin seemed mixed with ashes and burned and dried to the bone; this particular instance is left as found; they have put a plate glass

in one whole side and the other three being the walls, keeps it protected.

In another place there are the great broken columns of the huge Basilica, which must have been a most grand public hall; nothing of this is standing except the columns that are just half broken off and the great expanse of stone floor.

We roamed these lanes of destruction to the big Greek theater, this remains complete; it is open-air, sunken in the ground and surrounded all round with rows upon rows of stone seats, with the stage or rather arena at the bottom; here is where the gladiators fought with animals, as spectators sat round on these stone benches, fought as punishment for some misdemeanor committed—fought for their lives, which would make Lytton's story of "Last Days of Pompeii" more interesting after having visited this place.

Altogether it presents a tragic scene, this whole enclosure, as it stands unearthed and desolate, betraying a story of horrible yielding up of man, whose brain must have whirled on realizing his doom of suffocation or being roasted alive under depths of red hot ashes—no possible escape, these narrow lanes must have all filled at once as like an avalanche; the thot is depressing.

I looked back down the long line of torn columns and facades and broken walls with a few tufts of grass growing up thru the lava stones, as we turned the corners, all semblance of life and activity long since departed, and thot what a wierd picture it must be in the moonlight.

We came out of this morbidly gloomy atmosphere, taking our train back to Naples; at noon the next day we sailed out of the bay—the beautiful Bay of Naples, so blue—and skimmed along on the Mediteranean for two days and a half.

This sea is a great highway of traffic; so every vessel that passes is scanned by our field glasses to try to figure out her nationality and destination and cargo; on the bridges of each vessel there is some signal maneuvering, and each passes with never a break in the log.

Mighty majestic, is a passing liner after night with the lights gleaming from myriads of port holes.

As we outlined the shores of Spain coming to the Strait of Gibralter, we noted that the Mediterean is about the busiest sea in the world; take a summary of the different types of peoples who abide on its coast, play on its shores, sail on its surf, as it washes back and forth, east and west, causing ebb of tide here and flow of tide there; opening with Spain on the north there are the dark Spanish of medium height and spare, with black hair and fine dark eyes who do an extensive traffic thru their many ports on this sea; farther on is the playground of the esthetic French whose many casinos furnish amusement all along the Mediteranean beaches, Nice and Monaco being the most popular watering places, where at Monaco is the famous gambling casino where people are millionaires and broke the same day, all by the fascination of the game of chance you have to win in spinning the wheel on which a little ivory ball is thrown off into one of 37 or 38 compartments and the particular number you have staked on either makes or breaks you; called roulette, meaning "little wheel," where everybody plays except the inhabitants of Monaco.

Then sets in the Riviera, which is the name given to the seashore of northern Italy surrounding Genoa, and on around this boot-shaped peninsula the dark Italians load and unload their fruit boats; the little kingdom of Greece with its Aryan race and the land of much educational history lies next basking in the Mediteranean zephyrs, even Turkey with its red fez and baggy trousers runs down to the sea; at the extreme east end are the two railway gates to the Holy Land; turning round, commerce is carried on with the mixed population of Cleopatra's land, next is Tripoli with a mixture of peoples as Berbers, Bedouins and Moors. Tripoli belongs to Italy just on the opposite side of the sea.

The French colony of Algeria lies beside of Tripoli; this picturesque country is clamoring for recognition as a winter resort, and this sea with its motley crowd of different races and little nations, closes with Morocco, which little

sultanate furnishes the Morocco leather, and its capitol, the city of Fez makes and exports to all these near countries the little cloth caps of red with black tassel which bears its name of Fez, which is the head dress generally worn in these Moslem countries, and also in other countries as insignia of the Order of Shriners.

If a person just cruised the Mediteranean, visiting the countries bordering, he will have seen much of the world, yet what a small part of the whole world it is.

GIBRALTER.

Coming to the Strait of Gibralter, we sight the ever familiar advertised "Prudential" of insurance companies —the Rock of Gibralter—here, again is another stronghold that Britain rules over.

This huge rock rises out of the sea at the narrow Strait of Gibralter and from a low sandy isthmus to twelve hundred feet—the north, east and south sides are precipitous to almost inaccessible; Providence must have put this lone peak out here at the entrance to the Mediteranean as a natural fort to stand guard over its entrance as the other end of the sea was land bound until the Suez Canal was cut thru; this unit of security fell into the hands of Britain two hundred year ago, and has been besieged by Spain many times but the British still "holds the fort"; there is a strip of neutral ground across the isthmus most a mile wide separating the fortified peninsula from Spain which is outlined by an extremely high iron fence, with long pickets leaning out toward the Spanish side; there is a gate by which you have access to Spain but this is closely guarded by patrolling soldiers; we drove out across the low barren isthmus to view this and get a distant land-look at the mighty towering rock that is all honeycombed to high up with fortifications, where extravagant sums have been spent on making this an unwreckable fort; caverns two or three miles long have been cut all round on the inside of the rock to afford wagon road for replenishing ammunition to the one thousand guns of all sizes which point out thru the port holes that have been cut thru the rock at every twelve yards; this tunneling and port holes extend in series far up the rock, where all powder-blackened it looks like a rock shot full of holes; none of us were allowed to exhibit a camera.

Long rows of barracks lay at the base of the Rock; ammunition is carried up by a wire cable that runs from the top of a lower rock out over trees and wooded valley to the supply department below, on which big baskets swing.

It did look a grim sight as the sun shone against it—just a bare-faced weather-beaten rock all punched full of holes, with guns of formidable pattern poking every way, and secret tunneling all inside where no one is permitted to enter.

There are huge gates and walls with British soldiers with guns standing guard over all—there are soldiers, soldiers everywhere—what must it cost England to hold this "Key to the Mediteranean?"

A British governor resides here and is chief over the troops which is estimated at five thousand; a fine Marconi system and a lighthouse are stationed on one promontory; the climate is the warmest in Europe and their water supply depends on the rainfall which is stored in a system of huge tanks.

After surveying what we could in the alloted time, we drove thru the little city that sits all heated in its bleached houses and buildings of more or less Moorish and Spanish designs that settles all round the Rock, where there are more Moors than there are in Morocco just across the strait, and where it seems the most of the business is solicitous of the tourist, and indeed the offerings found much patronage as the old Spanish shawls and lace scarfs appealed to many of our company; then too, there are shops exploiting various articles made of the Morocco leather, which is really goat skin, also rugs, embroideries and brass sent over from Morocco to find its equivalent, and then some, in American dollars.

ENGLAND.

Leaving this rather fascinating commingling of cosmopolitan shop criers, for there are Berbers, Moors, Spanish, Arabs, Algerians, Portugese and British all assembled here, we embarked for England, sailing out thru the Strait of Gibralter which is only fifteen miles wide where a strong current flows constantly; all next day we defined the coast of Portugal, approaching very close to shore, as the sea is very deep along here and the one sight was watching the waves—the ever restless waves of this mighty Atlantic Ocean run along the abrupt cliffs, leaping higher and higher, dashing and spraying and spuming, tumbling back into the sea only to be caught by another swell and thrown up again; 'twas one of the wildest of sights—this battle of the ocean and the rugged coast.

After four days sailing along the west European coast, we turned into the English Channel, getting up from our evening dinner, and last service on board the "'Cleveland," to view the highly colored cliffs of the "Needles," which are high promontories on the coast of the Isle of Wight, which flashes all the brilliant hues of our Arizona Canyon, and steamed up the Solent River to Southampton, the big seaport town on south England.

Here I bade my sea home and friends a last farewell, and with reluctance, as I pass down the stairway on the outside of the big liner at ten o'clock at night and dropt into a tender with a few others of the party, and who immediately departed on the special train for London.

As we drew away I looked back and took a last glance at the beautiful picture our ship made, with electric lights streaming from most a hundred port holes and reflecting far out over the water, as it proceeded on its way to Hamburg, Germany, its headquarters, for this cruising ship

heretofore had been plying between Hamburg and America across the Atlantic in the passenger service, when a bureau of about twelve young Germans chartered it from the Hamburg-American Line for this cruise around the world, and which carried us so successfully in and out of the harbours of all the nations, thru the storms and the heated tropics and brot us safely to England's shores, where after having finished our sight-seeing instinct, we cross the Atlantic at will on the world's last word in ocean liners—the big "Imperator," which has been recently launched and will make its maiden trip soon, as the largest ship afloat.

As a parting tribute, I'm sure every member of this round-the-world party appreciates the endeavors of the "Cleveland" and the untiring drone of the engines, which seemed to never miss a cog.

There was continued farewell wavings of hands and handkerchiefs and shouts of "goodby" and above all rose the very, very plaintive air "Alohe" which tends to diminish one's buoyancy.

At Southampton at midnight I received judgment on my luggage and a pass and an English porter who says "ye know" for "you know" put my luggage on a cart and we walked along the dockyards a quarter mile to the big iron gates where I gave my pass to an officer, the gates swung back and I past into the city where I stayed at a hotel.

Next morning I went down to the pier and took a small steamer down the Solent, crossing over to the little Isle of Wight, landing at Cowes to "rest" before going up to London; forgetting all about resting I climbed a ten foot ladder to the very highest seat of a big red tally-ho, drawn by four big dock-tailed horses (else they wouldn't be English horses) with a high silk-hatted coachman fore, and a scarlet coated footman and bugler aft, and, long with a few other tourists who were "doing" England we swung along and rumbled thru the finely hedged lanes, over the downs, and drew up at Whippingham Church standing out here all alone on the downs, where Queen Victoria used to worship when she came over to the Isle of Wight to pass the season at Osborne House, her summer palace by

the sea; this is a fine old stone church, the royal pews on one side and the sarcophagus of Prince Henry of Battenburg on the other.

Prince Henry was governor of this little isle a few years back having married Victoria's youngest daughter, Beatrice, who is now living in London and who is the mother of Ena, present Queen of Spain.

From here I went to Osborne House which was Victoria's favorite residence out of the many she possest, and found it a beautiful rambling old stone castle overlooking the bay where from its great windows and veranda, views of the regattas were fine; none of the royal family live here now, one wing of it is used for convalescing soldiers, while the other parts still contain the royal furnishings and is open for public view at specified times.

I wandered thru the lofty rooms with decorated ceilings and mural paintings to the drawing room; this is handsomely furnished with gold frame chairs and huge divan with finest gold-colored satin upholstery, with large gold satin cushions everywhere, and long yellow satin damask curtains draped from the high windows and doors, giving a golden glow, and altogether it is the most gorgeous room I have ever seen.

After Victoria's Diamond Jubilee in 1897 honoring her sixty years of reign, at which one of the features was that of reviewing England's home fleet of five miles of war ships, four abreast; and the parade of her large colonial and foreign contingent the growth and expansion of which is accredited the Victorian era, she had a special room built onto the castle in oriental pattern, and styled it the "Durbar room" in honor of all the beautiful and valued specimens of silver and gold, diamond studded "jubilee" presents sent her from her Indian subjects upon this occasion, where all these treasured gifts, emblems of their loyalty, are on display in glass show cases, well guarded.

I looked again at these tokens from the Far East with much more interest than I gave when these same trophies were on display at the St. Louis World's Fair, (having been loaned by the queen for exhibition on that occasion) not

having been to India then, and noted the extreme patience with which these dark men of British India work on the carved sandalwood and ivory boxes, hand-wrot silver and gold caskets and cylinders studded with priceless jewels each containing a message to Victoria, their empress, or an address pertaining to his sixty years reign.

I walked back to the quaint town of Cowes and stayed three days enjoying the calmness and coolness and the sensation of being alone; this town of Cowes started years ago as a fishing village and is now an old-fashioned English city and fisherman's port, and a beach resort with 11,000 population, with streets so narrow that automobiles and vehicles in passing ecah other must needs run the starboard side of each upon the sidewalk; the buildings and shops are low, narrow and set close together and you are more apt to find a restaurant in a residence than not, and the price is refered to as "tariff."

The peoples are all ruddy faced and large, and I noticed an amplitude of babies, being wheeled along in their English perambulators.

The gold sovereign, or pound, is $4.85 in our money; a shilling is a silver coin and worth 24 cents, tuppence is 4 cents and one pence is 2 cents; when they speak of three pence they call it "threppence."

Just across the Spithead from here is Portsmouth, Britain's royal dockyards, covering five hundred acres, and is said to be the largest and most magnificent in the world; a wall fourteen feet high with great gateways surround it; here are the great storehouses and machine shops and slips and docks where her largest ships of the navy are built; an armory is here, and late fortifications are under construction, and a heavy smoke hovers all round over the city continually; on the west side of the entrance to this fine harbour, a line of forts of four miles is built.

This big naval base is just a hundred miles across the English Channel from France.

In going up to London on the train, which both locomotives and coaches, or compartment carriages as they are called, are much smaller than ours, it seemed the whole

country was a parkway, green undulating well-kept grounds with fancifully trimmed boxwood hedges most all the way; half the rural districts seem devoted to golf, polo, automobile race tracks and parks; I learned that most of England's acres are owned by the nobles and are reserved for hunting reserves.

In fact I do not see where all these seven-and-a-quarter millions of peoples of London get their living, but it is said that every labouring man here carries a soldier on his back, but after going thru the slums one night with a party, most of the habitants looked like they were carrying a whole regiment.

The dark narrow streets of this poor quarter, and there are many such, lined on either side with low, dingy brick buildings, housing—what time they were not in the streets —hundreds of little dirty and tattered children, some reminding me of some places back in India; here, old clothing was being auctioned off on tables in the middle of the streets at night.

In another place eels and cockles, the poor man's sea food, was being served, the eels tasted delicious, while the bivalves—the cockles seemed to squirm as they "went to press"; crabs are thrown on the hot broilers alive, for they are not good after having once died, but certainly are most delectable when fresh broiled.

One thing in this country's favor is the advantage of all kinds of sea food, and the markets are full of the queerest kinds of briny edibles, and fish from a finger length to the great codfish, that often weighs as much as a man, were in great quantities in the fish markets; I doted on taking walks thru them at times to note the different species.

As long as the ocean laps England's shores, there will always be sustainance, for in these depths must be a hidden squirming mass.

Greater London, that is, including its suburbs, as Greater New York includes Brooklyn and others, has its vast population (7,250,000) spread over an area of four hundred and forty-three thousand acroes, truly the largest city in the world, with the River Thames running right thru

the center, about fifty miles above where it flows out into the Strait of Dover.

Fifteen handsome bridges span this river in London, where it is eight hundred feet wide and thirteen feet deep until the tide comes in from the ocean and causes it to flow backwards, when it then raises it to seventeen feet; I didn't know that, owing to its close proximity to the ocean that the tide kept the current flowing up stream half the time, and I couldn't get my bearings for several days; my hotel was on the end of Waterloo bridge at about the center of London, which facilitates access to all parts of the city, where, walking across the great wide concrete-embanked bridge, or one of the many others, every day to get over on the Strand, kept London-life-on-the-Thames ever before me, and indeed, it is a varied and active life, and as I was up and down this interesting waterway I found all kinds of life and traffic being exploited abreast its waters and along its banks, from the softly cushioned canoes and latest word in motor boats and the fairy-like fern-draped house boats for the leisure and pleasure-loving populace who idle time away along its bank upstream in the blue and as yet, unpollutetd flow, on down past little tea gardens and parks, to the more imposing structures as castles and courts, and on to where space becomes more valuable and concrete embankment protects the banks of the river, the great bridges span it with the majestic Houses of Parliament overlooking, down till we reach lower London where the busy docks, enfiines, tall chimneys and coal barges keep the atmosphere veiled in soot and smoke constantly.

Four bridges below, at London Tower bridge the congested traffic of ship commerce, and London Docks keeps a dense cloud hovering over this lower end of the river.

Police boat patrol up and down, and I am told that many a crime is hushed by drowning, and many a scandal swallowed up in the darkness of its depths.

The famous Tower bridge, just opposite the old fort—the Tower of London, which is now used as an arsenal, was closed along with many other interesting features of London on account of the destructive work wrecked by the

militant suffragists; this wonderful bridge has two massive square towers where you are taken to the top in an elevator and walking across, a hundred feet above, to the opposite tower, descending in the elevator to the other side of the river; this is a draw bridge where the center breaks and raises strate up laying back against the towers allowing the boats to pass thru.

Above the Waterloo bridge is Charing Cross bridge leading out from the big railroad station of Charing Cross, crossing the river immediately on emerging from the station; this station has a five-story hotel built above it.

Then comes Westminster bridge leading to the famous Westminster Abbey, the renowned Gothic church where all the coronations of the soveregins of England take place, the latest one occuring in 1911 when the present King George V and Queen Mary were crowned.

This distinguished church is a magnificent stone pile, dark to almost musty with age, the lofty roof beieng a hundred feet high with a length of over five hundred feet, with massive columns reaching to the arches; 'twas damp and cool inside and I went again and again to hear the excellent music and view the sculpture and the monuments stationed around—monuments to their noted warriors and statesmen; this Abbey is also the burial place for England's numerous kings, and one side holds the remains of this country's great writers and is called the "Poet's Corner."

Adjoining this pretentious edifice, and commanding a splendid view on the bank of the Thames, are the houses of parliament, where visitors can go thru on Saturdays; in the House of Lords are long benches upholstered in red leather, no desks are used nor is there room for any; at one end there are two throne chairs in which the king and queen sit, with a smaller golden chair to one side for the oncoming king—called the Crown Prince, now the Prince of Wales —who is always the oldest son descending the dynasty, all the royal chairs having red satin cushions for their feet.

The House of Lords, or upper house, is made up of

Dukes, Earls, Viscounts, Barons and Bishops to the number of 642 members, elected for life.

The House of Commons, or lower house, are the citizens and there are 670 of them at a salary of $2,000.

I saw King George and Queen Mary on several outdoor occasions; once, the Queen and her only daughter, Princess Mary (altho they have five sons) were driving in Hyde Park, the fashionable meeting place, in an open victoria, with scarlet-coated attendants fore and aft; the Queen is not handome, but her strong features bespeak strong characteristics, and they do say that her influence is as much valued as the King's.

At the brilliant rehearsal of the King's Troops of the Horse Guards scarlet and gold regalias of the richest and heaviest kind, with sabres, helmets, stirrups and bridles all glittering in the sun almost dazzles one; King George who sits his saddle well, was followed by his long line of Life Guards who were all mounted on the sleekest and most beautiful of black horses, with white wool sheep skins for blankets, themselves scarlet coated with shining helmets from which long white horse-tail tassels swayed in the breezes—the whole ensembele would put Kimberly in the dark.

The Lord Mayor's coach drawn by four white horses, shows all the brilliancy and adornments of a circus wagon.

The streets of London are called roads, they are wide and radiate any old way across the city! there is no such system as blocks or squares, and the names merge one into the other without notice.

The buildings join together and run a quarter of a mile without a break; there are no skyscrappers here; wouldn't London have some sore necks if the Woolworth or the Singer buildings of New York were uddenly transposed to its city?

A few modern hotels and apartment houses attain eight floors, but most are limited to three and four, and farther out, to only one, and all of London's buildings, fine in architecture, appear plotched and black-besmirched from being long fog-soaked.

The streets most occasioned are around the civic and commercial center, and the most familiar of these are Piccadilly, Park Lane, Oxford Street, Bond, Regent and Pall Mall, Drury Lane, Leceister Square and Bird Cage Walk.

London has a regular network of underground and tube railway, it must be the finest system in the world, anywhere you wish to go, you duck under the ground, take your seat in the car where you are exprest along thru the tube and rise to the surface in another part of the city; this leaves the streets free of the network of wire and rails that usually usurp the thorofare in the cities; only the double-decked motor busses and cabs are used on the streets which looks odd in this big city; the motor busses are open top on the upper deck, and you climb up the spiral stair at the back and take the top breezes; the seats are equipt with a black oilcloth apron attached to each to protect all but your hat from the rains that pour a little almost every dy, else these heavy London fogs are most equal to rain.

One fine system of double-decked tram cars, where both decks are glass enclosed, runs out to the suburbs; beautiful sailing, this, out over the fine green country, viewing the park like landscapes from a glass balcony two decks up, with a sprinkling rain freshening everything; add thousands of automobiles and cabs to this over and underground service, yet they are very much behind as everybody is in a hurry to get somewhere in order to get back to start again.

A great broad white thorofare called the Mall leads up to Buckingham Palace, the royal residence, where the King and Queen with their family reside; 'tis a rambling brown building of three stories with a park in the rear, and all is enclosed with a high iron picket fence and gates, where sentries with shouldered guns patrol back and forth continually; in front of this, is the very grandest white marble statue and gushing fountain, a memorial to the King's grandmother—Queen Victoria; this most takes up the whole front plaza just in front of the picket fence.

While I was here in London during May, 1913, the King and Queen traveled over to Berlin to be present at the wed-

ding of the Kaiser's only daughter to the Duke of Brunswick, spending a week at the festivities, guests of Germany's Emperor at the Imperial Castle in Berlin; relation, of course, for the Kaiser's mother is King George's aunt.

Of all days in June, which is the London "season," Derby Day at Epsom Downs, where the great English horse races are run, is the most important.

I went with a party by early morning train about twenty miles out thru beautiful green park lands, on down past Lord Roseberry's fine estate to Epsom Downs; passage into the grounds is free for everybody, but seats are from three shillings up to a guinea, with every one taken and thousands standing.

All of London and vicinity was there; I went over in the downs which is a knoll in the center of the great track which is a mile and a half around and is solid turf; with a field glass I surveyed the sea of faces; I never saw such a mass of peoples before; the Lords were all in high top silk hats and canes, a beetle-back coat and spats; King George wore a grey suit with black silk hat, while Queen Mary appeared in navy blue over white with hat covered with pink roses; they were in their royal box, which was rather enclosed, lined with red velvet upholstery, as also are quite a string of boxes, or stalls (as they are called) for the peerage, who were all attired in mere trifles of chiffon with great plumes for head dress.

But this was an unlucky year—probably because it was 1913—disaster, bankruptcy and tragedy ended the race.

Disasteer—in that one horse, on nearing the plate, stumbled and broke his leg and was shot in front of the grand stand; the jockey was injured.

Bankruptcy—because Craganour, the favorite horse, after winning by a head, was counted disqualified on account of jostling and bunting the other horses, therefore great stakes lost; the people bet all over the grounds and ran wild.

Tragedy—in that a woman, a suffragette, slipt under the rail and ran in front of the King's horse, just as they

were rounding Tottenham Corner, which is a sharp turn, and tried to stop it.

The horse struck her and turned a somersault, throwing the jockey against the fence with a broken rib; the woman—Miss Emily Wilding Davison, leader of militant suffragettes was hurled yards away, was taken in an ambulance to a hospital where, from brain concussion, she never rallied—dying a martyr to the cause.

The next day I went to their suffragette meeting in the London Pavillion; the big theater was filled with nicely drest and sympathetic peoples; police were thick around, anticipating trouble, and often get it, claiming they are so tried with the aggravations of the militants; there were fifty men, who had to present tickets to get in.

After an hour of condoning the death of one of their leaders, suggestions were offered that Miss Davison should have a public funeral, and money was raised for that purpose; it was remarkable the way money poured in by silent subscriptions which were afterward read aloud; in addition to this, just to show how cosmopolitan the gathering was, a man from the gallery called out "put down five pounds from Montreal," that is twenty-five dollars.

A "Cleveland" passenger hollowed "one pound from California where women vote," that's five dollars.

Another called "two guineas from Sidney, Australia," that's ten dollars.

Still another "two pounds from New Hebrides," and so on until I'm sure they did not lack for funds for this, the last rites.

The funeral was most a week after her death; I went to Bloomsburg Square where the procession would necessarily have to pass to the St. George's church, and it looked like all of London had turned out; the street across the city, all the way from Victoria Station where the body arrived from Epsom, to the church was lined with peoples; there were five thousand marchers in the procession which was three quarters of a milee long, four abreast and interspersed with ten bands.

Most all the women wore white with black on the sleeve, and carried beautiful Madonna lilies; it took four carriages to carry the handsome floral pieces that had been sent from all over England, for this war of man against women's rights has now become world-wide.

These tributes were all tied with their colors—purple and white; the casket was covered with a purple pall, and green wreathes hung all round.

There was a great force of police, but the crowd was orderly, and the well organized procession, by women, was a handsome tribute to pay to the woman who dared do such a rash act in order to make the government sit up and take notice.

Nothing transpires over here now without the moving picture man winding it all up on his reel, and as a result I went to the Palace de Luxe a few days after, to see "The Derby" and "The Funeral Procession" reviewed on the screen.

I sat these two splendid films out twice, trying to locate myself, as I was in the crowd at that point where one camera stood, but the picture was gone before I could look over the sea of faces.

There was not a dry eye in the house as the screen told the tale, and on rehearsing that part where the horse struck Miss Davison and threw her in the air before the back horse flung her against the fence, women in the audience rose, screamed out, moaned and cried heartbrokenly, and continued weeping thruout the two films; others shouted "'bravo, bravo."

An empty carriage followed next to the corpse in the procession ;it proved to be that of Mrs. Pankhurst's, the leader; she had been released from prison for a time on account of ill health, and so soon as she stept out to the waiting carriage, she was arrested and taken back to Holloway prison again, and the unoccupied carriage followed in the procession, showing the denial.

The suffrage question is giving some uneasiness over here, I was talking with some of the suffragettes, and they said "women count as nothing here"; I suggested that their

country was ruled by a woman for sixty years, and that statues of attest are all over England and her dominions all the way round the world, perhaps if they should eliminate militancy their cause would receive more consideration.

Some manner of destruction was going on nightly, and they would leave their literature scattered around as warning; they burned race track buildings, boat houses, set fire to other things, send anonymous letters, picket, make riots daily in Hdye Park and plant bombs, then they get arrested; some of them were always being hustled off to the prisons, where on their refusing to eat, after days of starvation, thinking they would be released, they were forcibly fed, the food conveyed thru the nostrils, about which some tales of cruelty were told and complaints made; but what time the victim is out on recuperation does not shorten her sentence, she must stay the full time if it takes a year or more.

Their "Woman's Social and Political Union" contends for votes by virtue of their paying taxes and rates, also wish to raise their women on a higher plane, vote the underworld and the ale leech out, and indeed, some of them need it, for I see girls are barmaids, and that all the saloons are patronized by women; I pushed back the doors of several of these "Oatmeal Stouts," "Sour Mash" and "Ale" barrooms and saw whole benches of women with hats all awry and dull eyes; one nicely drest woman stept to the curb on one of the main streets and discharged her eats as disgracefully as a man does.

Our own States are coming under the women's suffrage—slowly, one at a time, eleven of the western states having already accorded the vote.

London has many beautiful parks, Hdye Park and Kensington Gardens being most important, and most popular where you pay one penny, or two cents, for a chair to rest in, else there are free benches if you are not particular of sitting by someone.

Great portals are at the entrance to this park, where is the famous Rotten Row, the beautiful driving thorofare, where fashion is aired daily, and which is over bowered

with lofty trees; parallel to this is a sanded trotting row, where ladies canter by on their favorite horses, but never astride in the presence of Queen Mary, for she will not tolerate that position of equestrianism.

Up the Thames is the grandest park yet, called Kew Gardens; here are the royal botanic gardens of seventy-five acres and the pleasure grounds, belonging to the nation, of two hundred and fifty acres; these are said to contain the finest collection of plants in the world, and is open every day; at the entrance is a placard which reads "All persons entering this park must be decently drest.

Here is a world of prizes, the expanse of green sward is dotted with huge bunchings of rhododendrens all of the most perfect colorings, running the gamut from white, pearl to pink, to red. There are Italian gardens, and the most beautiful rose pergola extant; there were the different species of the heather, or ling; in the long halls are the rare flowers of every nation, here are orchids at their very acme; it would take days to familiarize ones self with this grand show place, this free exhibition of the world's choicest collection of rarest flora; all this has a lofty and dark background of perfect shade trees, which are small groups of all species from different countries that can be induced to live in this climate.

All England drinks tea, and all along up the grass-grown banks of the Thames are little tea gardens, where chairs and tables are scattered over the green lawns and little English maids administer to your fondness for the decoction, and the longer you tarry in this kingdom, the greater the fondness becomes, as this is the principal tea consuming country in the world, coffee receiving scarcely any attention, in fact, I never drank a good cup of coffee the whole time I was in England.

China formerly furnished England her tea, but more recently her proteges, as India and Ceylon have been supplying the greater portion as these countries have forged ahead, with their expanse of hill sides devoted to the propagation of this beverage-producing shrub.

About fifty miles from London on up the Thames, is

the university town of Oxford, which is England's seat of learning; here are twenty-one colleges, some of them dating back to the thirteenth century, like its close second the Cambridge University just fifty miles north of London.

Twenty miles from London, also on the Thames, is Hampton Court where I spent one day, going up the river on the steamer, passing thru two locks and around small grassy islands, that only enhance the charm of the clear water at this point; Hampton Court is a great rambling pile of brick with an extensive court and has the finest flowering garden in England, except Kew Gardens, which as before mentioned, is the beauty spot of the world; just now owing to parliament's opposition to woman suffrage, who retaliate with vengeance and destruction, there is great restriction on all public places—some being heavily policed while others are closed.

But we got thru this Hampton Castle except the state apartments where the King and Queen reside when they come up here to spend a week or so on some special occasion; these towered courts are so large it takes a day to go thru their many long halls, which are hung with pictures and tapestry, each piece a treasure, of course, else it would not get credence on these wall, great rooms furnished in gold others in red, each succeeding sovereign adding to the gorgeousness of these centuries-old structures, all walled in with high iron gates with guards and guns at either side, the walls all overgrown with loveliest of roses—as you know the rose is England's flower; here I saw a picture —it was one single Wistaria vine trailing along a wall that was fifty feet long and twenty feet high and it completely and gracefully covered the entire wall, for it was in full bloom of the lavender flowers a half a yard long profusely hanging—needless to say, it was well guarded.

In this same castle ground is a famous grapevine, such as age and care only, let become famous, and they are few in the world, I can recall one other only, which is out in a court trailing overhead of a large outdoor refreshment place near the old San Gabriel Mission in California; but this English grapevine is trained some different, in that it

is enclosed in a big glass hall, dome and sides, and is kept an even temperature and grown as hot house grapes reaching the state of perfection in roundness to the size of a black walnut, these being served at the king's table.

Not appearing militant, I was permitted to enter this vaporous hall, where I noted the knotty trunk of this vine was as large as a gate post.

This old palace, Hampton Court, was built in 1525; it has seen much of royalty; here is where kings and queens have lived succeedingly; here King Charles II lived in the sixteenth century with his eight wives, here also King James I lived and where the Hampton Court conference took place in 1604, where this king authorized a new translation of the Bible known as the King James version, and which is past down to us today, and which revision took forty-seven scholars three years to complete.

On up this river the interesting panorama follows to the Windsor Castle, twenty-two miles from London; this old castle is the principal country seat of the royal family and which contains a chapel where the sovereigns are buried, as also is where the remains of Queen Victoria rest, and at which place the chief feature is the long avenue of large trees three miles long.

Cricket grounds, golf courses and hunting boxes abound all along up here, all hedged in with low well trimmed boxwood hedges, and I can't recall noticing any other kind of fence save the hedge or stone; and the fine velvety green makes it all so inviting.

But I must get back to London and quit wandering off up here but it is so beautiful where the river narrows, and there are rapids necessitating the locks which I enjoyed passing thru, and I came again and again for I consider the second, even the third view of anything much more impressive—I would go on one of the many pleasure steamers that plied up and down the Thames, and come back on the train, or go on the motorbus and return on the boat, always allotting time for reverie, or fanciful reflections upon the surroundings; the chief feature of the upper Thames,

and the most idyllic, is the boat-house life thru the summer months where there are dozens of these fancy little boats lying on the water moored to the bank by long ropes, shore being reached by small skiffs, or long fancy gang-ways; these are all painted white, some are little fairies of one story of two or more rooms with fluttering filmy curtains and wicker furnishings, with hanging baskets of ferns and scarlet geraniums surrounding the whole boat, where I often saw the dwellers dining on the roof, as all the roofs are flat, or lying in hammocks under the shield of a canopy—others would be almost a palace two stories, fancifully trimmed, but always with balconies for view points, with flowers everywhere making a veritable dreamland, and London gossip has it that many of their actresses, off duty, are maintained in some of these enchanting retreats; at any rate, it is a very picturesque, fascinating and original idea, this private house-boat life on the Thames.

One "seeing" London must not overlook Madame Tussaud's exhibition of war-works in the big museum out in Marylebone Road; this is an educational display of ceroplastic art, and here you can see the latest as well as the historical wax models of all the chief happenings in tableaus; there are four hundred exhibitions, and with the descriptive history accompanying each unit, it certainly opens up revelations; this little Frenchwoman, with her nimble fingers began the art of wax modeling when a mere girl in Paris, and in 1789 her success was interrupted by the French revolution, when the King of France, Louis XVI, and his Queen, Marie Antoinette, who were ruling at this time, and owing to their unmindful comprehension of the state of affairs that existed in their country coupled with their extravagance and indifference to the welfare of the populace of their kingly rule, for France was a kingdom at that time, their subjects tiring of the misrule, stormed the Bastille, which eventually led to the guillotining of the royal pair, this occurrence depriving Madame Tussaud, the wax modeler, of any further progress in France during this upheavel, left the country and established herself in England, her exhibition attracting great attention as she constantly

added the wax figure of some new celebrity or person of newly acquired distinction during the sixty years here in England, dying at the great age of ninety, where her sons took up her work and are carrying it on today, having established a music room and a refreshment hall on one floor where you can go and stay all day, eat, and while music floats thru the halls, study the features and characters of kings and queens, present, past and future; here is the true-to-life figure of King George V, present king of England; of Rudyard Kipling, the author of "Plain Tales from the Hills"; Joan of Arc, the heroine of the "Hundred Year's War" between England and France, where 1429 she, being given an army, helped to drive the English from Orleans, the city of France; of Mrs. Pankhurst; of the head only, of the guillotined Marie Antoinette of France, which was taken immediately after her execution and modelled by Madame Tussaud's own hands; here is the facsimile of Edward J. Smith, the late commander of the big steamer "Titanic" which was sunk in the Atlantic on its maiden trip just the year before our trip around the world; there's George Washington and Abraham Lincoln; all authoritative, and worth days spent in reviewing.

A short ways off the Strand, on Bow Street, is Covent Garden Theater, certainly a mammoth lofty affair, where it being June, and the London "season," all the grand operas were unfolded in most sublime musical harmony every night, with such celebrities as Melba, the Australian, whose real name is not Melba at all, being Nellie Porter Mitchell, until she became Mrs. Armstrong, having asumed the stage name of Melba in compliment to her native city of Melbourne, Australia, where she was a church soloist, then ambitious of a larger career she came to England, where she met with brilliant success, and at Covent Garden, with the added voice of Enrico Caruso, the famous tenor, a native of Italy, both singing Verdi's La Traviata positively made the great hall ring.

Then there was "Aida," "Madame Butterfly" and "La Boheme" by such stars as McCormack, Emma Destinn and Kirby Lunn, and tickets command a price, but all are taken

and those for the gallery are five shillings; the royal box is all beautifully fitted out in red velvet, where if the King and Queen were not present, it was occupied by other members of the royal family.

There are forty theaters and music halls in London, most of them long standing, and have become famous.

Along down the Strand at the end of Fleet Street, stands the massive heap of St. Paul's Cathedral, in the shape of a Latin Cross the nave is five hundred feet long; the interior is vast but bare; there are high campaniles on the west front; herein is a library containing over ten thousand volumes, and a Whispering Gallery and the great organ and the wood carvings in the choir are masterpieces; in the crypt are the sarcophagi of Wellington, the British general who defeated Napoleon at Waterloo so totally on June 18, 1815, and of Admiral Nelson who defeated the French and Spanish off Trafalgar, a point in southwest Spain in 1805, where he was killed; in further honor of this service, by Nelson, just at the other end of the Strand is a whole square devoted to memmorialize him, to keep his story ever before the public, in the way of a fully concreted circular platform of street size where in the center rises a great column of 177 feet with a colossal statue of Nelson at the acme, and on either side a lion of most huge dimensions; this makes a kind of retreat or resting place, or a place to relax as you ascend the two or three steps and gaze around at this great monumental display massed over this whole square.

Just back of this is the big National Gallery, where I spent one day, intending to spend more, and where you can linger and study for weeks the one thousand pictures hanging on its long walls which classic facade meaures close to five hundred feet, so you can see that much of London is on the mammoth order; there are pictures, and titles of pictures in here that you would not expect to find, and that I was surprised at and had to look again to make sure the title was not misrepresenting, and one in particular, where I think the guard, standing at a distance, watches the different expressions on the lookers as the revelations dawn

on them; this gallery is open all days, three of which are free, the others are six-pence (twelve cents) admission, I always go on pay days, as I do not want to view art from behind a bunch of hat feathers or artificials, and the halls are not so full as on free days; it is said that many of the most famous pictures of the world are in these halls, and that more than a million peoples visit this palace of art yearly.

A little farther on, at the end of the Mall is Waterloo place and you go up a number of wide concrete steps right in the middle of the street, the plaza all white and splendidly laid out, where all the government officials and foreign ambassadors dwell in sceamy-white residences, where, indeed, it is all so beautiful in, and around here and including Piccadilly Circus and Leicester Square. The main street in front of the Strand is Victoria Embankment, and outlines the north bank of the Thames from the Parliament Halls, to the Blackfriars Bridge, curving round a beautiful bend of the river, for over a mile, all adorned with fine buildings and statues and ornamental grounds, making a fine driving thorofare and promenade walks and is one hundred feet wide with trees overhanging, this, a restful spot along this busy way, built at a cost of ten million dollars; in the center of this stands a bit of foreign art, an obelisk of old Egyptian times, one of Cleopatra's Needles, as called, the other one being in New York City, these monoliths, or single stones, are tall square shafts with pyramidal tops, and are of rose-red granite all caricatured in hieroglyphics, and are seventy feet high; they formerly graced of Heliopolis along the Nile in Moses' time, but just before the Christian era, Cleopatra had them remvoed to Alexandria the Egyptian port on the sea, where in 1820 one of them was presented to the British government where it did not seem to be apprciated, being neglected until about 60 years afterwards, by private money it was erected here on the Victoria Embankment at a cost of fifty thousand dollars, where in the path of all work-a-day London, it appears as a blank to some, while to others it is characteristic of the whole of Egypt; the other obelisk at New York was presented to the United States by the Khe-

dive, or ruler of Egypt in 1881, and is set up in Central Park in New York, where it is as conpsicuous as a totem pole from Alaska.

The annuities paid by the British peoples to the King and Queen is two and one-third million dollars.

One day I spent at Greenwich, or Green-ich, as it is called here, the suburb that sets the time for all the world, on the Thames about five miles from London Bridge; here the big observatory sits on a high promontory overlooking the river, and a big 24-hour clock hangs on a high wall; this location is one of the four cardinal points of the world, and from where longitude east and west is reckoned, terminating, either side of the globe in 180 degrees longitude which brings the line thru the Pacific Ocean from the Aleutian Islands north, to New Zealand south, and at sixty miles to each degree, makes 21,800 miles around the world, paralelling the equator, all of which I will have covered, on this whirl around the world, tho dipping below the equator and as far as fifty-two degrees above, and with the rail and river trips inland, my milage will reach above 28,000 on this non-stop trip.

Surrounding the observatory is a finely wooded park where deers roam, and where the Londoners come to spend recreation among the lofty shade trees and along the hillsides and shaded grassy walks, and I notice there are so many places of like skirting the big busy city of London, the metropolis of the world.

We were attracted by the great wandering and magnificent hospital ,and found that the oldest part of this rambling mass was formerly the palace of the extravagant sovereign King Charles II, who during his extravagant reign over these British Isles, involved the nation and encountered all kinds of reverses, as the Dutch fleet came in and up the Thames as far as Chatham, burning and destroying ships, creating war, then the great plague of 1665 in London which ravage during the year carried off near seventy thousand persons, and this was followed by the great fire which spread over 336 acres, destroying thousands of houses and

most a hundred churches, and where there are many monuments, references and allusions to this disastrous fire today.

Why shouldn't kings and queens have all the palaces they want, and when and where they want them, when they exact such royalties from their own peoples, and one can well see in roving about, that the many castles and palaces have been erected to suit every hour of the different sovereign's day.

But this great palace of the willful king was converted, after his death, into a hospital for disabled seamen of the navy, and about fifty years ago it became the seat of the Royal Naval College for the education of naval officers, and near it stands the infirmary for the sick and disabled seamen.

About three miles below, and on the Thames, is Woolwich, (pronounced Wul-ich) where I went by tram car, riding along on the top deck which is all glass enclosed and where you get such a good view of the country and river alongside as you skim along on the steel rails high up above it all; this is an arsenal city and stretches over three miles along the river, and the main feature is the arsenal where it is more than four mlies around, and there are guns and barracks, gun factories, and soldiers and parading, nd ordnance departments, high stone walls and forbidding gates with armed soldiers patrolling and it all seems so busy yet so quiet and orderly that you are rather imprest with its mission; there's a mighty fine Garrison church, a mammoth affair where the troops attend services, and in front of this is the big parade grounds where practicing and drilling is featured by the many stationed here.

No traveler ever sees all of London, so I am leaving by Charing Cross Station to entrain to Kolkestone on the Channel, thru the County of Kent which supplies the big English strawberries, of which I indulged in freely, they were so luscious and fresh and of unheard of proportions, great wagons of them passing along under my hotel window every morning, coming up from the Kent gardens on the way to Covent Garden Market, where every vegetable, fruit and flower that England produces is on sale, and where I would walk thru many times to note the varieties of the

very beautiful blossoms and the tantalizingly tempting fruits and vegetables.

Folkestone is a seaport in Kent County and is the chief station for the Channel steamers that ply between England and France, its opposite being Boulogne on the coast of France; farther up the English coast is a passage connecting Dover with Calais on the French coast; the Straits of Dover separate the Britih Isles from France and in refering to crossing, they say they are "going over on the continent," ór "over to the mainland"; from Folkestone to Boulogne the Straits are only twenty-six miles wide and is rough and being twenty-five fathoms (or 150 feet) deep the tides have a forceful draw thru these narrow walls of high white chalk cliffs on both sides, for the pressure of the big Atlantic and the North Sea waters surge back and forth thru this passage; then it broadens out into the English Channel, sweeping out into the Atlantic.

There was a time when a railroad tunnel under these straits was considered to connect England and France after the manner of the tube under the Hudson River connecting New York with New Jersey, but England decided not.

FRANCE.

It took an hour and a quarter to steam across the choppy current, and I landed at Boulogne-sur-Mer (or Boulogne-on-the-sea), on the north head of France about fifty miles from Belgium; this is a picturesque city on the Liane River where it empties into the Straits, and has fifty thousand peoples where one out of every twenty is English and the English language is almost as familiar as the French; this is a fashionable watering place as well as a fortified seaport and many English peoples have residence here; it has a fine strand where the sand makes an inviting promenade, and a great sea bathing establishment is erected to accommodate the surf plungers, but as it is always cool here the season doesn't reach its height till August and September; a red flag is hoisted when the tide is favorable for bathing, as once out to sea you are hard to reclaim; I recall once bathing in the surf of the Gulf of Mexico when the strong incoming tide almost floored me, rolling up in high waves, bursting with a boom and shooting the spray sweeping everything before it, and I would no more than gain my equilibrium when another followed up in such an agitated manner, swirling all round me, the water grew cold, and I gave up this battle with the tide.

Boulogne is divided into an upper and a lower town, the lower part has all the hotels and main business and the streets are bordered with footpaths of marble; the upper part has steep streets leading up to the high walls which surround it and ramparts are constructed for its security; years ago old Napoleon, the warrior, deepened the harbour to this important point on the sea and fortified against possible invasion, and camped a great army for the purpose of breaking in on Britain when opportunity was presented,

but Austria became hostile at this time in 1805, and the army was called to other places.

No town or city in France is without its church, or cathedral, and many fine ones are found in the smaller towns, it being the chief feature of the village, where the devout seem to live and die by these gray stone piles; the one in this town is called Notre Dame (notre dame is French for "Our Lady") a title of the Virgin Mary and is applied to many churches thruout France; this cathedral has a great dome more than three hundred feet high and is topt off with a huge lantern, from where a grand view of the sea lying below and the surrounding ramparts is gained.

I entrained for Paris outlining the coast till I reached the River Somme, which runs clear thru the Department of Somme, emptying into the Channel along the seaboard; turning east at Abbeville, I outlined the banks of the Somme to Amien, capital of the Department of Somme and used to be capital of Picardy, before the Province of Picardy was divided into the five different departments that it now is, which include the five in the extreme north of France.

This city of 90,000 inhabitants has a big manufacturin trade and has communication with the sea as the Somme is navigable for small vessels; the chief sight here is the great cathedral which is claimed to be one of the handsomest in the world, dominating as do most of these cathedral cities, the whole of the town; the spire is 422 feet high, the central porch has a statue of Christ, and is adorned with 150 figures of saints; the nave is most a hundred and fifty feet high, with 126 columns supporting its highness, and the whole length of the cathedral is 469 feet and has the accustomed rose-window and stained glass windows; this Gothic, or pointed style, mass was begun in the year 1220 and was sixty-eight years building, and has been added to, along the years, and in some of the towns, the cathedrals have never been completed altho commenced on massive proportions.

Proceeding on to Paris, we cross the River Oise, and I noted women working in the fields all the way—big bunchy French women by the dozens, with aprons or shawls tied

over their heads; they were doing men's work, and in some of the fields I did not see a man; the fields are all small as they confine their agriculture to small grain, where I noticed they were harvesting the oats, tying little bunches by the heads close up, and setting them down where they looked like doll racks at a picnic in Morgan.

On all this trip of the world have I noted farming or agriculture done on the large scale that we do in the United States; our big tractors ripping the acres open, and our hurry grain binders and wide swathed hay fellers are not taken to so kindly, and in some countries are unheard of; but with all our three million square miles how else could it be taken care of, with only our hundred million peoples, while France has ony 204,000 square miles for its forty million peoples, and her neighbor, Germany, has but few more square miles for her sixty-eight million peoples.

France's greatest length is six hundred miles, and breadth a little less—just twice across Missouri.

So they confine their cultivation to small stuff, and small patches, and the women play the active part, and in the markets especially the truck markets, who was doing the selling?—the women, for the French women in the rural districts are hustlers.

This country is long on wines and one twenty-fifth of the whole area of France is in vinyards, and it is said they are unsurpast in making wines under the names of Champagne, which is white, creaming and frothing when poured from the bottle, where in all meekness I indulged some just to note the different flavors, then there's Burgundy that carries all the richness of the grape, and the Bordelais wines which are beneficial to the system without mounting to the head which is the general wine and is served at all meals as claret, and with a little water dilution, nothing is thot of a teetotaler absorbing a couple of glasses.

Beets are cultivated for the manufacture of sugar, especially in this north part; unlike England these peasant farmers or agriculturists in most part own their own farms and supply the cities or villages nearest; these people are the backbone of France.

Altho France is congested and short on cultivable land, yet there are fine wooded forests scattered along, and I find that the government requires the replanting of trees that are cut down, this process keeping their forests always replenished, thereby furnishing wood and timber at all times, that necessarily would have been entirely annihilated long before this era these forests take up about one-seventh of the whole territory; the chestnut tree is given much consideration for it is resorted to as a staple food with the poorer classes.

I arrived in Paris, had my luggage overhauled for which I had to tip the inspector, or porter, as they are termed, and I past out and stayed at a near French hotel the first night, but they having to call the "Anglaise" interpreter on every occaion for me, I took a carriage the next morning and went across the city to the Latin quarter, which is habited mostly by English and American students who are taking a course of "finishing" over here in the different arts; two lady friends from the "Cleveland" were stopping here to brush up on nude art, and we often took long trips together, but I gain more experience by depending upon my own resources.

Not speaking French, I armed myself with a dictionary, a map and an ability to make signs and faces and proceeded the rounds of Paris, but I would say to you, if you do not speak French do not come to Paris, if you are possest of the least timidity.

They think all Americans come lined with gold (and I dare say same of them do) and its a constant tip, tip, tip, almost if they just give you a bit of information, and if they load your trunk on the dray they expect big money.

The French peoples have olive or dark complexions, some with wondrous dark eyes and black hair, and the more cultured are quite handsome, when rouged; the Parisians are not made up of the very bunchy peasant I saw out in the fields as I came on the train, they are different in the city, being very petite, fastidious, carrying style with art; the men are shorter of stature than the long-legged English-

men, and are very polite; there are all classes here in Paris same as any other large city.

There are the cab drivers, who race by you, and all but nip your toes, and if they do injure you in any way in the street, you are sued—not the cab driver—for getting in the way.

Yes, indeed, I had read a couple of articles of like, and wondered at the judgment, showing the mistake the printer must have made to the landlady whereupon she said: "'No, indeed, that was no mistake, that is the law." So I immediately commenced to take more caution in crossing the streets, for if I should have come as near being run over by a car here in Paris as I did in England, I should be killed or sued and perhaps both.

There are the poor musically inclined, who come into your back court and make their violins weep as they cast their dark eyes longingly up the tiers of windows opening onto the court, at the mercy of the hearers tipping qualities; and often there would be a rain of small coins tinkling adown the shaft on the concrete below, then there would be more violin weep, and really it was very pathetic.

Then there are the carriage drivers who sit high up above you by the side of their indicators, and in driving along who aid their indicators in checking up kilometres on the nonsuspecting (?) American; but its worth the overcharge to watch their guilefulness.

The streets of Paris, like those of London, begin anywhere and make a dozen bends and change names just anywhere in the street; a street or lane is called "rue" while blocks and squares are never alluded to; the main boulevards are broad and well kept, and there are many of these, for Paris is a clean city, yet there are many narrow ones, and some ending in cul-de-sac that recalls Jean Valjean in "Les Miserables" who certainly did lead a troublous life 'mid these high stone walls, all for dishonestly taking a loaf of bread; and to Victor Hugo, the author of this book, and many more, there is a fine boulevard named for him headed by a fine literary statue of him; also one to Alex-

ander Dumas across the city, a fine tribute to her literary genius.

Long rows of trees outline the main boulevards and suggestions of art and skill in bringing out artistic attractions in all improvements and workmanship seems to be the aim of all Paris, and to have become a part of their existence; in fact, Paris is a most beautiful and a clean city.

There is a plethora of tall columns, statuary, monuments and fountains, great arches and towers and bridges all named in honor or memory, or for some heroic deed by man or representing the spot where some act was committed during troublous times, for Paris, France, has much to honor, for keeping intact all these centuries and holding her own thruout all the different struggles with the different nations, besides the home embroilments of her own kings, which has upset the government various times, and made it a republic for the third time which it has held since 1870; there has been much abdication, assassinations, dethroning and deaths to mark the progress of this government, and these emblems are found at intervals all over Paris, and again out in the rural districts; in the city they mark the end of a boulevard, or the circle from which a half dozen streets radiate or a plaza or park.

With its close upon three million inhabitants, the capital is one of the most interesting, and some one said, "superbest city in the world"; at any rate I was bewildered as to where to begin to visit the different features that make up the rendezvous of the Parisienne, I just decided to wander at fancy's dictation, and as my room was at 6 Rue Leopold-Robert 6 in a seven-story creamy apartment house where there is a little vestibule with a room back for the concierge, or doorkeeper, who must always let you in and out, I had easy access to two main boulevards, Raspail and Montparness where either the motorbus or the underground railway delivers you to any part of the city; if I went on the motorbus, on reaching their stopping stations, which are nothing more than a big lamp post at specified places, I must pull off a ticket that is numbered from the pack of numbers that is nailed to the post, before I can board the

bus, then the conductor opens the door and calls out the numbers in rotation, for who came to the station first and jerked off the first number gets in first, and if the seats are all taken we will be left at the station (or sidewalk) for the next bus, as there is no standing allowed in these motorbusses, then I pay fare according to the place or distance I am going, same as in London.

The motorbus here is double decked, and a top-heavy looking thing with a cover over the top deck—not left to the elements as back in London, and with the carriages and cabs this is the mode of conveyance thru the streets, all other being confined to the tube, or underground system, which is certainly a net work running in all directions and to any part of the city under the ground; the underground stations are great affairs, are like large halls, their ovalling walls all tiling faced, make airy distributing points, for two and sometimes three tunnels will lead out of the same station, and there's a big chart posted at the entrance of each tube, that has the names of all the different stations that that particular tunnel serves, you buy your ticket, take your seat in one of the fine long cars and you plunge into the dark tube and after squirming around underground like a mole for a few miles, you come to the surface in another part of the city; this system is the Metropolitan, called the "Metro" and is a most complete method as you can get anywhere in Paris thru these great tunnels, and they are the most patronized, as these trains are always crowded, so there's a big portion of Paris living underground all the time, going every way across the city.

Of course, they are subject to holocaust, as it has only been a few years back since a stretch of a tunnel gave way and let the surface thru along with a wagon and team and some other street traffic; this tunnel system must have been an expensive enterprise, but it eliminates all the street car traffic off the boulevards and keeps Paris clean and noiseless, for the grinding of the steel car wheel against the rail is the bane of all nerves.

The River Seine runs directly thru Paris making one grand curve, then in and out curves of the most see-saw

kind clear to the sea; were it not for this ribbon of water wending its way thru here I am sure much of the beauty of the city would have been lost; just follow this artery from the wall on the east limits of Paris to the wall on the southwest, and you will find where the most interest is centered, and that is why it is the attraction and the beauty feature of all Paris; it is crossed by near thirty bridges, scattered over its full length across the city, and these bridges, or "ponts" as they are called over here, are works of art, and with their equisitely lighted guards or sidings they present a beautiful scene after night with the soft lights reflecting in the waters below. The banks are walled all along, for this is not the large river that the Thames is, and on the inside down to the waters' edge are long rows of concrete platform for facilitating entrance to the boats —for numerous small boats ply up and down this interesting waterway constantly, pleasure boats and freight barges, in fact, anything that will float on the surface, sailing under the many bridges that connect the two parts of the city across the stream.

As before mentioned the quays in most instances have fine shade trees bordering, and along here are little bazaars set continuously along with awnings for coverings, and various trades are carried on, one stall being devoted to beautiful flowers, another to books and so on along the banks, their rear ends backed up against the walls of the river while the fronts open on the streets, the venders standing out at the front of the little bazaars; the embankments of concrete form a fine promenade, and the boats are called "flies" and "swallows."

In the middle of the Seine and almost in the center of Paris is an oval shaped island called "Cite," or City; this island with the river flowing around it forming a moat or channel of protection, as was uppermost in the germ of construction in olden times, was the beginning of the Great Paris of today; it was walled and fortified, and had two bridges leading out to the banks, one on either side, which were drawn up at night; but Paris outgrew this and becoming bolder, commenced to expand under different rulers,

building out in the rural districts, walling the city again until, at this date the city has expanded until it has outgrown five different walls, each one giving way to the other, where, on going thru the city, little remains of the former, only occasional great gates or portals or towers which often appear right in the middle of an avenue or boulevard, the immensity or the important part it has played or feature depicted of some struggle having immortalized it into keeping it restored, and ever before the coming generations who may larn of its historical role; and right plentiful are the reminders scattered thruout this city, for France certainly has a long list of rulers and of domineers.

It has been said that "uneasy lies the head of a crown" and it has been proven that even in times of greatest security, one is in most danger, and a head of any government, for that matter, who settles into a confidential state of supremeness that he rules his subjects and that nothing can undermine him, is apt to realize that "the peoples" of any government will tolerate only to a certain extent of domination, restrictions and impositions, then "the peoples" rule and the aforesaid rulers are subjected to various phases of fate, and no government is immune from like occurrence.

There's a picture, size eight feet by twelve feet that tells the fate of the reigning House of the Bourbons of France, where the three successive kings—Louis XIV, Louis XV, and Loui XVI, held sway in lordly, fahionable extravagance during the whole century of 1700, and which was suddenly brot to a close on the eve of the century, when, after tiring of the misrule of the last of these three kings, Louis XVI, and his Queen, Marie Antoinette, who joined in "the life" of gaiety with festivals and revelry on a scale of unprecedented magnificence at Versailles and Petit Trianon unmindful of the brewing minds of the populace, there was an assembling of all grievances and discontents which found vent on the fifth of October in the year 1789, when after a grand banqueting of her favorites at Versailles (the palace at their kingly disposal eleven miles in the suburban district of Paris) indignation reached its

acme, terminating in an insurrection by the women of Paris —ten thousand of them, furiour and with various kinds of arms, as Prinsep, the artist depict it on the canvas with the title "To Versailles" and the revenge of this long endurance of indifference is borne out in the women's expressions and rage as they march out of Paris on "To Versailles" joining the mob of men, and taking the royal family as prisoners to Paris where they were placed under guard at the Tuileries, the former residence of French sovereigns but which is now gone, having been destroyed by fire in another struggle, the balance being removed a few years ago, and where now is a most beautiful floral park called "The Tuileries" on the north bank of the Seine, thru which I past every day in crossing the city.

This insurrection eventually led to the guillotining of both King Louis XVI and Queen Marie Antoinette, hence the first Republic of France.

After a few years of dissention and "reign of terror" Napoleon and Josephine swept in and made France an empire, crowning themselves emperor and empress, and in the pursuit of gathering territory, carried everything before them; Napoleon, the Corsican, and of a large family of boys, made one of his brothers king of Italy, another brother king of Holland, and for another one the kingdom of Westphalia was erected, and his successes becoming so brilliant, he, wishing to perpetuate his greatness and his companion Joephine being childless, he resorted to the pitiless putting of her aside by the divorce method, almost immediately wedding a daughter of Austria, they having one son, but he was never permitted to rule altho proclaimed king of Rome while yet in his cradle, being only four years old at the time of his warrior father's abdication in 1815 and died at the age of twenty-one; Napoleon's reverses set in soon after his second marriage and ended at Waterloo where he had advanced into Belgium to meet the allied armies of his enemies on their approach to the French front, when Wellington, the general of the British army had his line to charge that of Napoleon's at the point of the bayonet, causing the retreat of his imperial guards, followed by the whole

French army at the battle of Waterloo, June, 1815; in surrendering, he was hustled aboard a British ship and conveyed down south over the sea to the little island of St. Helena, near the west coast of South Africa, belonging to Great Britain and whose area of precipitous and almost inaccessible coasts of ten by seven miles was a most narrow confine for the ambitions of the Great Napoleon, which was his place of banishment to the end of his life five years later, where it is said he spent most of his time in gazing out over the expanse of sea, in all silence, with his face turned toward his beloved France and the scenes of his brilliant career, which proved so encouraging an outlet to his stored up ambitions, only to lead to his downfall.

And the allies marched in upon Paris without opposition.

Waterloo is only ten miles from Brussels, and not far from Paris, and as I did not get to go, some of our passengers who did visit this famous place—the battlefield of Waterloo, said it is reached by a drive thru the Bois de la Cambre, a beautiful wooded park (for bois is French for wood or forest), where you come upon the "Mont de Lion" or Mount of the Lion overlooking the battlefield; this pyramidal monument is erected on the spot where the Prince of Orange was wounded, and the colossal lion at its summit is made of the metal of the cannons that were captured from the French; the monument can be ascended, where you get a splendid view, and a good idea of the position and lay of the land surrounding, where this great struggle was going on, where they say it still bears many traces of the fearful scenes.

Waterloo church stands near, where are laid many marble slabs in memory of the heroes who fell in the battle that changed France's destiny, which, a year or two previous, was an empire extending from Denmark to Naples, with capitals at Amsterdam, Paris and Rome.

But St. Helena was not Napoleon's final resting place, for here in Paris is a big open plaza on the banks of the Seine, called the Esplanade, stands the Hotel des Invalides, a great building whose facade is over six hundred feet long,

and was built in 1670 for a retreat for disabled soldiers and was arranged to accommodate five thousand, but there are only about five hundred inmates now, and the balance of the big hallways is devoted to kind of museum in which old artillery and armory is displayed; attached to this is the Church of the Invalides which has a great dome, shining over a long distance, and was said to have been gilded in Napoleon's time; directly under this lofty dome, and down in a white marble circular enclosure where all may view, is the sarcophagus containing Napoleon's body—France having had it transfered to Paris in 1840, almost twenty years later, and placed in this wing of the Army Hall.

Just over the entrance to the crypt I read the words of the emperor's last will which are inscribed in the marble "I desire that my ashes may repose on the banks of the Seine, among that French people I have so well loved," and looking down on the finest and probably the most prized tomb in Europe, you see the great red granite sarcophagus, which was sent from Finland, presented by Emerpor Nicholas of Rusia—a beautiful highly polished red granite, of scroll design, with a footed base, weighing the appalling heft of sixty-seven tons; this solid receptacle is elevated on a green onyx foundation rising from the inlaid marble floor; against the white marble columns that surround, at a distance, this imposing and solemn emblem, are twelve colossal sculptured figures, one against each column, representing the victories of Napoleon, and between these are numerous flags of the different conquests, aged to almost rags; could he realize the reverence shown him today, he would deem himself well repaid for the sacrifice, for this is a handsome tribute to the daring and persistent conqueror whose ashes repose on the banks of the Seine, and the marble railing is always lined with coming and going admirers.

Out on the broad Esplanade, which seems more like a large court, is the "Triumphal Battery" of numerous cannons stationed all round the borders of the court, which are used in firing salutes on great occasions.

In underneath the great arches that surround this massive three-sided building are little curio booths with attendants vending souvenirs of the warrior, in the way of metal and gold brooches, charms and other articles of hat, cannon or gun deign or the very familiar profile of the hero himself, and every passerby went away with a little token as a remembrance, even to myself.

After this abdication, the House of Bourbon was restored, but soon was succeeded by others, and thru ever ready insurrection, France became a republic for the second time, till Napoleon III, a nephew of the Great, converted it into the second empire where he, demanding assurance of Germany's non-aggrandizement, on being refused, declared war, but after a series of victories by the well organized and prepared Germans, Napoleon III himself, with his own army was compelled to surrender in 1870, and Paris was marched on once more, but later was vacated, by France turning over Alsace and a part of Lorraine together with an indemnity of one billion dollars to Germany.

The third republic came into existence after this overthrow of the second empire in 1870, and has continued thruout these fifty years, and which form of government is the popular one today, tho during the time there has been many different presidents, as it has not been all smooth sailing, as only one or two have completed their term of seven years; Raymond Poincare is the present president and I saw him and his wife on several outdoor occasions.

So, you see, if you do not know a smattering of the history of France, you could stumble around over Paris for ages and not know much more of France; on approaching any one of our seaports while aboard the steamer, I would rush down in the library at the rear of the ship, where there was an encyclopedia and read up on the shore city and country that we were about to enter, but many of the volumes were already in service as there were others both young and old who had sought to review, or renew their too long neglected faculties, and as we surged along on the billows, we were bruhsing up on anticipations of turning the visit to best results.

Paris is a circular city, that is, the last and great wall that surrounds it, is built roundly and the city is most crowded to its walls once more; this huge circular line of ramparts built to protect the city, costing many millions of dollars is twenty-two miles around and has ninety-four bastions—which are a projecting part of the wall, or as the wall is built in and out, forming these ninety-four nooks or recesses in the line; this great wall is thirty-two feet high while the parapet is nineteen feet wide, and has a sloping grass-grown embankment forty-eight feet wide and numerous gateways or portals lead in and out thru this wall.

On my outside excursions, I had to pass thru these portals which rear quite above you, and I scarce could realize what all this was for, and I was told, on becoming interested, that sixteen detached forts command the approaches to Paris, none of them farther than two miles from the city, while there are others that are as far as six miles away and there are over and underground trains and secret passageways leading out from the city to these forts, furnishing supplies; inside the wall is a wide thorofare or roadway outlining the wall clear round and close up, and parallel with this runs the railway tracks called the ceinture, or belt, which completely belts the city, and all traffic travels in a circular route over this Chemin de Fer, or "road of iron."

While there are various "Gares" or railway stations in Paris, no smoking, noisy railroads rumbles thru the streets across the city; the Gares, of which there are nine, are all situated around the city near the limits and each line comes directly in thru the wall at the nearest point and terminates at its own station, with the exception of the Gare de Orleans, the fine station on the Seine, which necessitates a long run, but it drops under ground on nearing the center of the city.

The many different stations scattered around the city makes bothersome transfering from one station to the other by travelers passing thru Paris—but nobody passes thru Paris.

I came in from Boulogne, stopping at the Gare du Nord, the station on the north of the city and on leaving, departed from Gare St. Lazare; the one nearest my habitat was Gare Montparnasse, which particular ones I hve mentioned are all fine specimens of handsome Gothic structure and are beautiful to behold, in fact, this is a Gothic city, with its pointed arches, towers and spires as trips to the surrounding heights or Buttes in the outer parts of the city where you can look down over the pinnacled and domed city will attest.

I often went to the Gares just to note the different traveling public, and about the most entertaining feature was watching the French men in parting put their arms around, and kiss each other on the cheek, and I noticed this effeminate practice was the custom at all times on departures.

The railroad coaches are much smaller than ours in the States; they are compartment cars accommodating about six passengers to each compartment, and the strictly first class compartments are actually upholstered in lavender silk tapestry, with white lace scarfs daintily attached for protection, and right richly costumed were the passengers I noted who were entraining in this "etat I" displaying much mauve and lavender, carrying gorgeous orchids of the same favored tints, possibly favors bestowed by friends as parting affection potions.

The picturesqueness and almost the most interesting feature of Paris, is the great number of old palaces and rambling public buildings, gray, old dark, damp and musty with age, built at length with kingly splendor and spending, adding to, as each successor wished to immortalize his glory, for there was never anything taken away, until a revolution turned in.

I loved to wander thru the long halls, with their lofty ceilings, where so much art is displayed in the architecture of the decorated beams and exposed braces that support the roof, often terminating in a handsome dome; and thru the courts and up grand stairways and around balconies and up old towers, where there is something "different" to

gain your attention at every turn, if nothing more than a piece of art stuck on a jamb, or above the door or in a nook , each one conveying a message or bespeaking a bit of history; these palaces would not command near the interest, were they modern.

There's the Louvre, that we all see referred to in many instances in news current and periodicals, whose gray stone walls are almost black with age, the largest construction in Paris, its quadrangular walls rambling over a vast area, and is three stories high with pointed roof sections and numerous towers, one long side facing the Le Louvre Quai on the north bank of the Seine and another opening onto the adjoining Jardin des Tuileries (Garden of Tuileries), the park with fine designs depicted in small floral patterns, as long rows of scarlet geraniums and low privet with fountains and statues everywhere as additional adornment.

I first explored the court, which is certainly beautifully worked out in tiny gardens, the blossoms wrot to form mosaic designs and others, with white concrete walks and statues and lamps and it all keeps so damp and green here in the busy center of the city where unending traffic wends back and forth, but it is always cool in Paris.

The court yard is called the Place du Carrousal, taking this name from a carousal, or revelry held here by King Louis XIV the first of the trio of extravagant kings refered to before; then Napoleon comes along a century and a half later and has a great stone arch, with sculptured frescoes and columns, in which he, himself, is often depicted in various characters in his ever familiar tri-cornet hat, tight knee breeches, shortwaist coat and high boots with his characteristic commanding and studious tho sullen expression, erected to commemorate his victories of 1805.

So you see that is the way Paris is interestingly beautified; her history dates so far back, and each victory or downfall is emphasized by an adorning feature, so that these historical embellishments are a principal part of the interesting sights of Paris—not mere idle constructions, or erections—each one tells its own story.

The Louvre, a great series of buildings now, was form-

erly a royal residence, a fortress, and has been enlarged upon from the seventh century, to date, by successive kings until it reached its prodigious extent about fifty years ago while Napoleon III was emperor, who pronounced the pile completed—but who can tell what an addition another fifty will bring.

This place is now the depository of art collections, in painting, sculpture and antiquities, which is said to be unmatched in variety and extent; there are guides at two francs an hour to assist you in finding your way about, but as I knew I was going to study this for a few days, I thot to depend upon my own ability, resorting to a catalog of explanations in a limited form, which I found to be more to my liking, pausing as fancy dictated; I marveled at the great squares, large enuf to cover one side of a common house, of scenes and paintings wrot out in Gobelin tapestry; I had often wondered about this tapestry ever since one of our president's daughters received a "Gobelin piece" as a wedding present from France and I find there is a Gobelins manufactory here in Paris, started ages ago by Gilles Gobelin, a celebrated dyer who first transfered paintings to tapestry, by weaving his richly tinted threads to carry out the shadings in the paintings, and it is said many celebrated paintings of the old Italian, French and Spanish schools have been wrot out in this tapestry, the perfect dye retaining its colors as loyal as paint; the ablest workmen being procured to execute these wall panels which are so much prized; I went thru the whole Apollo Gallery viewing them, where some specimens were so old they were beginning to ravel, still holding their colors enuf that the scene or subject was plainly discernible.

In another room are Napoleon's state sword and the crown worn by Charlemagne, when he was king of the Franks.

There are two thousand paintings in the Louvre, collected, old and new, or classic and modern, from all parts of the world, but mostly of the Masters; in one gallery are twenty-one large treasures by Rubens, the born Westphalian, but who developed his penchant for painting, and pro-

duced his two thousand pictures in Antwerp, the seaport of Belgium, where he spent most of his life amid the brilliancy of his success, dying in 1640.

It is said his brush was never idle, and was a most rapid painter and was partial to large canvasses on which he exploited all branches of his art—history, landscape, portraits and genre, which means that kind of painting that depicts ordinary life and domestic scenes, tho his masterpiece "The Descent of the Cross" hangs in the Antwerp Catheral.

In patrolling along thru these satellites, for indeed, they seemed to illuminate the old gray walls of these long halls, I couldn't help but note how the artists must have exercised their creative ability in the manipulation of the brush nd colors and shadings to produce, on canvass, effects as, that you can almost feel the soft shimmering folds of the delicate pink or blue satins, and the heavy pile of the velvets, or the diafanous chiffons, and with a few tiny dabs, make a lace effect of most intricate design appear in all filminess, and bring into veidence every strand of hair floating in the wind, of blonds, brunettes and Titians, and the sea-shell pink of the body seeking retreat behind floating transparent chiffons, of which there are many scenes portraying this semi-nude art, adorning these walls, some characters draped only a shower bath, while others wear the toilette of Venus, but in all it is remarkable how life-like the depictions are, and you go repeatedly to study with admiration the graceful forms of the seashore sirens, and youthful outlines of harem bathers and the sprightliness of the wood nymphs with zephyrous clouds of drapery, and many affectionate portrayals of Cupid and Psyche.

"Mona Lisa" by the Italian artist De Vinci, was not in the saloon, as this canvass had just recently been kidnapt.

There are rooms devoted to marine art, where the high waves roll up on the shore and almost spray you, and again a small boat bobbling out on the surging billows of the ocean, will produce a sensation of sea-sickness, and you grasp the rail to keep from floundering; and these paintings

are no small affairs—half of them could not hang in a common residence, so large are they.

There are two other great palaces of art gatherings in the city, called respectively Grand and Petit Palais, and at which I divided time; here are some of the modern paintings, productions of aspirants—for if you succeed in getting a picture "hung" in the Paris saloons, your future is assured, and as I wandered about among the rooms to view, it is amusing to note what a variety of subjects will be attacked to portray the artist's idol, or idyl, or ideal.

There is a large tea room in the enclosed court, where you can go down the stairs and sit among palms and have light refreshments served, while scanning the artistically inclined, passing back and forth from one art saloon to another; in the Grand Palais, which is of more recent build, being finished in the present century, is where the art exhibitions take place, also equestrian shows and various other performances, for it is eight hundred feet long, with a great hall over six hundred feet long and a fourth as wide, surmounted with the characteristic dome 140 feet high and one of the finest staircases I have seen; the sand stone frieze, or decoration, is of many colors wrot out in fine design, was made at Sevres, the little "dish town" near St. Cloud on the Seine just out from Paris, which is celebrated for its Sevres China, that is imported in to our States, at fabulous prices and which they claim is unrivalled for its brilliancy of color and delicacy of execution.

The Tuileries floral park opens onto the Place de la Concorde which is claimed to be one of the finest squares in the world; there is an oblong center or safety zone of cement and in the center, towers an Egyptian obelisk from Luxor on the Nile, seventy-six feet high, presented by the Pasha of Egypt to Louis Philippe during his reign in France upon the fall of Napoleon.

On either side of this obelisk is a handsome fountain —one personifying maritime, and the other, fluvial navigation (sea and river); they are large circular basins with bronze figures spurting water high up in the center trays

where the spraying founts make an attractive sound to the passing public—a mighty pretty adjunct in the middle of the city bordering on the Seine; all round this is a wide thorofare for carriages and automobiles, and this again is encircled with a concrete safety zone or plaza, with myriads of fanciful lamp posts and when all are lighted at night, it makes a beautiful promenade as well as picture; around the square are arranged eight large stone figures representing the chief towns in France, and noticing a large black wreath of mourning hanging on the statue representing Strasburg, I found that this city in Alsace-Lorraine, former territory of France but now owned by Germany, and that it being a strategical importance of defence between the two France having seized it from Geermany in 1681, after which it was strongly fortified by Vauban, the greatest of French military engineers, who was commissioner general of fortifications at that time and carried the art of fortifying France to a degree of perfection, strengthening over three hundred of France's citadels, but on settling the 1870 war with Germany, Strasburg went in with the territory of Alsace-Lorraine ceded as indemnity from France to Germany, and that is why the black wreath of mourning hangs on the statue of Strasburg in Place de la Concorde today; on learning further of Strasburg since coming under a crown of imperialism, we find that this city has been strengthened by a new system of defence with fourteen detached forts surrounding the city, from about five miles out of the town, and a new imperial palace has been built, and, of course, went with it one of France's most prized cathedrals which has for a crowning feature a towering spire 466 feet in the air, with statues and great rose window, that was not completed until four hundred years after it was commenced.

Altho Concorde is French for harmony, which it probably has enjoyed since the above struggle, King Louis XVI was guillotined here in 1793 and during the struggle that followed just before the seating of Napoleon, it is tabulated that three thousand peoples met their fate on the guillotine on this spot; and there is a burial ground in the city called

the "Cemetery of the Guillotined" where it is said there are thirteen hundred buried that were executed at the Barriere du Trone.

This form of taking life by decapitation being adopted by France thru a Doctor Guillotine, where the body of the condemned is strapt to a table, laying with head under a huge leaded knife that is suspended above from two uprights and the head is severed from the body, falling into a trough below; there are relics of these guillotines in the museums, as the custom is not practiced, at least to no extent, if at all.

Coming several times to view this fine square, Place de la Concorde, or rather where I came to be with the rest of the peoples, generally looking on in muteness, for Americans were none too numerous, just to familiarize myself with the lay of the boulevards and connections (then when I had occasion to use them, I got in a hurry and took the "underground"), I past out into the Avenue da Champs Elysees, "elysian fields," which I'm sure you have all heard of as a world-famous promenade, being a broad open place with almost forests of trees lending a fine canopy, under which driving or promenading is ideal, and all the fashions in equipage and limousines are exploited.

This leads on to the Place de L'Etoile, or "star," and it is a star sure enuf for there are twelve beautiful boulevards radiating from this small star-shaped space, or converging into it, and in the center of this all-white star plaza is the mammoth Arc de Triomph, erected by Napoleon the Great to instruct of his life's triumphs, and cost two million dollars; it is an original and novel structure commanding a view from most every avenue in the west of Paris; it is a fine creamy or sand colored granite piled 160 high and almost as wide, and is 72 feet thick, giving you an idea of its massiveness; the roof of the arch inside that you pass under towers above you 67 feet; on the sides are reliefs sculptured representing on on side Resistence and Peace, and on the other Departure and Triumph and has the names of 150 battles inscribed on the vault; from the platform at the extreme top, round which is a balcony, you

have a fine view of the city by going up the spiral stairway of 261 steps, and looking out around, all the arteries of the city seem to lead in and meet at your feet.

As I wandered on out west from this arch I found myself on the outside of the great wall and city and strolling down thru the beautiful Avenue of Acacias in the big Bois de Boulogne park, containing two and a quarter thousand acres; "bois" is French for woods, so this is Woods of Boulogne, and it certainly is crowded with the finest of forest trees, with several lakes, and intersecting the whole park are the grandest boulevards in the world, with sidewalks of concrete along the driveways.

I walked long distances thru this park as one cannot enjoy the woody atmosphere in rush drives; the trees are all lofty being trimmed high, as no underbrush is permitted and you can look thru the lines of long trunks to the avenues just over; some of these trees have been long in the service, as their knotty, scaly coating would indicate, and walking thru the main lane bordered densely with acasias one can't help noting the striking beauty in contrast to the forestry; there's seventy acres of this great pleasure tract devoted to artificial lakes, and the drive over the Chemin de Ceinture du Lac—or "road belting the lake" is the pastime of the fashionables of the city.

This woody tract furnishes a most delightful ozonic constituent to the Parisians, and they appreciate it and draw all visitor's attention to this pleasure ground, wishing them to avail themselves of Paris' breathing place.

As said before this park is on the outside of the great wall, and it runs along the line of fortifications the full length, and the Seine flows out under the wall from the city and completely encircles the park, in one of its abrupt curves; in the park are the two race tracks, where I went to the Field of Longchamps to see the Grand Prix, pronounced "'grond-pree," and meaning the grand prize; it was Dimanche 29 Juin, 1913 (Sunday, June 29, 1913), and paying ten francs, or two dollars for a ticket, I past thru the gate into the parterre, or flower garden at the back of the grandstand, where are little tables and chairs are all

about amid the scarlet blossoms, and where soft drinks are served; the big circular grandstand is of creamy stone, mighty pretty, architecturally, and many steps lead up to the glass-enclosed balconies or long promenades where, if it rains, which it did a little, you can view from behind the glass, else there are tiers of steps with chairs leading down to the ground from this upper glassed balcony.

In looking out over the course there was a great sea of faces over in the paddock, and automobiles were almost as numerous, as everybody was out, for the Grand Prix is the year's big fashionable event in Paris, same as the Derby Race at London, only no racing on Sunday is permitted in England.

Down below on the campus, between the stand and the track, and leisurely strutting about, were most a dozen manikins, young ladies posing as models, on whom the famous houses of fashionable wearing appearel, as Drecolle, Lucille and others exploit their latest creations, for you must know that Paris sets the fshion for all the world, and these dress fanciers, vieing with each other in originating the most fetching gown, must needs have their productions paraded before the public at the important gathreings, and these manikins wander around at a safe distance from the crowds so life-size glimpse, or unobstructed view can be obtained of the assemblage of bits of chiffon, silk and lace, and comminglings of mere nothings that enwrap these manikins, who soon disappear, only to reappear a moment later in an entire change, including chapeau, robe, soulier and gants; hideous concoctions when first launched, but after becoming accustomed, are "simply charming"; in fact, there is much dressing at this fashionable affair and the beautifully gowned extremists are ever restless, moving about among the throngs with much social grace, laden with orchids and rare parfum.

Soon a trumpet was sounded, heralding the arrival of the president's limousine, and all forgot the course for a minute and turned to see President Poincare and his wife and party alight, walking up the long flight of steps and thru the balcony out to the front of the grandstand, where

a circular balcony sweeps out in the center, all festooned with vines, baskets of flowers and bouquets, from behind which the—I was about to say royal family, it has actually been so long since I was in a republic, not one since leaving San Francisco; all the republics are left to the western hemisphere, except France and Switzerland, tho China is trying hard to accustom her country, but France having been a republic for forty-five years, it was just the "president's" party that viewed the races from behind the scarlet floral embankment, and do you know that for all-the-year-round continuous blossoms, that the dwarf scarlet geraniums have precedence over here, and are used for adorning their small public gardens nad parks in abundance, the brilliant never failing blossoms always attracting the eye, and I notice they are resorted to in most every instance for perpetual bloomery.

Soon all eyes were turned on the race course; this was the grand prize of the year and there were twenty-one entrees, from different nations, including horses owned by W. K. Vanderbilt, Belmont and Gould, from the States; but a native horse "Brueler" carried off the grand prize of 300,000 francs, or a sixty-thousand dollar race, and that is the big event—the Grand Prix of Paris.

In going thru smaller parks in the city, besides the charm of the landscape, there are fine little surprises awaiting you at different turns, displaying artistic treatment in the setting of statues and sculpture; rounding a thicket, and nestling in an overgrowth of rambling English ivy is a fine piece of statuary huge in size, where L'Effort (strength) made entirely of lead is bending under the weight of a great boulder; another is a large white curving slab of marble, where, carved in relief is a pianoforte, with the keys finely chiseled, with Chopin, the French musical composer of last century, performing; near, is a sylph-like woman reclining, while an angel is depicted dropping laurels from above; all this is brot out superbly, and the ever green ivy twining and draping over the top; and in another nook overshadowed by a dark green thicket of trees and rank shrubs, is a new high pedestal topt with the bust of Gounod,

the French operatic composer; surrounding, are statues of music lovers in despairing attitude, while at a fountain smothered in ivy is Galatea, a sea-nymph and Acis, the shepherd of Sicily in half-reclining amorous posture, all unsuspecting of Polyphemus, the giant Cyclops, who is in love with Galatea, and who has secretly crept up on a huge boulder hanging over the listless couple, in the act of destroying Acis with a stone, and so on, thruout the city—bits of art peeping out in most inopportune places, and do you know its just perfectly lovely to be in Paris, after you once understand even only a smattering or review up on the interesting features, for its all just a continuation of one year drawing into another, one design developing into another a century later, and settling itself into a fixed addition.

When you come to think that most all of France's population are Roman Catholics, it being the state religion up to a few years ago, with only about two per cent Protestants, you will not wonder at the great cathedrals that have become an essential to the very existence of these peoples, and every village no matter how small must pay its reverence to Our Lady, the Virgin Mary, and in the larger places, of course, are those structures which have reached their acme of perfection, tho as before mentioned, there are some of these worshiping edifices, commenced on a colossal scale that have never been completed.

But here in Paris is the one cathedral which has become famous thruout the world for who has seen Paris, has seen Notre Dame. On the little island Cite (city) in the middle of the Seine and connected with the banks by nine bridges, where Paris first begun, is the great Notre Dame, the church of Our Lady, the Cathedral of the Archbishop of Paris, one of the finest edifices in Paris which was building from the year 1163 to 1235 with much recent restoration and improvements, where it now stands the receiver of the devout's heart outpourings, and the admired of all visitors; much of the sculptures were broken during the Revolution and it was used as a military depot during the struggle of the Communes in Paris.

There is much stress laid o nhte facades, the fronts or face of these cathedrals; while this one in Paris on the Isle de Cite is especially noted for its rich Gothic sculpture and statuary over the portals, the piece over the central entrance represents the "Last Judgment"; on going thru these extreme portals, the public looks like pygmies; this massive pile of stone is brown with age, and they claim it has settled into a mellowness that can not be reproduced only under the same number of centuries; it is over four hundred feet long, with a width exceeding 150 feet, whose canopy hangs over a hundred feet high above, with twin towers, one extending either side of the front to a height of 264 feet, with the most spindling of spires rising from the rear.

This edifice would yet seem of higher dimensions but there is the height of eleven steps covered up by the island having to be filled up to meet the surface of the growing city since this structure was built, and the huge walls are supported on the exterior by flying buttresses, which adds to its stolidness.

The interior is dark, lofty and seemingly damp, lonely, grave and majestic in its silent grandeur; I counted seventy-five pillars supporting the vaulting, or arched roof, and there are thirty-seven chapels, the inevitable rose window which is a work of art commanding a study, and a striking feature are the beautifully stained windows which will cause you to wonder "how this arrangement of colors" and you visit its lofty interior again and again finding some feature of character that had escaped you before; in the choir chapels are the graves of many famous bishops, who had possibly taken their turns during all these centuries; the church has a treasury, that is a collection of things historical and memorial, and tokens and sacrifices; a half franc is charged to look at the different donations of this treasury, where all is explained to you by the attendant, and it is interesting to know the custom.

Ascending the South Tower, which seems never ending, to get a good view of the city of spires, domes, bridges, chimneys, roofs and streets radiating every way with the

little strips of green either side, from the rows of trees bordering, is the great bell, the singular peals of this with others ringing out over Paris almost transforms the listener.

But eloquence in the description of this great cathedral is resorted to in "Notre Dame de Paris" in all Victor Hugo's affluent vocabulary whose literary genius is much remembered in this city by endowing a street with his name and heading it with a fine statue of himself in studious pose after his quitting of this world on the eve of the last century, where it is said the demonstration of the peoples of France in the burial of this French romantic novelist in the Pantheon, the big church here, where as I visited, I was attracted by the exquisite adornment of twenty-two Corinthian columns eighty-one feet high, on the date of May 31, 1885, at the extreme age of eighty-three years, surpast even that of Napoleon when his remains were brot home from St. Helena.

To enable your further grasping of the importance and adoring reverence these great temples of worship receive from the lives of the French peoples, and to show the extreme care in the art bestowed upon their erection before they become the finished product, I am rehearsing the chapter for your convenience:

Assuredly, the church of Our Lady at Paris is still at this day a majestic and sublime edifice. Yet, noble an aspect as it has preserved in growing old, it is difficult to suppress feelings of sorrow and indignation at the numberless degradations and mutilations which the hand of Time and that of man have inflicted upon the venerable monument, regardless alike of Charlemagne, who laid the first stone of it, and of Philip-Augustus, who laid the last.

Upon the face of this old queen of the French cathedrals, beside each wrinkle we constantly find a scar. Tempus edax, homo edacior. Which we would willingly render thus: Time is blind, but man is stupid.

If we had leisure to examine one by one, with the reader, the traces of destruction imprinted on this ancient church, the work of Time would be found to form the lesser portion;

the worst destruction has been perpetrated by men, especially by men of art. We are under the necessity of using the expression men of art, seeing that there have been individuals in France who have assumed the character of architects in the two last centuries.

And first of all—to cite only a few leading examples—there are, assuredly, few finer architectural pages than that front of the Parisian cathedral, in which, successively and at once, the three receding pointed gateways; the decorated and indented band of the twenty-eight royal niches; the vast central circular window, flanked by the two lateral ones, like the priest by the deacon and subdeacon; the lofty and slender gallery of tri-foliated arcades, supporting a heavy platform upon its light and delicate columns; and the two dark and massive towers, with their eaves of slate—harmonious parts of one magnificent whole, rising one above another in five gigantic stories—unfold themselves to the eye, in combination unconfused, with their innumerable details of statuary, sculpture, and carving in powerful alliance with the tranquil grandeur of the whole—a vast symphony in stone, if we may so express it—the colossal work of a man and of a nation—combining unity with complexity, like the Iliads and the Romanceros, to which it is a sister production—the prodigious result of a draught upon the whole resources of an era—in which, upon every stone, is seen displayed in a hundred varieties the fancy of the workman disciplined by the genius of the artist—a sort of human Creation; in short, mighty and prolific as the Divine Creation, of which it seems to have caught the double character—variety and eternity.

And what is here said of the front must be said of the whole church, and what we say of the cathedral church of Paris, must be said of all the churches of Christendom in the Middle Ages. Everything is in its place in that art—self-created, logical, and well-proportioned. By measuring the toe we estimate the giant.

But to return to the front of Notre-Dame as it still appears to us when we go to gaze in pious admiration upon the solemn and might cathedral, looking terrible, as its

chroniclers express it—quae mole sua terrorem incutit spectantibus.

Three things of importance are now wanting to this front: first, the flight of eleven steps by which it formerly rose above the level of the ground; then the lower range of statues, which occupied the niches of the three portals; and, lastly, the upper series, of the twenty-eight more ancient kings of France, which filled the gallery on the first story, beginning with Childebert and ending with Philip-Augustus, each holding in his hand the imperial ball.

As for the flight of steps, it is Time that has made it disappear, by raising, with slow but resistless progress, the level of the ground in the city. But while thus swallowing up, one after another, in this mounting tide of the pavement of Paris, the eleven steps which added to the majestic elevation of the structure, Time has given to the church, perhaps, yet more than he has taken from it; for it is he who has spread over its face the dark-grey tint of centuries which makes of the old age of architectural monuments their season of beauty.

But who has thrown down the two ranges of statues? who has left the niches empty? who has cut in the middle of the central portal that new and bastard pointed arch? who has dared to hang in it that heavy unmeaning wooden gate, carved a la Louis XV, besides the arabesques of Biscornette? The men, the architects, the artists of our times.

And— if we enter the interior of the edifice—who has overturned that colossal St. Christopher, proverbial for his magnitude among statues, as the Grand' Salle of the Palais was among halls, as the spire of Strasburg among steeples? And those myriads of statues which thronged all the intercolumniations of the nave and the choir—kneeling, standing, equestrian—men, women, children—kings, bishops, warriors —in stone, in marble, in gold, in silver, in brass, and even in wax—who has brutally swept them out? It is not Time that has done it.

And who has substituted for the old Gothic altar, splendidly loaded with shrines and reliquaries, that heavy sarcophagus of marble, with angels' heads and clouds, which

looks like an unmatched specimen from the Val-de-Grace or the Invalides! Who has stupidly fixed that heavy anachronism of stone into the Carlovingian pavement of Hercandus? Was it not Louis XIV fulfilling the vow of Louis XIII?

And who has put cold white glass in place of those deep-tinctured panes which made the wondering eyes of our forefathers hesitate between the round window over the grand doorway and the pointed ones of the chancel? And what would a subchanter of the sixteenth century say could he see that fine yellow-washing with which the Vandal archbishops have besmeared their cathedral? He would remember that it was the colour with which the hangman brushed over such buildings as were adjudged to be infamous; he would recollect the hotel of the Petit-Bourbon, which had thus been washed all over yellow for the treason of the constable—"yellow, after all, so well mixed," says Sauval, "and so well applied, that the lapse of a century and more has not yet taken its colour." He would believe that the holy place had become infamous, and would flee away from it.

And then if we ascend the cathedral—not to mention a thousand other barbarisms of every kind—what have they done with that charming small steeple which rose from the intersection of the cross, and which, no less bold and light than its neighbour, the spire (destroyed also) of the Sainte-Chapelle, pierced into the sky yet farther than the towers —perforated, shary, sonorous, airy? An architect de bon gout amputated it in 1787, and thought it was sufficient to hide the wound with that great plaster of lead which resembles the lid of a porridge-pot.

Thus it is that the wondrous art of the Middle Ages has been treated in almost every country, and especially in France. In its ruin three sorts of inroads are distinguishable, and have made breaches of different depths—first, time, which has graually made deficiencies here and there, and has gnawed over its whole surface; then religious and political revolutions, which, blind and angry in their nature, have tumultuously wreaked their fury upon it, torn its rich

garment of sculpture and carving, burst its rose-shaped windows, broken its bands of arabesques and miniature figures, torn down its statues, here for their mitre, there for their crown; and lastly, changes of fashion, growing more and more grotesque and stupid, which, commencing with the anarchical yet splendid deviations of the revival, have succeeded one another in the necessary decline of architecture. Fashion has done more mischief than revolutions. It has cut to the quick—it has attacked the very bone and framework of the art. It has mangled, dislocated, killed the edifice—in its form as well as in its meaning, in its consistency as well as in its beauty. And then it has remade, which, at least, neither Time nor revolutions had pretended to do. It has audaciously fitted into the wounds of Gothic architecture its wretched gewgaws of a day—its marble ribands—its metal pompoons—a very leprosy of ovolos, volutes, and entournements, of draperies, garlands, and fringes, of stone flames, blazen clouds, fleshy Cupids, and chubby cherubim, which we find beginning to devour the face of art in the oratory of Catherine de Medicis, and making it expire two centuries after, tortured and convulsed, in the boudoir of Madame Dubarry.

Thus, to sum up the points which we have here laid down, three kinds of ravages now disfigure Gothic architecture: wrinkles and knobs on the surface—these are the work of Time; violences, brutalities, contusions, fractures—these are the work of revolutions, from Luther down to Mirabeau; mutilations, amputations, dislocation of members, restorations—these are the labours, Grecian, Roman, and barbaric, of the professors according to Vitruvius and Vignola. That magnificent art which the Vandals had produced the academies have murdered. To the operations of ages and of revolutions, which, at all events, devastate with impartiality and grandeur, have been added those of the cloud of school-trained architects, licensed, privileged, and patented, degrading with all the discernment and selection of bad taste—substituting, for instance, the chicorees of Louis XV for the Gothic lace-work, to the greater glory of the Parthenon. This is the kick of the ass at the ex-

piring lion. 'Tis the old oak which, in the last stage of decay, is stung and gnawed by the caterpillars.

How remote is all this from the time when Robert Cenalis, comparing Notre-Dame at Paris to the famous temple of Diana at Ephesus, "so much vaunted by the ancient pagans," which immortalised Erostratus, thought the Gaulish cathedral "more excellent in length, breadth, height and structure."

Notre-Dame, however, as an architectural monument, is not one of those which can be called complete, definite, belonging to a class. It is not a Roman church, nor is it a Gothic church. It is not a model of any individual order. It has not, like the abbey of Tournus, the solemn and massive squareness, the round broad vault, the icy bareness, the majestic simplicity, of the edifices which have the circular arch for their basis. Nor is it, like the cathedral of Bourges, the magnificent, airy, multiform, tufted, pinnacled, florid production of the pointed arch. It cannot be ranked among that antique family of churches, gloomy, mysterious, lowering, crushed, as it were, by the weight of the circular arch—almost Egyptian, even to their ceilings—all hieroglyphical, all sacerdotal, all symbolical—more abounding in their ornaments with lozenges and zigzags than with flowers —with flowers than with animals, with animals than with human figures—the work not so much of the architect as of the bishop—the first transformation of the art—all stamped with theocratical and military discipline—having its root in the Lower Empire, and stopping at the time of William the Conqueror. Nor can this cathedral be ranked in that other family of lofty, airy churches, rich in sculpture and painted windows, of pointed forms and bold disposition—as political symbols, communal and citizen—as works of art, free, capricious, licentious—the second hieroglyphical, immutable, and sacerdotal, but artistical, progressive, and popular—beginning at the return from the crusades and ending with Louis XI. Notre-Dame, then, is not of purely Roman race like the former, nor of purely Arabic race like the latter.

'Tis an edifice of the transition. The Saxon architect

was just finishing off the first pillars of the nave when the pointed arch, arriving from the crusade, came and seated itself as a conqueror upon the broad Roman capitals which had been designed to support only circular arches. The pointed arch, thenceforward master of the field, constructed the remainder of the building. However, inexperienced and timid at its commencement, we find it widening its compass, and, as it were, restraining itself, as not yet daring to spring up into arrows and lancets, as it afterwards did in so many wonderful cathedrals. It might be said to have been sensible of the neighbourhood of the heavy Roman pillars.

However, these edifices of the transition from the Roman to the Gothic are not less valuable studies than the pure models are. They express a gradation of the art which would be lost without them. It is the pointed species engrafted upon the circular.

Notre-Dame, in particular, is a curious specimen of this variety. Each face, each stone, of this venerable monument, is a page of the history, not only of the country, but of the science and the art. Thus, to point out here only some of the principal details, while the small Porte-Rouge attains almost to the limits of the Gothic delicacy of the fifteenth century, the pillars of the nave, in their amplitude and solemnity, go back almost as far as the Carlovingian abbey of St. Germain-des-Pres. One would think there were six centuries between that door and those pillars. Not even the hermetics fail to find, in the emblematical devices of the great portal, a satisfactory compendium of their science, of which the church of St. Jacques-de-la-Boucherie was so complete a hieroglyphic. Thus the Roman abbey—the hermetical church—Gothic art—Saxon art—the heavy round pillar, which carries us back to Gregory VII—the hermetical symbolism by which Nicolas Flamel anticipated Luther—papal unity, and scism—St. Germain-des-Pres and St. Jacques-de-la-Boucherie—all are mingled, combined, and amalgamated in Notre-Dame. This central and maternal church is, among the other old churches of Paris, a sort of chimera;

she has the head of one, the limbs of another, the back of a third—something of every one.

We repeat it, these compound fabrics are not the least interesting to the artist, the antiquary, and the historian. They make us feel in how great a degree architecture is a primitive matter—demonstrating (as the Cyclopean vestiges, the Egyptian pyramids, and the gigantic Hindu pagods likewise demonstrate) that the greatest productions of architecture are not so much the work of individuals as of society—the offspring rather of national efforts than of the conceptions of particular minds—a deposit left by a whole people—the accumulation of ages—the residue of the successive evaporations of human society—in short, a sort of formations. Each wave of time leaves its alluvion; each race deposits its stratum upon the monument; each individual contributes his stone. So do the beavers—so do the bees—so does man. The great symbol of Architecture, Babel, is a hive.

Great edifices, like great mountains, are the work of ages. Often the art undergoes a transformation while they are yet pending—pendent opera interrupta—they go on again quietly, in accordance with the change in the art. The altered art takes up the fabric, incrusts itself upon it, assimilates it to itself, develops it after its own fashion, and finishes it if it can. The thing is accomplished without disturbance, without effort, without reaction, according to a law natural and tranquil. It is a graft that shoots out, a sap that circulates, a vegetation that goes forward. Certainly there is matter for very large volumes, and often for the universal history of human nature, in those successive engraftings of several species of art at different elevations upon the same fabric. The man, the artist, the individual, are lost, and disappear upon those great masses, leaving no name of an author behind. Human nature is there to be traced only in its aggregate. Time is the architect, the nation is the builder.

To consider in this place only the architecture of Christian Europe, that younger sister of the great masonries of the East—it presents to us an immense formation, divided

into three superincumbent zones clearly defined: the Roman zone; the Gothic zone; and the zone of the Revival, which we would willingly entitle the Greco-Roman. The Roman stratum, the most ancient and the deepest, is occupied by the circular arch; which reappears, rising from the Grecian column, in the modern and upper stratum of the Revival. The pointed arch is found between the two. The edifices which belong to one or other of these three strata exclusively, are perfectly distinct, uniform, and complete. Such is the abbey of Jumieges; such is the cathedral of Rheims; such is the church of Sainte-Croix at Orleans. But the three zones mingle and combine at their borders, like the colours of the prism. And hence the complex fabrics—the edifices of gradation and transition. One is Roman in its feet, Gothic in the middle, and Greco-Roman in the head. This is when it has taken six hundred years to build it. This variety is rare: the donjon tower of Etampes is a specimen of it. But the fabrics of two formations are more frequent. Such is the Notre-Dame of Paris, an edifice of the pointed arch, which, in its earliest pillars, dips into that Roman zone in which the portal of St. Denis and the nave of St. Germain-des-Pres are entirely immersed. Such is the charming semi-Gothic chapter-house of Bocherville, which the Roman layer mounts halfway up. Such is the cathedral of Rouen, which would have been entirely Gothic, had not the extremity of its central spire pierced into the zone of the Revival.

However, all these gradations, all these differences, affect only the surface of the structures. It is only the art that has changed its coat: the conformation of the Christian temple itself has remained untouched. It is ever the same internal framework, the same logical disposition of parts. Whatever be the sculptured and decorated envelope of a cathedral, we constantly find underneath it at least the germ and rudiment of the Roman basilic. It eternally develops itself upon the ground according to the same law. There are invariably two naves crossing each other at right angles, the upper extremity of which cross is rounded into a chancel: there are constantly two low sides for the internal

processions and for the chapels—a sort of lateral ambulatories communicating with the principal nave by the intercolumniations. This being once laid down, the number of the chapels, of the doorways, of the steeples, of the spires, is variable to infinity, according to the fancy of the age, of the nation, of the art. The performance of the worship being once provided for and ensured, Architecture is at liberty to do what she pleases. Statues, painted glass, rose-shaped windows, arabesques, indentations, capitals, and bas-reliefs —all these objects of imagination she combines in such arrangement as best suits her. Hence the prodigious external variety of these edifices, in the main structure of which dwells so much order and uniformity. The trunk of the tree is unchanging, the vegetation is capricious.

Beautiful description, isn't it, of this one religious offering out of hundreds that have risen all thru France and adorn her surface of green from sea to sea, and from bay to mountains; in dollars and cents, what must the erection of these huge piles of masonry with their "treasures" be valued at; at every place you visit, you are whisked off to one of the big dark solemn, and stately edifices of "Our Lady"; these are the Frenchmen's sanctuary, their ideal.

In the north of the city is the Mont Martre, a rising knob around which centers the lively part of Parisian life; the place is called Moulin Rouge, or red mill—"rouge" is red—here the gaiety awaits no one.

The most interest is in the west and northwest of Paris; here are the big drygoods emporiums, the Galeries Lafayette and the Marchand and many other big establishments dealing in fine goods, along the Rue de la Paix and Boulevards Italiens and Haussman, centering around the fine big opera building where is a wide open place and safety zone from the traffic of the converging streets, and here are the central stations for taking the undergrounds by entering the little dark coops on the walks and dropping down the chutes to the big oval-topt stations under ground, stepping in the coach, and shoot along under the city as in a shuttle; busses and cabs and hurrying pedestrians are thick, for this is the busy part of the city.

One feautre I noted at these big drygoods establishments, is the penchant for displaying their goods out on the sidewalks; out under awnings and shade trees surrounding all sides of the store, it seems their whole stock is outside, muslins piled high on racks and tables, clothing, shawls, for the French peasants still wear the old fashioned shawls, and tall show cases full of artificial flowers and others of ribbons—in fact, there's a complete stock all round the outside where the shoppers walk around buying and having it measured off right there on the walk; I entertained myself many times watching the purchasing natives, negotiating in their high nasal language rapidly unwound.

Inside, Americans are given a nice little guide book of the store in English with pencil, and all are very courteous.

Along these busy streets, the hotels and restaurants have their outdoor restaurants, and this is the custom all over Paris; ilttle tables and chairs sitting as many as four abreast, or as many as the walk will accommodate, occupy the complete sidewalk, where you are served and can watch the excitement of the street traffic and the constant stream of passers-by, while appeasing your hunger; these outdoor restaurants, especially in the evenings are drawing, and are well patronized, and are popular as they are safe as Paris is a clean city and not subject to Missouri whirlwinds which would come along at the most inopportune time and pepper your refreshments with one swoop of the street dust, or deluge it with an outburst of cloudburst.

If you wish to see emblazonry in the highest art, go to the opera house after night; besides the artistic structure of the facade and the great crowning dome with all its statuary pertaining to musical art surmounting the eaves of the exterior, when once inside, the foyer, with all its richly gilded columns and mural paintings, with red velvet hangings and display of extravagance in chandeliers all gilded, beaming and glittering, you pass up the very grand and spread eagle stairway, or escalier, all embellished with electricity and statues, where between acts, the fashionables come out and promenade and meet socially in the foyer

and pose along the grand staircase, which gives a splendid effect to their shimmering gowns and glittering tiaras.

I joined a couple of young American tourists and we went one night to hear the grand opera "Rigoletto" by Hugo, with music by Verdi; of course, it was all in French, but I had read the play in English heretofore, and followed the scenes finely; we sat in a loge, as they are called, six to a compartment, and these stalls reach clear to the top all round the interior, as there are no balconies projecting over the main floor.

Over the Seine and to the southwest of the city is where the Paris Exposition was held some years ago; here is the great steel mast that was erected at that time, the Eiffel Tower, which rises up above the city at a height of almost one thousand feet, the highest artificial structure in the world; there are four platforms or landing places at different heights up the tower where an elevator takes you to the extreme top for a panorama of the city, with a tariff of one franc for each landing; the big exposition hall, the Trocadero, is now turned into a museum and a fine restaurant; adjoining the Eiffel Tower is the exquisitely paneled-off Parc Champ de Mars, which is a rendezvous or promenade for the military students who attend the military ecole (school) near, which is a long series of buildings with a great stretch of parade grounds attached.

I drove thru the city by carriage several times, as you have a more leisure observation than being hurried along at cab speed where the general view flits past at the rate of a movie film.

There are so many statues planted along heralding France's history; there are Napoleons and Joan of Arcs all over Paris, and France too for that matter, the handsome statues of Joan of Arc, especially those of her in white and gold mounted, are a beautfiul tribute and bears out the esteem she is being held in, thru all these long years since 1429 when she saved the day for France from the siege of England, and who later, on conspiracy, became a martyr—being burned at the stake at Ruen, the town on

the Seine between Paris and the sea, and her ashes thrown into the Seine.

In the eglise (church) of St. Denis is a statue of her in complete armor, and frank and brave is her countenance depicted as she holds her sacred banner to her side; history has this Maid of Orleans a war heroine while yet in her teens; born in the little village of Domremy, about a hundred miles southwest of Verdun over near the mountainous border of the Voges on the east frontier of France, she studied the woes of her country, where England was making great inroads in the work of conquering France, the English king, Henry VI, being proclaimed King of France at Paris, whereas Charles VII, King of France's southern provinces had almost abandoned the struggle as hopeless when this maid, Joan of Arc, appeared, and as if by a miracle turned the table of affairs and the struggle ended wtih the dispossessing the English of all French acquirements except Calais.

This fearless maid gathered an army of ten thousand men and marched to the English entrenchments, forcing their vacating, and leading her French King to Rheims to be crowned, where at the coronation she stood at his side; continuing in the war into the next year, she was taken prisoner by the Burgundians then at variance, and sold to the English where she was taken to Rouen and after a long trial was condemned to death, the church intervening she was commuted to imprisonment for life, and later, on pretext, she was burned at the stake, which, it is handed down, she bore with great fortitude—so that is why these exemplary fac similes of Joan of Arc are conspicuous and praised in France today.

On going out to Versailles, pronounced "Ver-sa-ye" over here, about eleven miles from Paris, the country is most beautiful, cool, green and inviting with fine wide roads, where villas, both great and unpretentious are hidden over behind high walls of shrubbery and hedges almost smothering out one's view, fine forests are along the way and the drive was full of interest as we came upon the quiet little town of Versailles moving on its every day life as prosaic-

ally as tho its vicinity had never been the embryo of a Revolution; up on an isolated elevation, and overlooking the town is the chief attraction—the Chateau, or Grand Palais, erected at a fabulous cost, where the kings of France have made their homes, each succeeding one adding to the palatial chateau as their extravagance heightened, until the end came with the before mentioned King Louis XVI and Queen Marie Antoinette when Paris women and men marched under their banner "to Versailles" going into the court yard entrance which is a great paved plaza, the place where the royal pair was taken prisoners on October 6, 1789, and hurried off to Paris.

After picturing to myself how crestfallen such a scene might have appeared, I, with others bent on the same mission, started exploring the rambling old palace which just wanders on and on, breaking into long halls at every turn just for a continuation; I'm sure that the insurrection of the French women was justified—did they ever get a glimpse of the far flung extravagance embodied in this handsome Palais of Versailles.

We observed the richly decorated Chapelle, built in among the halls, with superb columns reaching thru two stories to the hand-painted ceiling, this private chapel which accommodates only a few seats or benches, as they appear, is where the royal family worshipt, and is just as King Louis XVI left it when his royal highness and Marie Antoinette quitted Versailles at the hands of the angry mob; opening into a vast hall, we wandered thru a maze of great pictures of famous battles, where in this long gallery of four hundred feet, there are thirty-three of these oversized paintings covering every available inch of wall space, with just a few benches for convenience being the only objects, as this palace is not occupied now only as a museum and preservative for these one-time moneyed outlays, and there is an inscription near that reads "To All the Glories of France"; but if these extraordinary ideas had never been produced or developed, we would not now have the wonderful outcomes to marvel over; the next hall is a series of highly embellished arches with all glass sides, just simply

a glass arcade, and called Galerie des Glaces, where you look thru to the fine rolling garden display below; in this arcade, William I was proclaimed Emperor of Germany in 1871, just after the Franco-German war.

We went up the handsome marble stairway with its wide low steps winding in prolonged sections to the first floor, where the "Queen's Staircase" took the lead to the second floor; here is the royal bedroom of the kingly period with stead of golden head and footboards and canopy, with red velvet drapery, and gold framed pictures and portraits along the lavishly decorated walls; this is all preserved as it was left, and is guarded by a railing, where we pass thru admiring the gorgeousness—just as we do Washington's home in Mount Vernon on the Potomac of about the same period, only the "gorgeousness" is absent in this grand old Colonial embodiment.

Napoleon and Josephine resided at this palace of Versailles for a time, and on passing thru the different private rooms, we were attracted by the massive bedstead in Napoleon's room, which is of wood with gold inlay and the rich old coverings.

The grounds lead down a slope which certainly are the most picturesque gardens in the world, and today the upkeep of which must require large sums; just simply a dream of magnificence, as we stood at the higher point and looked down over the succession of one fountain after another—it was Sunday afternoon, at which time all the water is turned on for a few hours only, during the summer months, (possibly it was continuous during the king's reign, whose fancy was to be pleased), and the whole slope was all a bubble with the spurting waters, each seeming to leap higher than the other, one large piece worked out is called the Combat of the Animals, in which there is a storm of water shooting every way deluging the animals assembled; there are parterres (flower gardens) worked out in glowing colors surrounding the main basins, which are all overflowing, with white statues gleaming everywhere from the green background, which are just little groves or thickets, with fountains playing even between these, almost

hidden, save from a view from the parapet of the court; to say that it all certainly is spectacular in its gorgeousness, would be very light for this grand outlay of time, patience and finance; the Orangerie is an original feature where miriads of well formed orange trees, each one set in its own box, and trimmed fancifully, adorn a plaza, and the building contains over a thousand orange trees, where it is said, the oldest tree is near five hundred years old; farther on is the Grand Canal, artificial, for, not having started this palace on a body of water, the water was brot to it, so this canal was built near two hundred feet wide and almost a mile long, and it is here on this beautiful stretch of canal that King Louis XIV, the first of the trio of asthetic kings entertained with his Venetian festivals, which have become famous in history; so this is Versailles when the Grandes Eaux (grand waters) play, which is generally announced in the Paris papers, and all Paris comes, as it is just a fine drive, or automobile spin, being only eleven miles out.

In quitting Paris, I took the train at Gare St. Lazarre going across Normandy thru northern France, which is the province just west of the province of Picardy, to Cherbourg, two hundred miles from Paris.

This seaport that stands out on the tip end of a narrow peninsula that reaches out into the English Channel is the first military port in France, and with the docks and harbour traffic, the town is quite industrious, having a population of 42,000.

There is a line of seven fortifications, and a big floating dock that can accommodate seventeen vessels, everything being here for building and fitting out ships of war, and standing out in the harbour is a great artificial breakwater, called the Digue, which is a solid masonry bar three-fourths of a mile long built out in water that is over forty feet deep; this Digue, or mole has a great fort built in its center and a lighthouse marks its whereabouts in the sea at night.

Large passenger liners cannot dock in this harbour, and as I was going to meet the largest one in the world I had to take a tender from this port and go out to the deep sea to meet the "Imperator," the big beautiful ship that is

the last word in ocean greyhounds; steaming across the harbour, there was the majestic ship looming up in the inkiness of night, looking like a great hotel with lights streaming from the portholes, and as our pygmy tender drew up by the side of the big iron sides, music floated out over the waters, a mighty pretty picture, this richly equipt liner, over nine hundred feet long anchored on the breast of the dark sea, with a tiny tender at side adding to the big ship's tonnage, many Parisian passengers, who had come on the same special train to the end of the French peninsula to meet this steamer to cross the Atlantic to New York, for this big liner plies only between New York and Hamburg, calling at Southampton for London tourists and at Cherbourg for Paris visitors.

ON THE ATLANTIC.

Altho there are numerous ships crossing the Atlantic at all times, I availed myself of the opportunity of selecting the Imperator, simply because it is the largest marine construction in the world, and as I had been accorded all the great things around the world, I wished to travel on an ocean palace which had reached the climax of perfection.

This was the Imperator's second trip, just having returned from its initiation trip; as were others, so was I, a little skeptical about crossing on its maiden trip as the disaster of the Titanic by ramming a huge iceberg and sinking in the Atlantic on her maiden trip, while making a record run, the year before, was still fresh in my memory, so I lingered over, in Paris to await her second voyage.

There is a liner building now, by the same company, as the sister ship to the Imperator, christened the "Vaterland," which will be some larger than this one, being thirty feet longer, so we must appreciate the efforts of progress in this, one of the greatest achievements in the world today.

We all climbed up the long line of steps let down the big iron sides, and reached the reception hall where the ship's personnel, officers, staff and stewards in blue uniform gave us a cordial greeting, and there was a hurrying of each voyager, escorted by the steward who has the caretaking of the one's particular apartment, to locate his berth; then we set to, to explore the ship, as there is no night on a steamer, especially in the balmy summer on the sea, and this ship is electric lighted from fore to aft with the extreme number of ten thousand lights.

I was certainly amazed at the spaciousness of every part of the ship, the rooms are not the narrow cells usually found on the smaller vessels, with three berths, one above

the other, built against the walls, they are, and mine is, a real room with two real beds of the half size, the posts playing in little metal discs which are screwed to the floor, insuring safety from the ship's motion in storm; seven electric lights illumine my room, which I share with an American returning from a year in Italy, and renewing acquaintances with many from our "World Cruise" on the ""Cleveland," who had embarked on this ship from London, I enjoyed every hour of the six days it requires to cross the Atlantic.

But uppermost was the luxuriousness of this leviathan of the ocean, and I never stopt reveling in the interest it acorded; since travel has become so universal between the United States and Europe, the steamship companies are vieing with each other in the accommodations and magnificence and social advantages of their ships, in catering for precedence in the Trans-Atlantic service, and I was fortunate in getting to make a voyage on this, the latest product of sea craft, else I should never have known to what extreme dimensions and appointments floating craft could be carried.

In reviewing the launching of this new type of vessel from the docks where it was built, into the river Elbe, it says that ""slowly at first, and then with increasing speed, it slipt down the ways into the water; waves of tidal dimensions followed this cleaving of the waters, in which the vessel rose and fell excitingly for several seconds, and then gradually steadied itself and floated majestically on the bosom of the water."

It must have been a grand sight.

I have never been fortunate enuf to witness even the launching of a rowboat.

This ship was built to carry five thousand passengers, and the officiating crew numbers eleven hundred extra, consisting of stokers in the hold, engineers, on whom we must needs depend, as they toil in the hot engine rooms down in the dark bottom of the ship four decks below water, for this ship is nine decks high and five of them are above

water; air is pumped down to them thru the ventilation funnels on top, which stand all around on the top deck amid the life-boats, life-rafts, and the three big smokestacks which are as large as our country silos; then there are the first, second and third officers, two captains and the commander, besides a host of stewards to put your room in order daily, stewardesses to administer to your wants, chefs, waiters, deck-hands, for it takes continuous work to administer to this floating city of four thousand peoples, which we have on board this trip (not counting the crew), who sit around leisurely in the deck chairs, whiling the days away as we skim over the surface.

The Social hall, which is the meeting place for all socially inclined, is a mammoth sized room, with a stage for theatrical entertainments, and is a finely appointed room in upholstered Circassian walnut with rich old-rose furnishings; the huge rose brocade carpet is rolled up when a ball is given each alternate evening, allowing use of the polished floor; not a light is visible in this hall as they are all secreted above, where their softness is reflected from a frosted dome.

The great French windows are shadowed by rose velvet drapery over cream net, and the unique chairs are bulging with the overstuft rose brocade; the big dining room has a mezzanine, or balcony surrounding the main floor, where dining and looking down on the lower partakers, flooded in the lights, is a pretty picture—and what a wealth of stuff to devour, everything from everywhere that could appease a food longing.

On this deck is a Ritz-Carleton restaurant and winter garden which is a "study in palms"; one evening the remnants of the "Cleveland" round the world cruise gave a farewell supper at the pretty Ritz-Carleton, just as a social parting and reviewing of our trip as globe trotters by impromptu speeches; there were forty-five of us, and the table decorations were very beautiful, where we had nine courss servd.

This ship sports an original feature in the way of a Roman bath with sea water, where we went in bathing of

mornings, I having my own bathing suit along with me, for no one travels now-a-days without one; this great Roman bath is 65x41 feet and extends thru two ceilings; imagine a room as big as a barn, devoted to swimming, on a ship; the pool's deepest point is seven feet, and the salt sea water is rushed in over cascades at one end where there is a Roman fountain; eighteen Pompeiian pillars support the decks and there are marble benches, on the Pompeiian style around the rim for the swimmers, while above is a gallery for visitors who like to watch the antics of the bathers.

On board also, is a gymnasium, a physician's office and apothecary, a book store and a florist's shop; just a well equipt city, with telefone in your room where you can talk with your friend several blocks away.

There are four classes provided for on this liner—first, second, third and steerage, with life-boats assured for all, where on going to the top deck you look with rather a deathly glance, than a "life saving" one on the dozens of life-boats in their cradles sitting regularly along on the edge of the high deck with their canvas covers buttoned down tightly over the tops along the cork rims, all suspended from the davits on pulleys, ready to swing out over the sides at the first cry of alarm.

All about, this great steel construction is immaculately white, with decks freshly scrubbed with sandstone; the broad promenades around the decks instead of being left to the elements as formerly, are all glass enclosed which you can raise to shut out a chilling blast, or lower to admit of a balmy sea breeze; tea and wafers or sandwiches are served out on these promendes in mid-afternoons, and we had a wireless news sheet printd every morning which was past along the decks to each passenger, so we got the latest happenings, away out in midocean.

The Atlantic was docile all the way over, only the fog excluded our view for most the whole of three days—it simply swooped down on us completely enveloping us, and our ship moved very slowly and cautiously while it was so dense, tooting a continuous low "moo" from its fog horn,

for we could not see even the fore nor the aft of our ship, and danger of collision was imminent.

I made a trip down on the second-class accommodations, and while they are commendable, I would rather have the poorest room on first-class decks than the best on the second, as you have all the other advantages of the first-class passengers, socially. From the second-class decks I could see the steerage passengers down and out on the deck below; they looked like little scared bunches as they settled around in groups among the machinery and big capstans and piles of ropes and chains, with shawls on their heads and pillow bundles and queer baggage, where they had come out for a little sea breeze, men, women, girls and children, in the most primitive state of experience, coming over here to cast their lot with us; coming to the free country that they have heard so much about; little do they dream of what might beset them, and what pitfalls, sorry to say, might await them in the struggle to become Americanized.

There is a nurse at the Immigrant hospital on Ellis Isle that says she frequently has these immigrants from foreign countries in her charge, and that they show dementedness, and are difficult to control, some cases due to sea sickness, others to fright from the ordeal they are subjected to in examinations proving them fit subjects to land and become our fellow citizens—for not quite all are admitted who apply at our gates.

True we have vast plains awaiting settlement and great scopes of desert needing irrigation, but these immigrants lack experience and the means, consequently they rather huddle to the larger cities.

NEW YORK.

At last, having covered the last lap of my tour—the three thousand miles across the Atlantic, on nearing New York, I began to realize my seven months' scrutiny of the world is drawing to a close, and I must say the sailing of the seven seas has been the most appealing feature of all the beautiful pleasures afforded, I think I have seen the sea in all its stages from subimssiveness to waves, to surging, to stormy to the frenzied water-spout, and in all the colors that the sea is subject to, for it doesn't confine itself wholly to the "deep blue," and now rounding out Coney Island, the world-famous bathing resort on Long Island, where I have gone in splashing many times, and which is now all a glitter with its miriads of electric lights, as it is darkening and the illumination meets us far out on the water, lighting up the sea around.

We steamed in thru the narrows, into New York Bay, and, my, what a breastwork of skyscrappers met us, great towering, pinnacled and spired structures, presumably alive with American animation.

But we seemed almost as majestic as we swept in between these tall buildings on either side of the Hudson, where a tug came down to meet us, escorting our ship to its docks in Hoboken.

Coming down the steps of the big Imperator with the throngs, we each took our places in the Custom House under our respective initials, where we had to wait until our baggage was delivered from the ship's hold to our department, and was inspected, and the floors, and in fact, the whole long hall presented the appearance of a salvage sale, so scattered bout were fine clothes that had been purchased

over in Paris and London, and the inspectors looking them over and passing on to the next, leaving them turned topsy-turvy; you can't make them believe your collection is within the limit, you must untie every box or they will for you.

Staying in Hoboken that night, for it was late, next morning I took a last look at the big steamer towering above its docks, and taking the tunnel I darted under the Hudson River and came out in New York, where for a few days I stopt over, to see the busy city, where I noted the street traffic was taken care of by three different systems, the subway, which threads the ground under the city, the street cars which shuttle along the surface and the elevated which is all trestle construction with three coaches together trailing along on top high above the street, running right by your bedroom window a story and more above the street.

I would go out on one system and back on another, or even by boat, as these make connection with Brooklyn and Coney Island; I went in bathing, then up to Brighton and Manhattan beaches, and it seemed whole New York was out in the surf, splashing and taking sand baths; then I went in a small boat out to the Statue of Liberty where the great bronze Goddess stands on a big stone pedestal 225 feet high, isolated in the bay, holding a torch in her hand which flashes warning to sailors at night; I walked clear to the top where I stood in the crown she wears on her head which has windows in it where you have a faraway view, and where forty-five persons can stand at one time.

I went over to Ellis Isle many times just to see the different peoples that come over to find a home in America; I met a nurse from the hospital and I came and went when I pleased, crossing on the ferry to the little island where there is only the hospital a big brick building and the detention house, or quarantine, which we went thru; there were many rooms and the immigrants would be standing before the judges taking examination, to test their eligibility for acceptance into our country; sometimes a whole family would be waiting to receive their sentence, whether admittance or rejection; on passing thru the numerous halls,

one poor Greek woman was wailing loudly because one of her sons was to be deported owing to same affection.

We went thru the dining room where long tables were set for hundreds to eat at one time, for I think this quarantine is never free from subjects, as there are big liners putting into port every day or so; then we slipt thru to the court where were hundreds huddled who looked the lowest specimens of humanity, defective eyes, crippled, lame, no countenance, simple, and silly; these were in all probability to be deported.

After a few days I went down to Asbury Park, as I had been to all the beaches on the eastern coast except this one; the surf is fine, also the long board walk which outlines the beach, tho not on such large proportions as that of Atlantic City, whose promenade is eight miles long now, running parallel to the beach where everybody congregates to meet everyone else, and at all hours of the day, and certainly making a pretty picture by night.

After a plunge or two and a turn around the town which is made up mostly of beach residences, I took the boat back to New York, gathering my luggage together and starting for home, stopping at Indianapolis for a few days and at St. Louis a short time, then finally landing at my home in the little village of Excelsior, in Morgan County, on the tip end of the Ozarks, in Missouri.

People have frequently asked me what part of the world, or what country I liked best, but as each nation has its own peculiarities, and each one featuring different interests, some far different from the others, that it would be difficult to determine which appeals to me the more.

I only hope that I may visit all of these countries again.

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